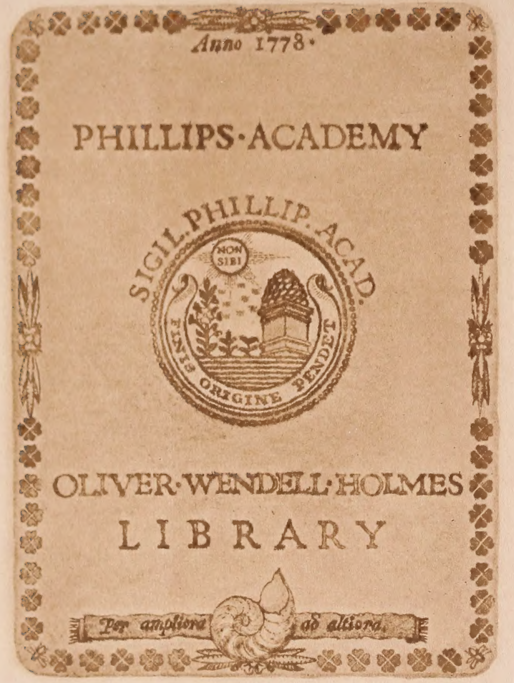

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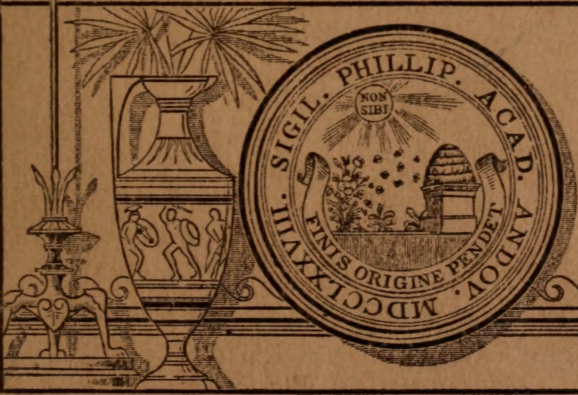
# THE
# PHILO. MIRROR

+ FALL TERM 1883 +

PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.



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Vol. XXX No. 1

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# THE
# PHILO MIRROR

DECEMBER 1883

*Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία*

Andover
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Sam^l. F. B. Morse.

# THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXX.—December, 1883.—No. 1.

## TO THE DISCOURAGED.

If hedged impassably thy way,
  If all things seem to thee denied,
Be not dismayed, nor effort stay;
  Turn yet again; let hope abide.

If what thou wouldst thou canst not do,
  Why let the heart or mind repine?
Why let a reckless spirit woo,
  And lead the life into decline?

Has the wide world but one highway
  For noble purpose, deep intent,
Where head and hand can skill display,
  Where heart can beat and be content?

Arise in manhood's zealous might;
  Cast off the chains of dark dismay:
Thy vision's dim, — but to thy sight
  Shall soon appear the light of day.

Albert H. Wheelock.

## OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE.

Could we draw the veil of time from the next hundred years of our country's history, what would be the spectacle presented to our gaze? Should we perceive a prosperous and flourishing democracy in which existed the highest state of civilization and culture, where Christianity was a ruling power, a republic to which all nations of the earth looked as the acknowledged leader in thought and action, or should we see another, and by no means so pleasing a picture? No one can tell.

But will the United States ever become the greatest nation of the world, or ever exert such influence in history as did Rome, mistress of the world for centuries, and a republic, too, during her ascendency? Let us compare the origin and early history of these two governments, the one whose glory was, the other whose glory is yet to be achieved. The first inhabitants of Rome, it is true, were homicides and runaway slaves, but later a better class of people, consisting for the most part of frugal, industrious farmers, settled on the banks of the Tiber. America, founded by strong and hardy men who sought in this wilderness freedom in their religious beliefs and practices, has had an early history somewhat similar to that of the Italian city. Rome grew; her farmers, when her wars were over, returned to the cultivation of their fields; realm after realm was added to her domains and wealth poured into her coffers. But soon her husbandmen, becoming fond of the excitement of war, and considering it less difficult to acquire wealth by plunder and rapine than to obtain it from the soil, dispose of their lands and become soldiers by profession; then corruption creeps into political circles; there is no longer the former frugal life in the city, but with conquest have come riches and a consequent dislike for honest toil; the administration of affairs becomes loose; men who are mere demagogues are put into office by a free use of money in elections; finally, weakened by the decline of her farming population, and shattered by corruption in all classes of society, the republic is changed to an Empire under the rule of one man, in whom is vested the supreme authority; and the cause of this change is, that her farmers, her producers, who have been the stay and support of the nation, have left their fields for the city and its attractions. Our government being as yet in comparative infancy, is in large part a nation of agriculturists; hence its increasing power. The more our broad lands are settled, the more is our strength increased, for the potency of every government lies in and consists of its agricultural population, and while those springs from which is drawn all which sustains our country remain pure and undefiled, we will progress rapidly to that goal of perfect government for which all nations are striving.

But already there are disturbing elements among us, yearly increasing in size and power. Vast numbers of ignorant, degraded foreigners come to the United States, not with the aim, as formerly, of making for their wives and children homes in this free land, but allured by the prospect of ease and riches in a land of gold, and in the case of Mormon converts, even with the avowed purpose of breaking and defying our laws. This republic is not in need of such. It is true our government was founded on the principle that all men should have equal rights and privileges, and if it had not thrown open its doors to every man alike, it would not be in such a state of prosperity as it now is; but within the last few years it has been receiving the lower classes of foreign populace, and surely there is danger in this to its welfare, for even after the lapse of years the majority do not become Americanized, but cling with the greatest tenacity to their own ideas and customs, which they deem it their privilege to observe, even though contrary to law. The evil effects of this immense immigration have even at this early stage of our history appeared in politics. In the elections in our large cities where this element predominates, politics are no longer pure. Not being able to form an intelligent opinion with regard to the question at stake, these new-fledged citizens are the tools of men with more money than principle, who make use of their votes for their own aggrandizement and glory. It is in the minds of this class, too, that communistic ideas have their deepest hold, and it is among these men that plans for disturbance or resistance to law in general would most likely be conceived.

Do civilization and education tend to promote or remove monarchial forms of government? Is Europe inclining toward republicanism? Those who take the affirmative side of the question point to England, one of the most cultured and enlightened of modern nations, as an example of this tendency. England is now, though with the name of a limited monarchy, practically a republic. Russia, the blindest despotism of Europe, is slowly undergoing a revolution. The Czar's subjects, trodden beneath the iron heel of despotic tyranny for centuries, are at last awakening to a sense of their injuries, and though it may take a long time to destroy the existing government, they will surely succeed in their attempt to do so, for when men understand the principle that every human being was created free and equal, and when their hearts burn with a just indignation from a sense of wrong and injustice at the hands of one no better than themselves, despotism in its harsher forms, at least, must give way.

Our republic has not yet had a fair trial, but it seems to us that, as civilization advances in our country, men will be governed more and more by the principle of equality, and therefore preserve that form of government which is in accordance with this principle.

Notwithstanding these harmful elements in our midst, we are sure to grow and develop into a great power among the nations of the world, and with such natural resources as this land possesses, with culture, education, and reverence for God and religion common among its people, our country of all those on earth is destined to flourish and become a power to which the nations of the world may point as a monument of the advancement of mankind.

HARLAN W. COOLEY.

# MACBETH.

*First Mirror Prize Essay.*

In the tragedy of Macbeth, Shakespeare has shown most vividly his wonderful power of searching out and exhibiting the inner workings of the human heart. In this play, as forming one link in the connected chain of lessons of life which he wrought out in his works, he applied nature's law of extrémes, and has shown that in proportion as a man is naturally inclined to good, just so much the deeper will he plunge into sin if he once gives way. With this in mind, let us trace Macbeth in his downward career, and mark how his craving ambition, assailing him again and again, at last gained a foot-hold, and as a festering sore feeding on healthy tissue augments till it corrupts the whole body, notice how this perverted his whole nature.

Macbeth was a man wonderfully endowed mentally and physically; the very picture of sturdy manhood. Brave almost to rashness, yet possessing the careful judgment necessary to a successful general, thinking his life worth little in comparison with the welfare of his country and his king. Loyal to both in the jaws of death. Fighting on, with almost superhuman courage, against fearful odds, to a glorious victory. He was a man whom his king might well feel proud to honor, and for whom to consider no honors too great.

Thus, in actual power second only to the king, and in natural ability probably superior to his sovereign, it is not surprising that his ambition, aiming still higher, led him to long for royal power; though at first felt hardly as a longing, but rather as an ill-defined idea of something extremely pleasant, if by any possibility it should fall to his lot to possess it. This far-away thought of power was the first advance of a scheming ambition to reconnoitre the outer defences of the fortress of his mind, and, like a skillful general, it made its silent survey, found the weak spot, brought up all its forces under cover of the darkness, surrounded the stronghold, and set at work undermining the walls, while the garrison within did not suspect the presence of the enemy till the first dash of morning light disclosed to them the hostile force at their very doors, and themselves cut off beyond all chance of escape.

So much headway had Macbeth's secret desires made before he was hardly aware of their presence. 'Twas on his return from his great victory that his ambition gained its first victory over him. When the three witches met and hailed him as "Thane of Glamis," "Thane of Cawdor," and promised him he should be king, then he saw as by a lightning flash the hopes he had been almost unconsciously entertaining, and was startled as he realized what the fulfillment of such thoughts forced upon him. Here first appears his superstition, that foul blight on his otherwise noble attainments, which, vampire-like, enshrouded him with its slimy wings, sucked the life-blood from his mental faculties, and warped and weakened all his decisions.

From this point on he hastens along his downward course with constantly accelerating speed. So evident is the final end, so sad is the downfall of a great man that we almost dread to follow him farther in his career. His indefinite desires have now taken a tangible form and by constant assaults have forced their way into his mind. Just as the sea in ebb and flow, sullenly dashing against a massive dike, by degrees wears a passage through. Now the first drop oozes out and rolling down carries away one grain of sand. Another follows it, and another, each making the way easier for the following. Now it has become a trickling stream. It roars! It rushes! A foaming torrent! A mighty river! A resistless, engulfing flood! Thus he is forced on to his first crime. A guilty conscience has brought on physical cowardice, and his nature, loathing such a deed, makes a last rally. It is a pitiful struggle that he makes as he nears the brink and sees the awful chasm yawning beneath him. Can you imagine the fearful agony of such a moment? A man knowing what the end must be, vainly struggling to escape a crime to which he is slowly but surely forced. His wife, a veritable hell-fiend in woman's form, ridicules his fear, kindles his ambition afresh, and goads him on to the dastardly deed. He murders his king, and, all too late, repents. There is no retreat now. Henceforth he is driven blindly forward, the creature of circumstances. New situations call for new crimes. Banquo is murdered. Whoever stands in his way is ruthlessly slain. He attains his ambitious ends only to find them hollow and unsatisfying as fast as they are reached, and his ambition rendered more and more insatiate as its demands are complied with. He has reached his highest limit of power only to find it slipping away from him. Thus alone, his wife, the partner of all his crimes, dead, his army gone over to the enemy, still superstitiously clinging to the prophecy of the witches, like a gambler rendered desperate by loss staking his all on the last throw of the dice, he fights with Macduff, finds himself foiled in his last hope, and yields up his life to his enemy's sword.

What a change has been wrought in him. How different now, as he lies cold in death, from the man fighting for his country and his king. Then honest, now perjured; then loyal, now a traitor; then a hero with unsullied heart, now a villain of the deepest dye steeped in bloodthirsty crimes and dishonest in death.

Facilis decensus averno.

Wiil man never learn this lesson repeated from time immemorial?

H. L. Grant.

## NATURAL SCIENCE.

Natural Science has been the last department of human knowledge to be brought to any degree of perfection. At the time when literature had reached the highest point of its development among the ancient Greeks, natural science was represented only by the crude observations of Aristotle, the father of natural history. In the time of the Romans, the only writer upon scientific subjects was the elder Pliny, whose works are at best but a bare collection of facts, without any attempt at classification, except according to the most obvious external characteristics. Throughout the long period of the Middle Ages, natural science was entirely forgotten, and its study was not revived even in the Elizabethan age, when English literature reached its acme in the plays of Shakespeare. Since that time, represented by such great names as Linnaeus, Cuvier, Lyell, Agassiz, and Darwin, with a host of students of less note, it has gradually been brought to its present stage of development. The period of years represented by these names is surprisingly short when we consider the progress which has been made in scientific study within its duration. Not many years have elapsed since some one man could be said to have possessed a thorough knowledge of natural science as it was then understood. Now it is impossible for a single individual, unless he be of very extraordinary ability and power of application, to become thoroughly acquainted with more than one, even, of the branches into which such sciences as Geology and Zoölogy are divided.

While the fields of investigation in natural science have been so rapidly and steadily broadening, the fundamental theories in accordance with which scientific studies are pursued have many times been entirely changed; for instance, we all know how short the time is since men believed that the world, with all the manifold forms of life which people its surface, was created in seven days.

Now, there are two classes of scientific men : first, the many whose lives are spent in devotion to a special branch of study, or in the mere occupation of collecting facts, without attempt to discover the laws by which they are governed ; second, such great masters as those named in the preceding list, who possess the power of assimilating from the vast number of facts which come under their observation those which are significant, and deducing from them the laws by which their relations and existence are governed. While to the latter class is chiefly due the rapid advance which has been made in scientific study, no small value must be placed upon the labors of the large number of patient observers who have never risen to eminence, and whose services are consequently liable to be underestimated. To neither class should be given the entire credit, for without the facts collected by the former class, the master minds would never have gained the material with which to work, nor would the generality of scientific men be able to pursue their studies systematically and intelligently, except by the guidance of the great teachers in scientific thought.

Side by side with this tremendous progress in abstract science has gone on that no less remarkable progress in all the arts of civilization which has taken place within the same period, and which has been in no small degree dependent upon the advance made in abstract science. Many times, of course, facts which have contributed largely to the progress of civilization have been discovered before the scientific principles upon which they depend, but often great benefit has been derived from the application of the principles discovered by students of science in the abstract. Agassiz, one of those giants in scientific thought whose power and scope of intellect are so far beyond the endowments of ordinary men, remarked that he always left off the pursuit of a line of investigation when he had carried it to such a point that its practical application was possible, for he was then sure that it would be taken up and carried on by a host of utilitarians, whose number is vast compared with the few who study science merely for the purpose of increasing human knowledge ; thus saving his own time and powers for devotion to the higher objects of scientific study.

So many times have the fundamental theories in natural science been changed, and so essentially have the leaders in scientific thought disagreed, that the question is asked, and not without reason, when all this theorizing is to end, and whether men are ever destined to know the truth with regard to such great questions as how the earth came into existence, with all the created forms of life which are its inhabitants. When such men as Darwin and Agassiz are at swords' points, it is certainly hard for any ordinary man to form his opinion, and men are likely to ask whether the theories which are now accepted will not be proved as false as many that have been in vogue before, and have been so firmly believed by their adherents. We cannot, perhaps, answer this question satisfactorily, but this much may certainly be said in reply: the theories which are now the basis of scientific thought are founded upon the great principle of progress; for instance, from the lowest forms of life which came into existence when the earth first became inhabitable, through grades of organization gradually becoming higher and more complex, until man was reached, the culminating point of the scale of organization. As these theories are based upon the principle of progress, so they are themselves the result of the gradual progress and development of the human mind. Each of the great movements in scientific thought has brought men nearer to the truth as it is now conceived than those that have preceded it. We cannot believe that the study of natural science has been developed nearly to the extent of which the human mind is capable, and yet we must believe that the theories at present accepted, since they have in them this element of progress, are destined to be the basis of scientific thought for time to come. The extent of the conquests which human understanding is destined to achieve cannot as yet be measured; yet, though the field of investigation is broad, and narrow the capacity of our finite minds, we can follow with confidence the progress of scientific study, believing that *Truth is mighty and will prevail.*

FRED B. LUND.

## A SONG OF THE SEA.

At midnight I woke at the sound of the sea,
As he sang to the cliffs in the still summer night.
And he sang of the wonder and mystery
Of his own deep caverns far from sight.

The whispering waves sang soft on the shore,
Or sighed at the tale of the gray old sea,
As he swept from the main with a sullen roar,
And sang of the wonders that are to be.

He sang of the hero whose fame never dies,
Who sleeps 'neath the coral tree under the waves;
He sang of the ship as his lawful prize,
And of navies moored in his pearl-lined caves.

He sang of ships that would never return:
Of corsairs bold, and of mermaids fair;
He whispered of hearts that had beat but to learn
The fate of their loved ones, and broke in despair.

The waves hushed their voices and muffled their tread,
As the stern sea told of the mariners' fate;
He sang of the city where dwelt the dead,
With its coral walls and its pearly gate.

And the old sea laughed as the morn drew nigh,
And shook his white beard in the freshening gale;
While the dark cliff shuddered and heaved a sigh,
And the cold gray sands on the beach grew pale.

It may have been but a blast from the land;
But I fancied the sea sprites were dancing in glee;
For I heard a patter of feet on the sand
Which faded away in the swell of the sea.

O teach me, thou mighty and pitiless sea,
The secrets now sunk in thy bosom so long!
The voice of the monarch, the cry of the fiend,
The soft notes of womanhood blend in thy song.

And now, 'neath the sunlight, the fall of the feet
Still beats to the sound of thy magical strain.
But those mystical voices that spoke from thy deep
Have fled, like the sea mists that compass thy main.

ARTHUR G. GOODRICH.

## MEN OF CHARACTER.

EVERYTHING of worth has some quality for which it is chiefly valued. In money it is the purchasing power; in flowers, their fragrance and beauty; 'tis the charm of music that makes us love it; we value medicine for its healing virtues; food, for its life-sustaining elements; and so we might go through the catalogue of common and uncommon things, finding in each something, the absence of which would render it less valued, or wholly worthless, in our sight. And man is not exempt from the inquiry, What merits for you the love and trust of others? To this question every man gives answer, consciously or unconsciously. "Judge not" is well; yet every man *is* judged, and assigned his place among men. His true worth in character is the criterion of judgment. The verdict of this judgment is irrevocable, unless the man shall bring about a change in his life.

Character seems almost indefinable, and yet is clearly visible, — visible because superior to all other qualities. It has no substitute, no equal. "Blood will tell," and how often it tells that kinship and ancestry are no worthy guides. The worship of pedigree is dying out, and it will be a glad day for the world when she can sing its requiem. We are coming to see that a man may be what he is in spite of his ancestors as well as because of them. And yet it is not uncommon to see the "chip of the old block" starting out in life trusting to what his father was for his own success. The result is evident and inevitable: he will never be anything *but a chip* in comparison with the solid paternal block.

Genius is pregnant with power; but unaccompanied by character it is a loadstone dragging its possessor to a level with the lowest. Only those so highly endowed can fall so low. How the life of Byron illustrates this! He won the applause of men, but of his genius he forged a chain that bound him to eternal misery; and his seductive writings have linked many of his fellows to the same eternity. It is ever thus; genius may win applause, but *genius alone* will never win respect. Often in the past has genius been gluttonous, bibulous, licentious, and finally burned itself to ashes, leaving to mankind a heritage fruitful only of woe and ruin; when, coupled with character, it might have been the bright star of hope and comfort to thousands.

Men to whom the term "genius" can be applied are few in comparison with men of recognized ability. Upon this latter class devolve the duties of active life. To them we entrust our government; at their hands we require the education of the people. And in them character must dominate, or our nation and its people will fall lower and lower to the end; for character is the backbone of success both in national and individual life. Great ability brings direful results without it. But link them together, and the one in whom they are embodied becomes a leader among worthy and useful men. The American common sense is such to-day that the tricky demagogue — possessed though he may be of a giant intellect — is tolerated but for an hour, and then cast aside to make room for MEN; the brilliant but enervate orator lives only to find that his double tongue has placed beyond reach the object of his ambition; the theologian whose faith changes like the tide of the sea soon forfeits the confidence of his contemporaries. Spurious men, like counterfeit coins, are soon discovered and thrown aside; though able and brilliant, they soon alienate themselves from the confidence and respect of the better classes. Men of this stamp always abound, and easily gain ascendency over ignorant minds. Their power in a land like ours — teeming as it is with ignorant emigrants — is greatly to be feared. We are comparatively safe now, for the intelligent are in the majority. But these men are all the while active, and their influence must be counteracted, and by what? By men of character; by men that value truth above place; by men whom neither abuse, ridicule, nor ambition will cause to swerve from the lines of true manhood. Such men — and only such — can preserve unimpaired the stability of our government and the purity of our firesides.

ALBERT H. WHEELOCK.

## MARTIN LUTHER.

*Second Mirror Prize Essay.*

In 1483, November 10th, in the German town of Eisleben, there was born of peasant parents, Hans and Gretha Luther, one destined to revolutionize the thought, the character, the religion, of his people and of the world, then and for all time to come. After four centuries we look back on the stalwart hero and see clearly what he has done for the world, even to this day, — four centuries of uprisals and downfalls, of revolutions, contests, factional and bitter, of woe and weal: four centuries of growth and progress: yet how little progress has there been in our ideas of divine and human right, compared with those that brave Martin Luther dared to utter and stand to! In very truth a hero, a right valiant one; in whom the essential qualities of a hero — sincerity and courage — were so full! A hero, he sought with all earnestness the truth; he "dared to do the right." Do we, in this age of science, arts, and letters, of wondrous achievements, 'midst the vast enginery of modern progress, — do we often think of the debt we owe this heroic Teuton?

The story of the life of this mighty leader of the revolt of the northern nations against Rome, is a series of battles, hard-fought with unflinching purpose. The rigorous training of his childhood, in youth his begging from door to door the pittance for his support as a student, the beatings and blows, the harsh words, the hard hand of poverty, served to form a character able to cope with all elements. Well did they fill their place! Out of this rigid school came the rugged character of Luther, frank and earnest withal. A gleam of true kindness came to him when, singing his carols through the streets of Eisenach, as students were wont, for charity, good dame Cotta took him into her house and heart, and helped him on through school to the university. At last graduated from the university, a good scholar, a brilliant debater, a popular companion, glad was the prospect before him to become a student of law, a great jurist, when the strange decree of Fate struck down at his side, with thunderbolt, his companion. Then the vow to become a monk. Yet other and far deeper causes were working in his mind to bring about this step. The idea of serving his Maker in the highest, holiest way, wrought this end. Sad was this blow to companions, friends, to parents, whose hearts were deeply interested in his future.

Strange the conflicts in young Luther's mind, fierce the battles in that monk's cell. The cravings and unrest sadly racked his spirit. Here first in the cloister he found the Bible, and even that was denied him at first, yet he read it through and through. Here at last the black clouds rolled away and he found redemption, not in himself and his own works, as the monks would have it, but in an infinitely higher One. His removal to Wittenburgh as professor and priest marked still further change in his character.

Then came the emissary of the Pope selling indulgences, even in Luther's congregation, rousing him to immediate, vigorous action. Here was an evil, a rankling sore in the heart of the church; and Luther, with all veneration for that institution, sought to blot it out. Fiercely he attacked Tetzel, the vender of indulgences, and nailed his ninety-five "Theses" on the door of the church of Wittenburgh; every blow striking deep into the heart of the Catholic Church, its echoes reverberating throughout all Germany, the first rumblings of the Reformation. The people caught up the spirit of his words, and all were alive to the situation. Fierce disputes followed, the war was opened. Here began the copious flow from Luther's pen, the life-giving spirit of the Reformation, which filled so many volumes. The valiant champion of truth assailed the mighty forces of error, and, beneath his ponderous blows to right and left, sweeping like straws the rapier-thrusts of Roman Popery, error was vanquished and the right held the field. In discussion, with the pen, and in the pulpit, — for Luther was the greatest preacher of his own times, and one of the mightiest pulpit orators in all times, — he was the controlling spirit of the vast wave that swept over Europe. The heavy pall of the dark ages, long hanging over the western world, fostering corruption, brooding error, had brought matters to the crisis where the mighty hand of the reformer was needed to tear it away, and open the world to progress and civilization.

At the Diet at Worms, where Luther was brought before the mightiest tribunal of temporal powers, at the instigation of Popery, to answer for his writings and sayings, nothing daunted, he stood before them, respectful, willing to concede as far as he deemed concession right, and declared: "Confute me by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain, just arguments. I cannot recant otherwise; for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other: God help me." There is something grandly heroic in this one man standing out alone so strong against the mighty, concentrated force, long accumulated, of the Catholic Church. Truly this was the turning-point of modern civilization; the era of reform and the overthrow of error was come. "The greatest moment in the modern history of men," says Carlyle.

Henceforth the life of Luther is the history of the Reformation. His hardy character was well fitted to bear the strain that was now put upon it; his incessant activity gave vigor to the work begun, and his keen intelligence was a mine of counsel to his people. A fling at the church and its institutions was his marriage with a nun; but it brought a sweet, refining pleasure into his life, and revealed a beautiful side of his character. Absorbed in the vast details of the work of the Reformation, yet he found time to translate the Bible into the rich German that the people could understand. His Bible, his copious writings, formed the basis of German literature.

At last the toils of life were laid aside, the end was come, and his work was done; yet it went on, and will go on forever.

RALPH EVERETT FARNHAM.

## A TRIP WITH AN AUTHOR.

### *Third Mirror Prize Essay.*

There has always been a fascinating charm associated in my mind with that person of power who so largely moulds our civilized life,—an author. A writer, an observer of men and women, a keen-eyed seer who pierces through and below the masks that all men wear, and reads the deep-hidden secrets of human life, its loves, its hates, its complex network of conflicting motives, its strong, swelling floods of passion, noble or base, that raise the soul heavenward in a moment of transient exaltation, and as quickly trail it humbled in the lowly dust. A man who reads these things as easily, and more easily than a child its primer, must he not be indeed a remarkable, a unique character, differing from ordinary men by a power almost divine? Such have been my thoughts of authors from the time I began to read. Indeed, the most marked effect of a powerful book on my mind was to awaken the inquiry, What manner of man created this? And although I have recently obtained some unexpected information concerning the methods of authors, I still retain these same views.

I happened to be walking along Park Street, in Boston, the day before Thanksgiving, in the neighborhood of a famous publishing house, when suddenly I saw a well-known face come from out a door-way. A face well known, though personally I had never seen it before. It was one which was pictured on the wall of my study, and prefaced to a daintily-gotten-up edition of famous prose works in my little library; an author's face into which I had often peered for some answer to the questions his written thoughts had awakened in me. So, though I had never seen him before, I at once recognized him. An impulse seized me to follow him. He seemed to have noticed my earnest gaze and to be conscious that I was following him, for occasionally he looked over his shoulder at me. Pretending, however, to be perfectly oblivious of him or any one else in the whole world, I continued to follow. He had led me into Beacon Street, and suddenly stopped before a stately old house. I looked at him eagerly as he surveyed the house, and moderated my walk that I might have the more time to look at him. I imagined he was looking at me from the corner of his eye, for he seemed to know just at what moment I would step by him, and he actually did turn and speak to me as I passed. What he said I am unable to recall, for I was so embarrassed and astonished that my senses seemed to desert me. The next moment, strange to say, I found myself within the house I had been without a moment before. I am quite sure that the door did not open, and for a moment, I felt very much compressed and squeezed, as if I had come through the key-hole. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for one to be with him there; he seemed like an old acquaintance to me, and he was. But yet there was something dark and mysterious in it all, and I looked suspiciously at him, expecting almost some sign of the supernatural. But no sulphurous breath, nor forked tail, nor devil's hoof appeared.

"Ah," said he, with a bland smile, "you are alarmed at finding yourself inside this house. You start away from me. Well, well, I am no wizard, but an author; and you must surely know that we authors do marvelous things. Why, how but by miracle could we glide from one land to another before you turn over a leaf, even? Or how could an author describe the flight of an old witch up the chimney on a broom-stick and out to the forest to meet the Black man, unless he straddled his pen and whisked up the chimney after her? Or how could he tell you every word the lover breathes to his sweetheart in that quiet nook in the woods unless he sat astride of a branch in a neighboring tree, with pen and paper taking down every passionate word that is spoken? Imagination, you say? Pshaw, that's an illusion? No; confidentially, I will tell you. We authors write the lives of our friends, our enemies, our neighbors, and chiefly, let me whisper, of ourselves, changing names and places slightly, to keep from being horsewhipped by those who most laud our imagination. That is our only safety. But while I have been dallying with you here in the hall I should have been up-stairs in the room of a young man who is just now in love, and may serve me as hero or villain in my next novel. Hold your breath and look out for the chandelier!"

In a moment, how, I do not know, we were in a richly-furnished room in which sat a young man totally unconscious of our sudden entrance.

"There," whispered my literary friend, "crawl behind that book-case." He pointed to a crack about three inches in breadth between the book-case and the wall. How I crept in there I don't know. It would have been an undoubted miracle if I had not boarded for three years in Andover.

"Hist!" cried this modern Aladdin, "keep quiet. I am going into this drawer where the young man keeps his love-letters. Read them? Why of course, and everything else I can find, that's the way of authors. How can I see or hear through the wood? Oh! easily, an author's eye is omnipercipient,—that *is* a larger word, to be sure, than I would put in a novel,—and if anything, I can see better through a stone wall than a pane of glass; and as for hearing, why I can hear a young lady blow her nose though she be a mile off. Loud noise? Bah, no! What a base joke,—it is the author's ear. Oh, you needn't look at them, they are only ordinary in size, large enough to hold a pen conveniently; its the quality. Now sh—ah—, be quiet. If that young man goes out be sure to get on my stylographic pen behind me, and we will follow him and perhaps see his lady-love; but don't get too near the end, or the pen might stick you; it kills men sometimes."

I don't recollect just when this remarkable experience came to an end, but the next thing I knew I was sitting in the charming waiting-room for gentlemen in that marvel of architectural beauty, the Boston and Maine depot. I related my strange adventure to a few friends on the train as we returned. Some of them attributed it all to a certain glass of wine which a fair Boston damsel had persuaded me to drink, only, however, by the most cogent reasoning and winning entreaty. Others, more charitable, were disposed to believe my narrative, and one in particular, looking sharply at my cheek, claimed to discover some traces of brass; which remark, had I not just been squeezed in all probability through a brass key-hole, would have been of doubtful propriety.

FELIX.

## FATE.

ALONE, amid the warring billows' strife,
A sailor lad sailed o'er the sea of Life.
Once, by the winds of Fate his bark was borne
To port, with broken spars and sails all torn.
And, as at rest within the port he lay,
An artless girl came tripping by one day.
His clear blue eye met hers by seeming chance; —
The love-god lurked within the maiden's glance.
"Yes, this is she," he cried, "yes, this is she,
My Love! My Hope! My blissful Destiny!"
He looked inquiring into her dark eye
And saw with joy a sweet and glad reply;
But Fate's resistless, onward-moving tide
Swept him away and tore him from her side.
Once a swift eddy caught him on its foam,
And bore him onward past her humble home.
She saw him, spoke, — he pressed her proffered hand;
And then the current swept him from the land.

Alone, he sank beneath the billows' roar;
Alone, she wept upon the fated shore.

## PROF. S. F. B. MORSE.

THROUGH our frontispiece we introduce to the readers of the MIRROR a man honored in all lands, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, LL. D. By his death, April 2d, 1872, practical science lost one of its brightest ornaments and Phillips Academy one of the most distinguished of her alumni. Born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27th, 1791, his whole life was passed in the cultivation of art and science. He entered Phillips Academy in 1802, and graduated at Yale in 1810. We may here mention that his father was at that time a trustee of the Academy, and that he himself afterwards sent his son here as a student. At twenty years of age he went to England and studied painting under Benjamin West. When only twenty-two he exhibited his "Dying Hercules" at the Royal Academy, and soon after received a gold medal from the London Adelphi Society for a plaster model of the same. Returning home in 1815, he labored at his profession at rates of remuneration which, in these days, would be considered far from flattering or lucrative. In 1825 he demonstrated by a model the feasibility of a permanent recording telegraph. He filed his caveat in the Patent Office, Washington, in 1837; perfected his invention in 1840; and finally, in 1844, Congress appropriated $30,000 for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. It succeeded. How well — the whole world knows. And no victory was ever more justly earned. For through years of research and study what had this man not suffered as the butt of ridicule, the victim of poverty. Most certainly this example of perseverance is worthy of emulation by every Phillips boy. In about 1857 the European Powers presented Mr. Morse with the sum of 400,000 francs ($80,000) as a recompense for his invention. In 1845 he first suggested the project of the Atlantic telegraph.

Prof. Morse was a writer as well as a painter and electrician;

but his fame will rest upon his substantial aid to civilization, in rendering practical the idea of telegraphic communication. His name will ever be held in honor, not because of his superior genius, nor in consequence of his immediate personal power in the affairs of the world, but because, taking in hand an idea which in other minds was only an intangible question of scientific possibilities, he worked it out into practical results, giving a new and invaluable force to the every-day and commonest facts of life, making, in short, a reality of the wildest conception of the most imaginative of poets, by putting a girdle round the earth in "forty minutes." It is only necessary to reflect for a moment upon the deprivation it would be to all of us to lose the electric telegraph, to appreciate, in some degree at least, what we owe to Morse.

# HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE SOCIETY OF INQUIRY, JUNE 17TH, 1883.

BY F. I. PARADISE.

LIKE all other great questions which are agitating the community, that of Foreign Missions soon found its way into our Academy. The early part of the century was a period of great religious interest, when the church was awakened, as never before, to a sense of the catholicity of its work, — to the divine call to send the blessings of its belief to the nations lying in the darkness of paganism. In 1810, one of the first movements toward the organization of the American Board of Foreign Missions was originated in the house of Prof. Stuart, (now occupied by Prof. Harris), and the ardor and enthusiasm of the young men of the Seminary for this work could not be long in reaching the students of the Academy. The strong religious character of Gov. Phillips has always been manifest in the tone of the school which he founded, and in its early life, as now, the religious students were accustomed to gather together weekly for conference and prayer; but in 1833, this particular phase of religious life found expression in the Academy by the formation of the "Missionary Fraternity," — a society founded by fourteen young men, who felt deeply, as did the church at large, that in the development of Providence, the time had come when Christ's last commandment should be obeyed, — "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The object of the society was, by cultivating a missionary spirit and diffusing knowledge of missionary work, to gain personal laborers in that field, — and to this end they sought as members those young men among the students who intended to become missionaries in foreign lands. How earnest was this spirit may be judged from the fact that at the end of the first year thirty names of men intent upon this method of preaching the gospel appear on the record. We read of days set apart for fasting and prayer and of special meetings for prayer. It was voted, just before one of the vacations, that each member should try and influence at least one young man to enter the ministry. The report brought back after two or three weeks of separation was that thirty had been induced to make the preaching of the gospel their life work. At another time it was voted that during a certain month missionary tracts be distributed to every family in town, that a more general interest might be awakened in their work.

We think we can read the religious history of those days in the records of the "Missionary Fraternity." The church which nourished these young men must have been strong, earnest, thoughtful of its duty, aggressive in action, uncompromising in its attitude towards the world. Meetings were held by the society in one of the rooms of the old brick Academy on the last Monday evening of each month, at which every member was expected to be present, and at the appointed time. The exercises consisted of prayer, singing, reports from certain missionary fields by members previously appointed, and a written address by a member or by an invited guest. On the last Monday of the school year a public meeting was held, when the president made the address, a report of the year's work was read, and other suitable exercises closed the evening.

The first address published by the society was on the subject of "Examining ourselves with regard to Missionary Duty," delivered by a theological student who has since become widely known as Bishop Southgate of the Episcopal Church. The society also began to collect a library, and we read of a vote to burn some books called the Universalist library, — a gift to the society, — as they were not considered safe books to read. There was also a "committee on education," whose duty it was to assign to each member of the society some subject connected with education, or a certain portion of our country for investigation and report.

The officers consisted of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, filled respectively for the first time by Isaac P. Langworthy, (now the Rev. Dr. Langworthy of Boston), Solomon A. Dwinnel, Charles Rich, and George W. Hubbard.

We would not leave the impression that the religious enthusiasm of these men was spent entirely upon the heathen nations. The spirit of missions was theirs, and it went out to the Irishmen working on the new railroad, to the people who lived about them in the town, and to those whom they met in their vacation.

The first burst of missionary ardor may perhaps have carried something of narrowness, certainly something of exclusiveness, with it. The society, closed to all members of the Academy who did not themselves intend to become foreign missionaries, soon found that it was narrowing its influence; and, as the value of concentrated Christian effort had been tested, it was voted May 31, 1839, that the society should henceforth be known as the "Society of Inquiry," and that its membership should be open to all Christian students in the Academy. We do not find that this change in any way immediately affected the missionary zeal of its members. Its purpose still was to foster and educate that zeal; but there was added to this the closer duty of drawing new members of the school under its influence and of zealously guarding their religious life. A new element was at this time also introduced by holding extra meetings, of which the exercises partook somewhat of a literary character. The first, held January 13, 1840, consisted of an oration, and debate on the question, "Is it practical for young men in the early part of their education to decide to become foreign missionaries?" Thus the work was growing and broadening with the years.

For some years the records of the society have been lost, but we are led to suppose that during this time its influence had steadily increased in the Academy. These were years of deep feeling. The first outburst of missionary enthusiasm in the church had given place to a strong, steady, organized work. The church was standing face to face with the greatest moral problem of modern times, — it felt the burden of the sin of slavery. To meet the new needs, the constitution of the "Society of Inquiry" was again changed, and it worked henceforth with this broad purpose, — to acquire and disseminate a knowledge of the world's social, intellectual and moral condition, and to afford a means of intellectual culture, while promoting a higher degree of personal piety among its members. The society was open to all Christian students, and meetings were held every alternate Tuesday evening, at which the exercises consisted of prayer, criticism of previous meeting, report from some missionary field, debate. Thus it was that the intellectual element had come in to take its place side by side with the religious work. And it was well. The stern need of the time demanded it, and perhaps from those evening discussions more than one student may have learned the lesson of heroic self-sacrifice. Against the signature of S. H. Thompson, written May 3, 1860, we read a short story of his service as first Lieutenant in the sixteenth Connecticut Regiment. "He died," it reads, "in the twentieth year of his age, an earnest Christian, a true patriot, in the service of his country and his God."

For the next few years the growth of the society seems to have been toward the intellectual rather than the religious life. In the fourth constitution, drawn up December 30, 1873, the religious element is largely excluded from its Tuesday evening meetings, and thrown almost entirely into the regular prayer meetings of Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

Thus the growth of the society has been a natural one. Its history shows the limitation of its early strength and the weakness of its late broadness. It is, however, a significant fact that on this year of its golden wedding to the Academy the constitution has been so changed that its work henceforth shall be entirely of a religious character. We have not, indeed, returned to the old basis, but we have sought to possess its early strength and its later breadth — have sought to strengthen it by the experience of these years, to cherish and promote all that is pure, and true, and holy in our Academy.

Few of those earnest men who founded the "Missionary Fraternity" ever worked in the missionary field. They builded better than they knew; for what the society has been to this school, who can estimate? I wish that I could recall to you a few of the many men who have gone out from it to large and noble service in the world. To how many boys it has been a safeguard from the peculiar temptations of school life! For how many has it opened the joy and support of Christian fellowship! Surely those fourteen students never dreamed of the work they had begun.

It is our peculiar privilege to stand upon the summit looking backward and forward. Rich in the experience of fifty years, may we not expect for our society a future of ever widening and deepening influence?

## ATHLETICS.

Foot-ball has, of course, absorbed almost the entire athletic interest of the school this term, and the success of the Eleven has again vindicated the right of Phillips to the first place among preparatory schools in the matter of athletics. The school boasted last year of the finest record it had ever made in foot-ball; but this fall's team, though playing in the two most important games with substitutes, has only lost 6 points out of 76, certainly far surpassing the records of all previous years, so that we have more reason than ever to be proud of our school's success in athletics. So much attention has been paid to foot-ball this fall that no one seems to have found time for La Crosse, which seems to have died a natural death as Cricket did before it. Last year pages of the Mirror were devoted to its praise, but we can only sing its requiem. We cannot say *requiescat in pace*, for we hope it will rise from its ashes with new vigor next spring. It is a fact hard to account for, that while so few men can participate in the foot-ball games compared with the large number of men in school who get no real exercise at all, enough cannot be found to make such a game as La Crosse a grand success. We have no chance for boating at Andover, unfortunately, and the interest of the school is so entirely concentrated upon the two games, foot-ball and base-ball, that no room is left for anything else. Since this is the case, perhaps it would tend to raise the physical standard of the school if more attention were given to class games, which could be managed in such a way as not to interfere with the regular practice of the school team, and would enable a much larger number of fellows to get the benefit which is to be derived from regular practice in the games.

It is a good sign that Lawn Tennis has received a good deal of attention this fall, and we hope the interest in the game will continue to increase. It certainly possesses the advantage of being better adapted for fellows who are not robust enough to gain much from playing foot-ball, and is entirely free from the element of risk which enters into the rougher game. If well played it furnishes excellent opportunity for the development of almost all the bodily powers except great muscular strength, and is a game in which an almost unlimited degree of skill can be attained. It has not as yet been carried to that degree of perfection in this country which it has reached in England, but the standard of playing is steadily becoming higher. Doubtless a Lawn Tennis tournament every spring and fall would have great influence in raising the standard of play in the Academy, and we hope the time will come soon when tennis tournaments will be a regular institution. Once the Phillips Athletic Association held out-door meetings in the fall term as well as in the spring, and it would seem that as the school is increasing in numbers something ought to be done to keep up the interest in general athletics during the fall term.

During the winter almost all athletic work has to be done in the gymnasium, but in the fall and spring terms it seems as if there were opportunity for a more general practice in athletics and in directions more varied than is actually the case. The number of fellows in school who spend so much time and strength on athletics as to neglect their work in other directions is small compared to the number who do not give sufficient time to the cultivation of their bodies. Though vigor of body is one of the lowest objects to be aimed at in life, considered solely as such, yet it is of the utmost importance to success in any higher line of work.

To return to the subject of school athletics, we think there is every reason to expect the greatest success in base-ball next spring. We have this year in school no less than seven members of last year's nine, and a large number of new fellows who come here with a good reputation as players, so that the competition for the different positions on the team is likely to be even sharper than usual. A competent committee has been chosen to look after the interests of the school in base-ball, and we hope all candidates for positions on the nine will, if not for their own advantage, for the honor of the school, practice regularly in the gymnasium this winter, so as to be in condition when the time comes to do, if possible, more honor to the school than the foot-ball team has done this fall. Base-ball is our national game, and as such, and as exciting more general interest than foot-ball outside of schools and colleges, is worthy of our hearty support.

High as is the standing of our school already in athletics, it is evident how greatly it would be improved if every man took hold with a will and did his best for his own bodily development. It is our hope that within the next few years, side by side with the raising of the standard in scholarship, will go on a steady advance in physical culture.

## EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, Fred Bates Lund, P. A. '84.
2d, Albert Henry Wheelock, P. A. '85. } Board of Editors.
3d, Harlan Ward Cooley, P. A. '84.

It has been the custom from time immemorial for the editors of the Mirror here to make the statement, "We now submit the result of our labors to the school, and trust that our work will be received with favor." Not to be unorthodox we echo this old refrain, and with an agonizing effort to say something original, exhausted as we are by our severe labors, we would add, "We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

It is our first duty, and one which gives us great pleasure, to report for the Philomathean Society a term of unusual success. It cannot be denied that the society deteriorated very much, both in the quality of the work done at the meetings and in attendance during the winter and spring terms of last year, chiefly on account of an unfortunate disposition of her members to divide into opposing cliques in matters of society politics and of a consequent lack of united and enthusiastic effort. Another not inconsiderable drag upon the society last year was the large number of members with which she was burdened, who joined the society with no intention of supporting its true objects, but merely for the sake of enjoying themselves in such a way as to prove the greatest possible impediment to earnest work in the society. While at the end of last term Philo lost many valuable members, she also lost, in great degree, this objectionable element, and started out at the beginning of this term with a small membership, but with an earnest purpose on the part of the members to work together for the society's good, and for their own improvement in literary work. She has been reinforced this term by the addition of quite a number of new members, the meetings have been characterized by good order, and there has been a steady increase throughout the term in both interest and attendance.

The Society of Inquiry has also enjoyed a term of remarkable prosperity. A large number of new fellows joined the society at the beginning of the term, and the meetings throughout have been well attended and of unusual interest.

This society has passed through many changes since its organization, but through them all has preserved in the main its distinctively religious character. It is now entirely devoted to religious objects, and the importance of its influence in the school life here can hardly be overestimated. We cannot but hope that it will continue through the rest of the year to enjoy as great success as it has this term.

The *Phillipian* editors, perhaps, have profited this fall by the few weeks of experience they had last spring, certainly they have succeeded in making the *Phillipian* this fall a bright and interesting sheet. The experiment of adding one to the number of the editorial board seems to have proved an advantage, and we hope that the paper this year will be even more of a success than in the years preceding.

The game of foot-ball played Nov. 7 with Harvard '87, was, perhaps, in its result, as great a surprise as any which has ever been played on our campus. Almost all the freshmen were confident of victory, and the Andover men thought that the game, at any rate, would be very close, and that we were likely to get beaten, but before the ball had been in play many minutes it became evident which side would win. The game was one-sided throughout, the principal features being Wallace's superb rush in the second half, the rushing and general playing of Knowlton and Alderman, and one of the prettiest goals from the field we have ever seen kicked, by Stearns. Knowlton made 3 touchdowns, Wallace and King 1 each, and the overwhelming defeat of the Harvard team by a score of 21 to 0, added one more to the long list of brilliant victories on which is founded the reputation of Phillips in athletics.

The People's Course of Lectures, continuing during the fall term, has been a source of pleasure and profit to the many who have availed themselves of this opportunity to enjoy entertaining and instructive lectures at a low cost. This course was instituted by several benevolent gentlemen residing in Andover, for the purpose of offering to the people lectures on interesting topics at prices within the reach of all. The plan has met with remarkable success, enough money being taken at the first lecture to pay the expenses of the entire course. The subjects have been on various topics calculated to attract and interest the people for whom they were instituted. Nihilism, Astronomy, Mexico, Constantinople, Evolution, and Electricity, have each received their share of attention. All the lectures have been good, especially the one on Evolution, by Dr. Gulliver, and we hope that this project, since it has been proved a success, will be continued again next winter.

We feel it our duty this year to make especial mention of the foot-ball game at Exeter, Nov. 17th. Since our team was crippled in the rush-line by the loss of Follett and Houghton, and also by the loss of our last year's half-back, Wallace, there was much uneasiness felt in the school with regard to the issue of the game; but the result proved that our fears were groundless, for one of the most decisive victories which we have ever gained over our opponent has been recorded for us. The game was one of intense interest, especially toward the close, when Exeter made a desperate struggle for victory, and, though not successful, succeeded in making the only point scored against our eleven during the season. During the first half some very loose playing was done by our team, which for the first time during the season seemed to be a little confused. However, the team played a fine game throughout, especially the captain, Knowlton, who has made for himself a record as a rusher of which he may well feel proud. As the score, 17 points to 6, shows, it was a decisive victory, and a victory, too, of a team playing with three substitutes against one which had had much more practice and training.

Great credit is due the eleven for their glorious victory in such adverse circumstances, to the captain, who, by his splendid work, has contributed much to our success, and to the substitutes who filled well the positions to which they were called. This makes our fourth consecutive victory over Exeter, and though she has trained her men every year much more than Andover has, yet victory has come to us, and Old Phillips has yet to "succumb" in foot-ball to that Academy which is no longer her rival in Athletics.

Strange to say, quite a large number of fellows were found to be so interested in "Architecture" as to attend the course of lectures delivered at Abbot Academy Hall by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, but we believe all who attended have been amply repaid for their trouble. The lectures, which have been illustrated, have dealt in a very interesting manner with the chequered and romantic history of some of the finest cathedrals in England, and altogether will be remembered by those who have been so fortunate as to attend them as a very pleasant part of the school-life this term.

The only musical treat we have had this term was the Camilla Urso concert in the Town Hall, Nov. 2. Of course the great virtuoso was all that could be desired, and her support was good, with the exception of the (would-be) elocution, which was poor in almost every particular. Any elocutionist who comes to Andover should take especial care not to choose selections which his audience have heard Prof. Churchill read before, if he expects to make any impression on them. Last year we had the pleasure of listening to several excellent concerts, and we hope that the Camilla Urso concert is only introductory to several which are in store for us this year.

Sunday, Nov. 4, was observed with appropriate services here, as elsewhere throughout the country, as nearest the birthday of Martin Luther. A union service was held at the Old South in the afternoon, at which Prof. Egbert Smyth preached the sermon, giving a very interesting account of the life and character of the great reformer. The rendering of Luther's hymn, "Ein fest burg," by the choir, can hardly be said to have done it justice, but perhaps the presence of the Fem. Sems. more than made up, in the minds of the Phillipians, for any such deficiency.

Unfortunately we go to press too early to make a report on the chief event of the term, the lecture by Matthew Arnold, but its success is already assured. Great credit is due the Senior Class for securing to the school and to the people of Andover the opportunity of hearing England's greatest critic. We feel that Old Phillips has been honored by a visit from this distinguished gentleman, and we hope that Mr. Arnold will carry with him to England pleasant recollections of Phillips Academy, the "Rugby of America."

The old fellows on their return missed the familiar face and figure of our Greek instructor, and found in his place the strange face of the new teacher, Mr. Gile.

Mr. Coy, having been granted a year's leave of absence by the Trustees, started at the close of last year for an extended tour in Europe, intending to spend the greater part of his vacation in Germany and Greece, comparing the dialect of the Greeks, as spoken at the present time, with the dead language, and, in particular, to study new methods of teaching Greek. As is natural, he is very much missed by his pupils in the Academy, every one of whom respects and admires him.

For our new teacher we have no words but those of praise. Already he has, by his kind and courteous manner, won the respect of his scholars, and while we feel keenly the loss of Mr. Coy, yet we will say we are sure no better substitute could be found than Mr. Gile.

Shortly after the commencement of the term, Mr. Clary left school on account of sickness, which, soon after his departure, developed into a serious malady, and consequently he was detained from his duties for a period of nearly two months. During his absence Mr. Cressy, of the Seminary, took charge of his classes. Although not fully restored to health, he returned about the middle of November to the discharge of his duties, since which time his health has been slowly improving. We are glad to see him back again, and hope that he will soon entirely regain his strength.

The present board of editors have followed the recently inaugurated custom of offering prizes for the best essays, thinking that by thus securing variety of authorship the MIRROR is made more interesting, and a truer representative of Philo as a whole. The judges chosen for this competition were Prof. Woodruff, Mr. Cressy, and Mr. Dunnells of the Theological Seminary, who have awarded the first prize to the essay entitled "Macbeth," by H. L. Grant, the second to the essay on "Martin Luther," by R. E. Farnham, and the third to "A Trip with an Author," by "Felix."

The first prize for cuts was given to the one entitled "Astronomy at Phillips," drawn by G. C. Harding.

We are glad to note a progressive spirit in the Theological Seminary. How much its usefulness has been increased may be seen from the fact that two new chairs have been established and filled, viz.: Biblical History and Oriental Archæology, by Rev. John P. Taylor; Biblical Theology, by Rev. Edward Y. Hincks. The chairs vacated by Profs. Park, Mead, and Thayer, have been filled respectively by Revs. Harris, Moore, and Woodruff, — men of eminent ability. The Seminary opened the year with 38 students, and a change in the course of study, part being optional. The Winkley fund has been increased by a gift of $10,000. The Winkley Fellowship has been established and thirty Honorary Scholarships created. The Library numbers 41,000 volumes, increasing 1000 yearly. The Museum is receiving additions from the collections of Dr. Merrill, Consul at Jerusalem. The well-known quarterly, Bibliotheca Sacra, has left the place of its birth, and found a new home at Oberlin, O., under the management of Prof. G. F. Wright and associate professors. In its place has been established the Andover Review, a monthly, which will represent progressive Orthodoxy. Prof. Egbert C. Smyth and colleagues compose the editorial staff. Thus equipped, the Seminary seems able to recover and increase the power and influence which has made it prominent as a teacher of religious truth in the past.

## PERSONALS.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, '25, who gave the poem at the Academy centennial, delivered the oration at the centennial of the Harvard Medical School in October.

Hon. Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy during nearly the whole of President Lincoln's administration, died in New York, Oct. 29. After leaving the Academy in 1837 he was an officer in the Navy fourteen years. Previous to the war, and again afterward, he was connected with the manufacturing establishments in Lowell and Lawrence. He made an address at the Academy centennial in '78 on "Phillips Academy in the Navy."

Dr. Edward A. Crane, '50, is the director of the editorial department of the American Register, published at 2 Rue Scribe, Paris, a weekly journal of fourteen pages which now has a larger circulation on the continent of Europe than any other newspaper printed in English language, and which is now in its fifteenth volume.

Rev. John P. Taylor, recently appointed Professor of Biblical Theology and History in the Theological Seminary, graduated from the Academy in 1858 at the head of his class, as also at Yale in 1862.

Prof. J. H. Gilmore, '51, of Rochester University, has published a new series of speeches, four in number, and a collection of poems entitled "Wedlock."

Hon. Frederick Smyth, '36, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, with characteristic generosity has, by request, presented to the school a portrait of himself, painted for the purpose by the well-known New Hampshire artist, U. D. Tenney.

The Parting Ode of the class of '83, words by C. E. V. Kennon, music by F. S. Palmer, has been printed in handsome style as a souvenir. Palmer has become a member of the Pierian Sodality at Harvard, as have also Babbitt and Abbott of the same class.

It is a fact worthy of notice, in connection with that great triumph of American enterprise which has excited so much interest lately, the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, that the first survey of the road was made by a graduate of Phillips, Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, who in 1853 led the first exploring party through from St. Paul to the Rocky Mountains; and that afterwards Frederick Billings, another Phillips graduate, was president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. Gen. Stevens was Governor of Washington Territory, Member of Congress, and during the war entered the army and rose to the rank of Major-General. He died fighting at the head of his troops in the battle of Chantilly. We may also mention that Gen. Stevens organized the first company bearing the name of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

Rev. Dr. Warren H. Cudworth, '45, who died in Boston Thanksgiving Day under circumstances so peculiarly sad, was a man of whom Phillips Academy may justly be proud. He died in harness, after a long and faithful service as minister of the gospel, beloved and mourned by a wide circle of friends of all classes and denominations.

Last August, within a week, our Academy lost two of the most brilliant and promising of its younger alumni. Aug. 23d, 1883, Greenough Thayer, P. A. '81, son of Prof. J. Henry Thayer, was drowned at Ogunquit Beach. Aug. 29th, Prof. Moses Stuart Phelps, P. A. '64, son of Prof. Austin Phelps, was accidentally shot in the Maine forest.

Greenough Thayer received exceptional advantages in life. He started equipped with all the powers which the associations of a loving and refined home could give. He grew up in daily contact with eminent scholars. He inherited a fine mind and high family traditions. And he was worthy of all.

Thayer's career as a scholar was preëminently successful. He graduated high in his class, taking the first Dove Latin Prize. The same year he was first editor of the Mirror. He also received the third Means Prize, and the following year at Harvard took the first Lee Prize for English Reading. So quietly was his work done that these successive honors were something of a surprise to those who knew him slightly, but those who saw his life more closely knew that by a faithful discharge of obligations and duties he was gaining the power which flashed out conspicuously in moments of emergency. As we look back over his life now, this quiet faithfulness is the characteristic which we see most clearly. It is the secret of his power; it made him manly; was the source of much mental and moral strength; made him gentle and calm; gave him courage of opinion; gave him great physical courage. And so it is that the last act of his life seems a natural one to those who knew him best. That he realized the danger when he rushed to the rescue of a weaker friend, there can be no doubt. It is known that he had before considered what would be his duty in such a crisis, and when the trial came he did not flinch. He was deeply religious, and back in his quiet Andover home, by calm estimate of the relations of his life, and by carefully meeting them, he had gained the power to make this great sacrifice.

Prof. Stuart Phelps, Ph.D., of Smith College, whose sudden death by accident in the Maine woods at the commencement of the term caused such wide-spread grief, was graduated from the Academy in 1864. In the same class were Prof. Arthur S. Hardy, of Dartmouth, W. W. Eaton, of Middlebury, R. A. Rice, of Williams, Geo. A. Smyth, lately of the University of Vermont, D. M. G. Means, of Middlebury, and M. S. Southworth, of Williams. Prof Phelps graduated at Yale in '69, and at Andover Seminary in '72. He studied in Germany, was tutor at Yale three years, and Professor at Smith College five years.

## SMOLES.

At a recent meeting of a society composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion: "Mr. President — I move ye's whitewash the ceiling green, in honor of the old flag."

### BEAUTIFUL, BUT SAD.

An humble boy, with a
Shining pail,
Went gladly singing
Adown the dale,
To where the cow with
The brindle tail
On clover palate did
Regale.

A bee lit down on the
Cow's left ear,
Her heels flew up through
The atmosphere,
And through the leaves of
A chestnut tree
The boy soared into
Eternity.

A Western editor publishes a poem which was written, he states, "by an esteemed friend who has lain in the grave many years merely for his own amusement."

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie.

A Chinaman became the father of an American-born son, and as he danced about, swinging his pigtail, he said: "Me Melican man, all same. Me heap Washington. Me lightning-rod agent. Go 'way. Whoopee!"

How the free-lunch fiend solves the problem of existence — By the Buy-no-meal theorem.

"Good morning, Donelly. I hear your daughter has a baby; is it a boy or a girl?" "Shure, miss, it's meself as doesn't yet know for the life of me if I'm a grandfather or a grandmother, bedad."

A paper in Southern Illinois regrets that it went to press "one day too early to record the death of John Bates." This is not quite as cool as the paper which said: "Just as we are going to press, John Smith is being run over by the cars."

Dentist, to old lady about purchasing some false teeth: "For mastication, my dear madam, they can only be surpassed by Nature herself." Old lady: "O laws, doctor! I don't care anything about the mastication if I can only chaw with 'em."

A Virginia paper announces the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon to Mr. Ebenezer Sweet, whereupon somebody perpetrates the following:

"How happy the extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer!
She's no longer sour, but sweet,
And he's a Lemon-squeezer!"

A man out West who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! How I wish he had not died!"

It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied with confidence: "I do, yer honor, ivery wan av them. That's wan," he added calmly, as the ship struck it, filled, and sank.

A musical amateur writes to ask if the old English song, "A Single Smile," furnished the theme of Wagner's "Lone grin."

"Put no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said a wag. "Don't give me any epitaffy."

Once upon a time a woman died, and, as the mourners were carrying her to the grave, they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been only in a deep trance. Two years after, she really died, and, as they were carrying her down the same road and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady, boys! Steady there! Be very, very careful!"

They have a brand of whiskey in Kentucky known as the "Horn of Plenty," because it will corn you copiously.

"I'm the light of this menagerie," cried the tapir. Then the other beasts wanted to put him out.

A member of a London club was standing on the club-house steps, when a gentleman came up to him and asked him if there was a gentleman with one eye named Walker in the club. "I don't know," was the answer. "What was the name of his other eye?"

Said the night watchman, when, about dusk, he was invited to drink a cup of coffee: "No, thank you. Coffee keeps me awake all night." Then he saw his blunder, looked very embarrassed, and tried to explain it, but it was no use.

"There are two sides to everything," said the lecturer. "I repeat it, there are two sides ——" At this juncture a tired-looking little man stood up in the front seat to say: "Well, if you've no objection, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience.

Biblical student: "Of course Ruth wanted a beau, but no one has ever been able to determine why she chose such a Boaz she did.

In Arkansas, when a couple of ten-year-old boys are not at home for supper, their mother looks troubled and observes: "Now where in the world are them children? If they're out robbing trains again, I'll take the hide off o' them when they come home. Consarn them!"

"Job printing?" exclaimed an old lady, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing week after week ever since I larnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how!"

An enterprising Chinaman of Gold Hill, Nevada, recently mounted the following sign, handsomely painted, on his newly established wash house: "Ah Charlie; washing done dam cheap." Virtuous public opinion soon obliged him to take down the sign and put up one with less scripture in it.

In looking around for an original rhyme for month, yesterday, we came across it in the only place in the world where it could be found, —the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. It read as follows:

There were two men a training went,
'Twas in December's month;
One had his bayonet thrown away,
The other had his gun th—
rown way.

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "La, me, I do," said Mrs. Partington. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church, and hear a populous minister dispense with the gospel."

A cat belonging to a family on South Hill has reached the ripe age of eleven years. She has lost all her power of expressing her emotion by audible sounds, and it is just heart-breaking to see that cat go out and climb up on the shed roof, and try, by violent and emotional pantomime, to express a yowl that could break a pane of window glass eight hundred yards away.

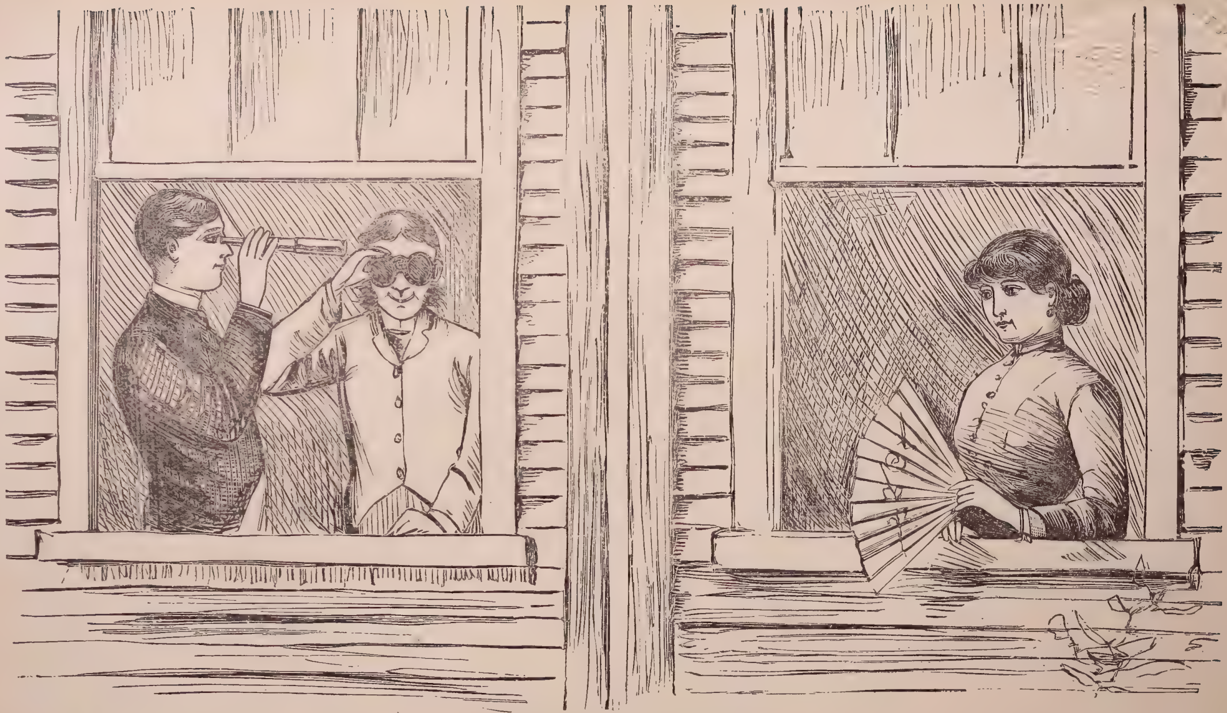
What the milkman said when he found a fish in the milk: "Good heavens! The brindle cow has been in swimming again."

A couple of members of the darkey conference were passing down the avenue, when one of them trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up, the rest of his body was correspondingly lowered. "Ki-yah, brudder Jones, is you fallen from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not prezactly, deacon, I'se sittin' on de ragged edge of dis pear."

A minister nigh to Boston had a son born to him and a generous donation from his church the other Saturday, and in the next day's prayer he alluded with gratitude to "the arrival of a little succor." After the service two students who sat below solemnly asked him if he meant the money or the baby.

"Hi! Samuel, has you moved yit?" inquired one colored man of another whom he met at market yesterday. "No, I'se still in de old place," was the answer. "But I war' told dat you war' gwine to get out ob de neighborhood," continued the first. "Wall, I did make up my mind to, but you see de family next door, and de family on de corner, and de family 'cross de street, have left dere wood piles out doors, and I doesn't desire to change."

The nox was lit by lux of luna,
And 'twas a nox most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona.
For nix lay scattered o'er this mundus,
A shallow nix et non profundus.
On sic a nox with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was twice as long as octo span is;
But brevior legs had canis never,
Quam had hic dog bonus et clever.
Some used to say in stultum jocum,
Quod a field was too small locum.
For sic a dog to make a turnus
Circumself from stem to sternus.



ASTRONOMY AT PHILLIPS.

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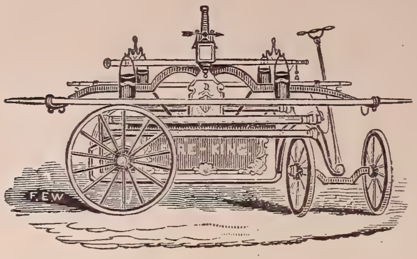

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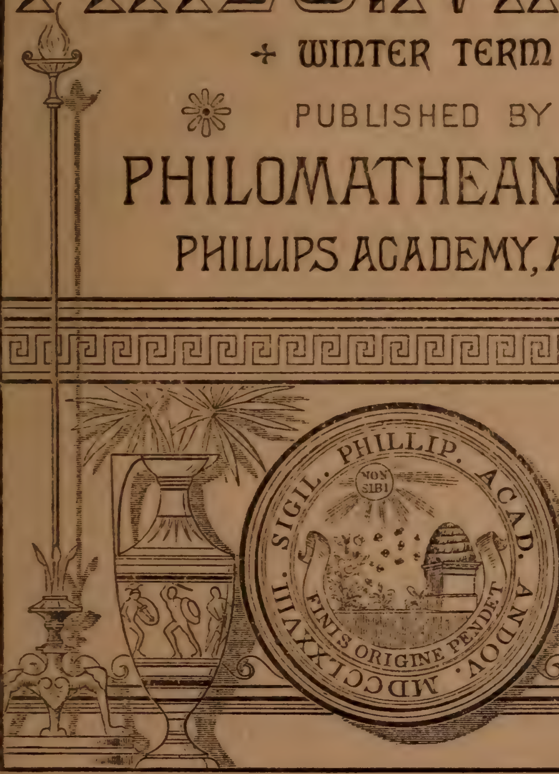
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Vol. XXX No. 2

SCIRE EST REGERE

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# THE
# PHILO MIRROR

MARCH 1884

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*Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία*

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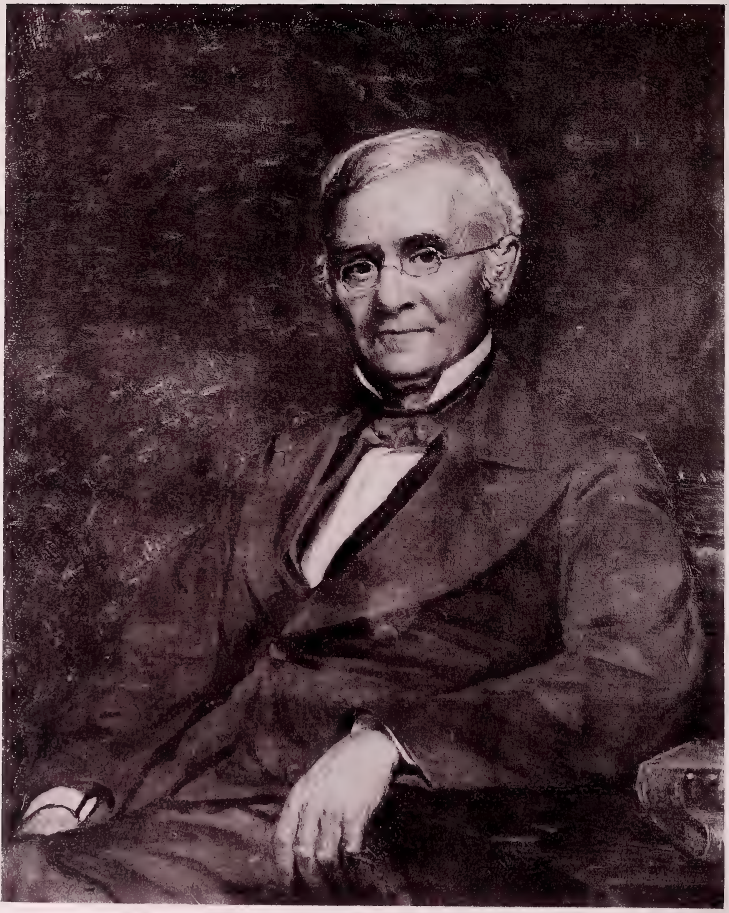


# THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXX. — March, 1884. — No. 2.

## "AURORA BOREALIS."

Like Io, fleeing from keen Argus' sight;
Like the bright ladder, o'er which angels came
To Jacob, sleeping on Judea's plain;
Like some soul's raiment in its heavenward flight,
Across the starry sky in shafts of light
Shoot up the northern beams, a radiant flame,
Shed from the armors of the Virgin train,
Who lead the shades of heroes from the fight.
For they who fall in battles nobly fought
The father Odin chooses for the band
Which, clothed in shining steel, divinely wrought,
He leads to vict'ry in the Asgard land.
And when the winds among the fir-tops sing,
I seem to hear their joyful pæans ring.

F. I. Paradise.

# PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I WISH to write concerning one whom few love, fewer still understand; whose life was a mystery; in whose character we see the sharpest and most unaccountable distinctions; an atheist in principle, but a Christian in practice; a man in whom the worst and most unhallowed beliefs were joined to the best and holiest deeds, and who has left the world, in return for its calumny and hatred, a sweet legacy of immortal song.

It is a pretty saying that "whom the Gods love die young;" true, perhaps, from the standpoint of heaven; but not so when viewed in the light of human interests. Sometimes, indeed, one who in early manhood has been a very sun of glory, lives to see his fair reputation and brilliant prospects tarnished and polluted by contact with the world; but how much oftener do genius and virtue, scarcely noticed in early life, burst forth in maturity with the brightest glory. But when death overtakes a young enthusiast in whom truth is tainted with error, and pure motives with misconceptions of duty, men forget what might have been in after years and shake their heads sadly at what was. They taste the fruit plucked long before maturity and complain that it is crude. Have pity, then, for every genius who dies young. Have pity for Shelley, the paramount genius of his age, who has been called the greatest poet since Shakespeare. In our estimate of this earnest thinker let us keep his early death constantly in view, and judge him less by his acts than by the principles and motives which underlay them.

Were we to describe Shelley's character in a single word, we should define him as a rebel; a rebel against the oppression of the State, the prejudices of society, and the intolerance of the Church. From his very birth this feature was inwrought in the very fibre and tissue of his whole moral and physical being, leading him to champion hated and despised beliefs and, finally, to throw down the gauntlet to the whole Christian and moral world. Ah! well would it have been for him then could the veil have been lifted from his eyes and he been permitted to see his own errors. But that same rebellious spirit drove him on, championing, ofttimes, principles far more injurious than those he opposed, provided only they had sufficient truth to arouse his interest and sufficient weakness to excite his sympathy. Advancing years indeed strengthened his judgment so that he no longer followed blind prejudice; but he was still a rebel, still a subject to his zeal and his passion.

Turning from this feature of his life, — to which we have given especial prominence because we believe that it alone furnishes the clue by which to explain many otherwise inexplicable passages in his life, — and glancing hastily at his inner life, we find a belief still more visionary and obscure. A vague, mysterious idea that on the throne of the universe, veiled in the dazzling brilliancy of an intense spirituality, sat Love and Beauty, the twin deities of earth and heaven. Such was, so far as we can learn, Shelley's conception of the Divinity. Vague and mystical as it must have been even to him, we can neither understand nor explain it. But we cannot doubt that he himself honestly believed that, in some way or other, we know not how, human happiness depended upon the reign of Love and Beauty.

But leaving his theories, it is Shelley, the man, that excites our praise and admiration Where else, amid such unfavorable surroundings, can we find such goodness and purity of life, such lofty aims and purposes? Intellectually, however, he lived as far before his age as emotionally he lived behind it. The narrow bigotry of his contemporaries was galling to his exalted spirit. He sought to enlighten men's minds, to quell hostility between different religions, and to educate the people to a right understanding of their real needs. And, in return, the world treated him as it has treated many a genius before; he made mistakes and it punished him with moral exile. The fire of his passion and the pathos of his grief, as revealed in his writings, would have kindled the hearts of the ancient Greeks or Romans to deeds of mighty valor. But he was out of place in the nineteenth century, and the world could not understand him. Look where we will through his life we find everywhere a strange unfitness for his surroundings. He lived in loneliness. Few could even partially sympathize with or comprehend him. For years he was regarded as the worst of men, yet never was man more pure. His poems were almost suppressed on the plea of immorality. Critics and moralists united in defaming him. And yet, through neglect and scorn and hatred, his mighty spirit moved on in rapt contemplation of eternal truth. He saw not his foes, for his eyes were fixed on high; he heard not their clamor, for his ears were listening to heavenly music.

Space forbids us to describe his uprightness of character, his generosity, his integrity, and above all his love of truth, perhaps the noblest feature of his life. In search of it he never faltered through weariness or by reason of hardships, and when found, his loyalty to it was heroic. The veil of prejudice often, indeed, concealed it from him, but even in his darkest days he longed for light. To know! To know! was the watchword of his life. What could be nobler? A sincere desire for knowledge may not always be satisfied here, but we are sure it must be — somewhere. Doubtless in another world the God of truth will smile upon such, and unlock to them the treasure-houses of his wisdom. Even here, Shelley's earnest study had led him far into the mysteries of thought, but, great as his attainments were, he felt keenly how much remained to learn, how few, even of the simplest problems of life, he had been able to solve, and he impatiently waited for death to uncover the secrets of earth and heaven. Too soon, alas, for us, they were revealed! While his character was daily growing more perfect, and his poetry more beautiful, more sublime, the dark messenger came, and the light of his genius was quenched forever in the dark waves of the Italian Sea.

D. W. Phelan.

# THE LAST DAY OF SAVONAROLA.

*First Mirror Prize Essay.*

On the 23d of May, 1498, the great piazza of Florence was filled with a surging throng awaiting, in angry expectation, the last public appearance of the Prior of San Marco. On the marble terrace of the Palazzo Vecchio stood the three representatives of the Church and State, who were to perform the ceremony of degradation and execution; and from this spot across the piazza extended a narrow platform reaching a great heap of fuel, surmounted by three gibbets. Savonarola, clad in the Dominican garb, is led along the terrace and stands before the representative of the great Roman Church. One by one, the black mantle, the scapulary and long white tunic are taken from him, and as he stands in simple under-tunic he is pronounced an outcast from the Church militant. Yet this was the man who by his genius and energy controlled the government of Florence during the dark days of revolution — whose mighty preaching paled the face of the most powerful potentate upon the earth, Pope Alexander Borgia — and who held the crucifix before the dying Lorenzo's eyes, demanding restoration of ill-gotten gain as the price of absolution. The traces of his greatness and genius had left him. The slight, sensitive body had been tortured until every nerve quivered in its weakness; the deep-set eyes of grayish blue had lost their old fire, and the pale, sunken cheeks gave an added prominence to the high arched nose and heavy under lip. Only the delicate beauty of his almost transparent hands remained. And yet, as he passed slowly over the platform and looked down upon the sea of angry faces, and heard the insulting cries of those who but a short time before had hailed him as their saviour, his countenance bore the unmistakable sign of inward rest, — of joy that the weary struggle was over, — of humility in the lost sense of his divine mission.

And now the work is done. Once more the world has repeated its old folly, only, again to come back to repent and weep over the grave it dug. The life of Savonarola is typical of the greatness and limitation of our human nature. Let us place it. He came into the world in the days when Lorenzo de Medici held a corrupt and magnificent sway over the republican government of Florence. The papal throne was filled by Alexander Borgia, pre-eminent even in those wicked days for the utter corruption of his character. Peace and prosperity reigned over Italy; joined hand-in-hand with the foulest corruption was the highest development of art and literature and philosophy. At the splendid courts of the Medici and Borgias the wit and beauty of all Italy were gathered. Poets, artists, scholars, joined the gorgeous company of statesmen and prelates in surrounding life with every beauty of form and color, in glorifying, by immortal works, the church and its religion, which they despised and scoffed. Men of virtue turned from this wretched, but splendid society, and from the despised religion to the study of the philosophy of Plato in the retirement of the monasteries.

Out over this world there rang a voice as clear and confident as that of John the Baptist, crying, "Repent; for God will surely send a scourge to purify the church and world." And men turned and listened, for the power of an absolutely pure and confident man is irresistible. For two years that single voice cried out, in defiance of the church and the world, words of burning indignation at the sight of wrong, and of fervid belief in an unseen Justice and an unseen Purity, which would shortly be made manifest and bring a scourge upon the land. And then, as the belief took more complete possession of him, the confidence that he was God's servant, and that God was inspiring him, lit his face with a heavenly light, and day by day the people listened in breathless, awestruck silence, and learned to share his own belief that he was a prophet of God. No power could silence him. His faith that God loved holiness and purity and hated vice gave him the power to speak winged words against the corruption of the papal court. Shortly he proclaimed an immediate release — the French army, coming over the Alps under Charles the Eighth for the avowed purpose of uniting the Church against the infidel Turks, was the scourge sent of God. Then followed the outbreak of the people against the Medici, and through all that stormy period from the pulpit of the Duomo his calm, clear voice spoke day by day, full of confidence in his mission, words of supreme wisdom which won absolute control over the people's hearts and minds.

We cannot follow him in the development of his life. Little by little the love of power had won a place side by side with his love of virtue. The confidence of his mission had betrayed him too far. He learned to materialize the power which God had given him for spiritual purposes only. He became a political factor in the city, open to the attacks of political enemies. Then the prophecies failed, and the first questionings of his mission entered his mind. Oh! how inexpressibly terrible must have been that struggle, when once that doubt had entered in. There could no longer be power to convince others, when his own mind was divided; his enemies had become powerful; his pulpit closed to him — while the awful fight raged within between his faith and his doubt. The cloud grew deeper and blacker, and under pressure of exquisite physical torture his belief in his divine mission gave way — he lost his faith in himself. We draw the curtain here. The one great gift of life lost, any recantation was possible under torture. Yet at the end again the light came to him, and he learned humbly to conceive the cause of goodness and purity existing without his own life, and so losing the pride of martydom, he became more truly a martyr.

For nearly four centuries the Florentines have each year strewn the pavement of the piazza where he suffered with violets, in grateful remembrance. Ah! if the cold stones could speak of the scenes they have witnessed, they might tell us that after all the cause of right conquers, even though its champions be conquered. They might tell us that so far as our lives are in sympathy with truth, the influence of them will never die; but the dross will be purged from them even by fire. They might tell us to be patient in the right, for God is stronger than man.

Nemo.

## DEMOCRACY.

We are standing, to-day, before the world as exemplars of a great fundamental principle in the form of government, the truth or fallacy of which we, by our prosperity or ruin, must determine in the eyes of men.

We have adopted, as the basis of our system of government, the idea of the supreme power of the people in its highest development; and we claim that it is the only true foundation of the government of any free country. And for the first moving principle, back of this, we must look to the belief — put into words that we repeat so often that they might be called our creed — that "every man is, by right of his manhood, free, and equal with every other man." And a noble creed it is, well worthy of the American people. But in the present state of the nation, there are many causes to sometimes give the cadence of mockery to the words, and to make us fear that they may possibly have deluded us. The fault is in our interpretation of their meaning, not in themselves. A man, regarded solely as a citizen, should be equal, in all his rights, with his neighbors; but this does not at all imply that he is equal in any personal good qualities or advantages. But politically, in his inalienable right of the ballot, no distinctions can or should be made. We fully believe that is the only just system, and the only one by which the lower, more ignorant classes can be raised to the point of using their privileges wisely, and for the best good of their country. And yet those classes seem so far from this point, and we see so much abuse of this power in the hands of the ignorant and debased, that we are often sadly discouraged as to the present.

For the Future we feel little fear. All over our land the children of the native and of the immigrant, of the wealthy and of the pauper, of the educated and of the ignorant, are sitting side by side in the same public schools, gaining the same instruction, under the same influences, and with the same inspiring knowledge that they are to have an actual voice in the affairs of the grandest republic the world has ever seen.

And he who is to-day an immigrant, with all an immigrant's lack of cultivation and judgment, is fast becoming an intelligent citizen. Among the people, too, all the educating, refining influences of our time are raising the moral and intellectual standards of the masses to such a degree that the masses are fast becoming well able to rule themselves.

But for the Present: That does not seem so clear. Every year, every month, every day, there are landed upon our shores large numbers of immigrants, driven from their native lands by oppression or want to seek a haven with us.

And these immigrants, before they have well come under the refining influences of this country, are an exceedingly undesirable class. Without intelligence, without education, with powers of reason and judgment wholly undeveloped, because not yet called for, and, of course, without the shadow of the patriotic feelings of native citizens. But of themselves they would be undesirable, but not so dangerous. That is after they have received their power of the ballot, and simultaneously have come under corrupting political and social influences, and we see them voting as they have been bribed or harangued into doing, with no comprehension whatever of the deeper issues of the campaign, without an honest thought among them for aught outside their own small interests. And this class, with all its susceptibility to the influences of associates, bribery, low tastes and ideas, and above all to that of the political demagogue — the curse of every land, but especially of ours — is a very dangerous element in our country at the present. Their children, we hope and trust, will use their power for the best: but we are forced to see that *they* do not, and it is imperative that something should be done to counteract their increasing influence in politics, and there is but one way to do it.

There is a custom — of late ominously prevalent among many of our most upright and noble men — of staying out of politics, sometimes even to the extent of foregoing their right, nay, rather their duty, of the ballot. And only when this custom has become unheard of among our finest men, can we feel that the Present is secure against the power of the unprincipled.

The excuses for shunning politics are many. Politics, now more than ever, have fallen into disrepute because of the amount of filth dragged into them. Many a man, feeling the force of the old adage that "one cannot touch and be undefiled," unwilling to mingle in the filth or to have his good name sullied by slanderous attacks, shirks his duty, and will not — may his country need him never so much — come forth from honored retirement even to its service. But there is something unmanly in these reasonings. A truly noble man can live down slander. A truly courageous man will not shirk his duty to his country; will go into politics with his might, attempting to purify them and raise them to his standards, not shunning contact with them lest he sink to theirs.

"One cannot touch pitch and be undefiled." But is it the more noble and manly thing to let a foul stain remain, or to soil one's fingers in rubbing it away? When our true men shall have become brave enough and patriotic enough to dare even their reputations for their country's sake, and rather than to shirk that to which their duty calls them, then will politics be raised to the position they deserve, the noblest pursuit of a man when his country calls; then will their standards be raised to the level of such politicians as Garfield and Sumner; then may we repeat our creed with a new pride, with no shade of mockery lingering in the words, and, in true confidence exclaim with him who was our noblest representative of the people, "Under God! Government of the People, by the People, and for the People shall not perish from this earth!"

H. R. Griffith.

## THE FISH-HORNS.

HEAR the students with their fish-horns —
Tin fish-horns!
What a wealth of deep emotion in those horns!
Sounding through the midnight air,
What a varied sort of musing
In the minds of men infusing!
With their blare
The tom-cat routing from his lair
On the roof.
And with tin, tin composition
Too metallic far to hoot,
They can only toot, toot,
Out of tune,
In a sonorous contention with the
Quietness of night.
In a mad expostulation 'gainst
The solemn quiet night.
From the wild discordant notes,
And how intense,
What a brazen ditty floats
To the professor that listens, while he gloats,
Behind the fence!
And the ear distinctly knows
By the racing
And the pacing
How the danger ebbs and flows;
By the continuing or ceasing of the
Clangor of the horns,
Of the horns —
Of the horns, horns, horns, horns,
Horns, horns, horns —
Of the clangor of the horns.

H. L. G.

# POETIC JUSTICE.

*Second Mirror Prize Essay.*

The belief in poetic justice is as universal as man. It finds expression in the religions of the world, in the literature of every people, and in the accumulated wisdom and experience of the past, crystallized in proverbs, and handed down from generation to generation. It is interwoven with the daily thoughts and words of all men. "There's a good time coming," is the homely phrase in which many a weary toiler expresses his hope that sometime, and somewhere, he will find rest for his toil, and justice for the wrongs and evils of his life. It is a vague dream of an ideal state in which all men and all things are as they ought to be that soothes his hours of weariness and pain, and infuses hope into his despair. Indeed the belief in poetic justice is so closely allied with hope, that they cannot always be distinguished. The intensity of this thought is as deep and profound as its persistency is lasting. It is firmly and deeply rooted in the human mind. When some unfortunate has drunk so long and so deeply of earthly bitterness that he abandons hope and life for despair and death, men call him morbid and mad. Those doubters are fewer than is commonly thought, who utterly despair of the final triumph of goodness and the downfall of evil. For it seems as natural for man to hope for the better as to breathe. "While there's life there's hope," says the old proverb, proclaiming in another than its common meaning the inseparable union of hope with life.

But when one looks inquiringly to see why this hope-inspiring belief in absolute justice is so strong and deeply rooted in the human breast, he meets with perplexity. Many souls bearing the burdens and pains of life live on in the hope of relief from their labors, and consolation and joy for their suffering. But the days and the years roll by, bringing nothing to the toiler but the same heavy task to be done, and the old familiar grief to be borne. And one must be blind indeed to the facts of human life who thinks this an uncommon experience. Yet, though disappointment come with each day and year, though hope long deferred makes the heart sink somewhat in sadness, seldom does the soul of man lose faith in that good time for which it has so long waited in vain. Rather does man in his deepest pain, in the midst of years of disappointed ambition, above and below the voices of despair, hear ever and ever believe the promise of justice and right measured out to him, — to his hopes and his loves. And his belief is contrary to reason and beyond it. For neither the present nor the past proves the theory of poetic justice. Some men are measured at their worth and receive what they deserve; more do not. The rain falls, and the sun shines, on the just and the unjust alike. The black breath of pestilence strikes down the pure and lovely, and spares the unclean and vicious. Ill-gotten gains support the oppressor in luxury and ease, while the wronged and suffering man, scantily clothed and poorly fed, wears out his life in the hard struggle to wrest from a harder world a crust for himself and his little ones. Justice sits enthroned in our courts, but sometimes the guilty escape, and the innocent die; the widow and orphan lose their little all, and the scheming conspirator is awarded another's possessions. Yet, though the past be indeed the only lamp to light the future, though it foretell the old story of pain and defeat and disappointment, man still hopes for the fulfillment of his best dreams, and for days such as never dawned upon the earth. The vague dreams of childhood fade away like mists in the more sober fact of manhood and womanhood. The ardent hopes and strong desires of youth grow calm and quiet in the uneventful routine of middle life and old age. But, though hard facts mock at what seem airy fancies, though hope displace hope, man's faith nor trust is never quenched. But if not in our own world, where then can there be poetic justice? And this belief, what can it mean? This persistent, mighty, unreasoning faith, which a thousand times thwarted and refused, denied and disappointed, leaps into life anew, as fresh almost as in the first moment of its power? The birds of Northern lands, when the food on which they live is buried beneath the winter's ice and snow, fly southward, led, we say, by instinct. Their instinct guides them truly. Is there a parallel between this familiar fact and man's belief in poetic justice? Not as geometric lines prove truths, but by a process, better, perhaps, because higher, can those willing to trust their intuitions prove, through this universal, persistent faith in final and perfect justice, some of the weighty, spiritual problems our age is propounding. Is not this universal hope, so deep, so strong, so unquenchable, in a world of imperfect and unsatisfying existence, the soul's irrepressible, passionate plea for immortality? And will the Power that gives the birds of the air an unerring instinct endow man with a lofty faith, only to mock at the solemn hope it kindles within him? It cannot be! The feathered strangers from the North teach us better than our sages.

VOX SPERANTIS.

## THE FOOL IN SHAKESPEARE.

CURIOUS indeed, to us who live in this nineteenth century, seems the custom of keeping court jesters, which was once so common. They were men retained by many of the noble and wealthy of the Middle Ages to furnish amusement for their idle hours. The jester had the largest license for the display of his wit; his range was unrestricted — no subject was so sacred or so light, so profound or so shallow, as to be beyond his province. But his merriment must never flag, not for a moment was the smile to leave his lips, — this was the only demand made of him. His mood must ever be the same; sunshine and shadow, good and evil fortune, praise and blame, all must appear alike to him.

When rewarded for a clever sally, his thanks must be expressed by a jest; if whipped for uttering in his sport unpalatable truths, he must whimper out a pun between the blows. Living for no purpose but to while away luxurious idlers' heavy hours, knowing full well that his greatest effort amounted to no more than the breeze which fanned the cock's-comb on his cap; looking anxiously forward to the time which, as he knew, would come all too soon, when his wit should grow rusty, and he himself be cast off without a thought, like a worn-out glove, — his lot can surely not have been an enviable one.

But the fool, perhaps, was not always what appeared upon the surface. Oftentimes there may have been hidden beneath his motley coat characteristics which rendered him worthy of love and admiration. With such qualities has Shakespeare drawn two of his most famous jesters, — Touchstone, in "As You Like It," and the Fool in "King Lear."

The latter is a personage of no small importance in the play. He is first introduced to us in words which give us an inkling of his character, and prepare us for every proof of his affectionate faithfulness that we meet. Lear is told that, since the Lady Cordelia's going into France, "the Fool hath much pined away." Before we have once seen him we feel that we shall love him, and we are not disappointed in our estimate of his character. He follows close beside the old king through all his misfortunes, and, foreseeing that Lear must go mad unless his mind is kept from his troubles, he keeps up a running fire of jokes and songs, "laboring to outjest his heartstruck injuries." By means of his folly he tells the king truths he would hearken to from no one else. All through the frightful tempest he follows him, striving, without cessation, in his own way to divert the king's mind from the contemplation of his wrongs, although his own heart is flowing over with homely grief and sorrow for the king's condition and the absence of Cordelia. He disappears from the scene just after the king's madness has fully declared itself, with an exclamation which can only be understood as a characteristic declaration that his sorrows have overcome him at last, that he can help the king no more, and so will lay himself down to die. A more loving servant or a more faithful friend it would be hard to find. Not a thought does he bestow upon himself or his own comfort, — his every care is for his beloved old master, and his affectionate devotion hallows everything that has o do with him.

Different, and yet like him in some respects, is Touchstone in "As You Like It." In him too, beneath the artificial exterior of his calling, there is hidden a manly heart filled with deepest devotion to his mistress, Celia. This leads him to choose banishment with her in preference to all the pleasures of a life at court. And, though his first thought on every subject is to hold it up to ridicule, we cannot help admiring the quaint wisdom which flows from his lips, and his clear insight into the characters and motives of those about him. Jester by profession as he is, there has become fastened upon his mind a strange capriciousness, so that he views nothing in its true light, but considers only how he may wrest and change it from its proper meaning. His courtship is the strangest freak of all. Though really in love, he seems attracted more by Audrey's homeliness than by anything else, and marries her from mere wilfulness. But behind and through all his whimsicality there runs the strong current of attachment to Celia, which compels us to honor even while we wonder at him.

W. H. Osgood.

# HORATIO BALCH HACKETT.

To Horatio Balch Hackett the Philomathean Society owes both its name and its existence. It is therefore eminently fitting that his picture should find a place in the gallery of illustrious alumni which the Mirror is making with each successive number. Professor Hackett was born Dec. 27th, 1808, at Salisbury, Mass. He entered Phillips Academy in 1823, graduating in August, 1826, with the valedictory address. Prof. Park relates that Hon. Samuel Hubbard, a trustee of the Academy, and afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was so much impressed by young Hackett's valedictory oration that he offered the young orator all the pecuniary aid which he might need during his college course. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a pupil in the Academy at that time, and in a paper for the *Atlantic* nearly half a century afterwards gives the following personal description of young Hackett: "Of the boys who were at school with me at Andover, one has acquired great distinction among the scholars of the land. One day I observed a new boy in a seat not very far from my own. He was a little fellow, as I recollect him, with black hair and very bright black eyes, when at length I got a chance to look at them. Of all the new-comers during my whole year, he was the only one whom the first glance fixed in my memory; but there he is now, at this moment, just as he caught my eye on the morning of his entrance. His head was between his hands, and his eyes were fastened to his book as if he had been reading a will that made him heir to a million. I feel sure that Professor Horatio Balch Hackett will not find fault with me for writing his name under this inoffensive portrait."

Dr. Holmes speaks of Dr. Hackett as a new-comer, but the latter had already been a year in the school when Dr. Holmes came. It may have been the first time that the young Hackett attracted the notice of his popular and versatile schoolfellow.

Although it has been told recently, we venture to repeat again the story of Philo's origin. Dr. Holmes has mentioned the fact that young Hackett was a "little fellow." It was for this reason that he was refused admission to an under-class association, organized for literary improvement, the Social Fraternity being a Senior Society. There were others in the school however, who did not, on account of his diminutive stature, close their eyes to his literary ability. Among them were Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., of New York, Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D. D., of Newark, N. J., and Rev. William W. Newell, D. D., of New York. These and others uniting with him formed the Philomathean Society; and it is said that he gave the society its name. Dr. Hackett entered Amherst College the September following his graduation at Andover. After graduating as valedictorian at Amherst, he entered the seminary at Andover. At the expiration of his first year he returned to Amherst as tutor. He then came back to Andover to his theological studies. He assisted Prof. Robinson in translating Buttman's Greek Grammar, and in consequence of a reference by Dr. Robinson in his preface to the quality of the aid received from Dr. Hackett, Brown University called him in 1835 to the chair of Assistant Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literatures, and in 1838 made him Professor of Hebrew Literature.

Before graduating at Andover, Dr. Hackett became interested in the subject of baptism; and finally, while at Baltimore as principal of the Classical department of Mount Hope College, joined the Baptist Church. In 1839 he became Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation in Newton Theological Institution. Then followed a year's study at Halle and Berlin in Germany with such teachers as Tholuck and Gesenius. On his return to duties at Newton, he began that series of literary labors which raised him to such an eminence in Biblical literature and criticism. Dr. Hackett made five European tours, all of them for the purpose of study. He was a pioneer in the movement for a new revision of the Old and New Testament, delivering a famous argument in its favor in 1859. He was afterwards an influential member of the American Bible Revision Committee.

In 1853 he was elected a member of the German Oriental Association; in 1861 he received from Harvard University the degree of D. D. The next year Amherst honored him with the title LL.D. Dr. Hackett's contributions to Biblical literature and criticism were numerous and of the greatest value. He contributed thirty articles to Dr. Wm. Smith's Bible Dictionary, an American edition of which he afterwards edited, aided by Prof. Ezra Abbott of the Divinity School at Cambridge. A mere list of Dr. Hackett's literary labors would require several pages of the MIRROR.

Though a great scholar and thorough student, Dr. Hackett was not wanting in sympathy with men. He was never lost in cold abstractions. He was regarded by all who knew him as one of the most modest, as he was one of the most affectionate of men. He was a man who made friends, and he was capable of the highest and truest friendship. After his sudden death on November 2d, 1875, there came voices from across the sea, from England, Germany, Holland, Greece, speaking in the highest terms of his scholarship and learning, his piety and his personal character.

While in no sense a sectarian he was at all times faithful to his convictions. "During his lifetime," says President Strong of Rochester Seminary, where Dr. Hackett was a Professor at the time of his death, the Baptist denomination "raised itself from numerical weakness to numerical power. He taught the teachers of hundreds of thousands of Christians throughout the land. And though many threads are woven together in the fabric of our denominational progress, we are safe in saying that our position in intelligence and influence to-day is in large part the result of the life and work of Horatio B. Hackett."

# GUSTAVUS VASA.

## *Third Mirror Prize Essay.*

One of the most interesting characters to the student of history is that of the Swedish King, Gustavus Vasa. He was born in fourteen hundred and ninety, of an old Swedish family which for two centuries had furnished members to the council of State.

While Gustavus was a mere lad, King John paid a visit to Sweden, and one day saw the young Gustavus at play with his companions. It is said that, like Cyrus of old, he played the king. John patted him on the head, and said that he would yet be a man remarkable in his days if he lived,— a prophecy which proved to be true.

In fifteen hundred and nine he entered the University of Upsala, where he received a superior education. Much time of his youth was spent in military service and court life, and he is spoken of as a noble youth, comely, ready-witted, and prompt in action, whom God had roused up for the salvation of his country.

In fifteen hundred and seventeen King Christian of Denmark began to wage war against Sweden. He appeared before Stockholm with his fleet, and displayed all the treachery of Tissaphernes. Having invited on board his ship — for the purpose of a council — several of the Swedish commanders, among whom was Gustavus, he set sail for Denmark, where they were imprisoned. Here Gustavus was rescued from the horrors of the dungeon by his friend Sir Erick Bauèr, who had great influence with the king, Christian. He besought the king that Gustavus might be removed to his home; and he pledged himself to pay five hundred pounds in case Gustavus escaped. This request was granted, and he was accordingly removed to Kalloe Castle, where he was comfortably cared for.

But the young heart of Gustavus pined for the liberation of his country; and although filled with gratitude to Sir Bauèr for his kindness, yet he meditated day and night how he might free himself from captivity, and muster his countrymen against the invasion of Christian. At length, early one morning, he made his escape. He disguised himself as an oxherd, wandering day and night in lonely ways, — and pursued, — for a large price was already set upon his head,— and after many hair-breadth escapes he arrived at Lübeck, where he was gladly received.

Sir Bauèr also arrived there to recapture the prisoner; but too late. He received these staunch words of Gustavus: "I was borne into Denmark by deceit and violence. It is my right to be free. I will pay to Sir Bauèr the price of my escape, with interest, when I get home."

Having made a short stay at Lübeck he set out for Stockholm, being disguised as a woodman and carrying an axe upon his shoulder, seeking work along the way. In this way he made the journey safely to the abode of his old friend Arendt. Gustavus opened to him his heart, and revealed his plan of rescuing Sweden from the hands of Christian. But alas! his old friend was now an enemy, and he secretly conspired against him. He feigned that he would help him in his trouble; but while Gustavus rests himself from his fatiguing journey at his house, Arendt loses no time to inform the Danes that Gustavus was now his guest. Here Gustavus might have been captured had it not been for Arendt's wife. She knew well her husband's treacherous heart; but her conscience forbade her to co-operate with him. As she saw in the distance Danish soldiers galloping at full speed, she hastened to the room where Gustavus was, and by means of a long towel, helped him to the ground eighteen feet below, where a servant was soon ready with a sleigh. Gustavus jumped in, and when the Danes arrived at the house he was at a safe distance. He soon reached the house of a true friend, who conducted him on his way to greater safety. He loaded his sleigh with hay and concealed Gustavus in it, and then hastened on the way. He had not proceeded far, however, before the Danish horsemen caught up, and half mistrusting that Gustavus might be in the load, each one, as he passed, thrust his long sword into the hay. Gustavus received a severe wound in the leg; but as he made no cry he was passed undetected, and Elfson drove on "to market" with his hay. Soon he discovered the snow in the road behind stained with drops of blood. He stopped and bound up the wound, and, to avoid suspision, cut the leg of his horse so that it bled.

Gustavus soon reached Dolmen in safety, where he began his campaign. His persuasive eloquence incited the peasants to arms, for they were eager to strike a blow against the Danish king. Quickly an army was gathering about him, which increased in number as he approached Stockholm; and when he was ready to beseige that city he had so powerful a force about him that he was assured of victory, and in a few months the Danes were compelled to leave the city, as well as the country.

Then a Diet was held, and both nobles and peasants declared that they would have none other than Gustavus for king. "He has tried greatness," they said, "and poverty. He can command and obey. He alone had strength and valor to drive out our enemies and save the lost fatherland."

Gustavus was crowned king in fifteen hundred and twenty-three. His first act was to proceed to the church and bow his knee before the Lord of hosts, and entreat for wisdom and guidance.

His reign of forty years was one of great success, and his far-sighted policy gained common approbation. Under his fostering care Protestantism took solid root. The Lutheran doctrine became universally embraced. His watchful eye looked into the remotest corner of his kingdom with paternal solicitude. He disseminated Christianity among the Laps by sending missionaries, one of whom was a pupil of Luther. Through these also the Bible was placed in the hands of the Finlanders. In short, the reign of Gustavus was fully occupied in carrying out great measures of doing good, for he always looked to the welfare of his subjects. "Surely," said his secretary, "if ever a ruler was deserving to be called 'Pater Patriae,' King Gustavus should bear that name with all commendation and honor."

At length old age came upon the king. As he lay upon his death bed, he summoned his family to his side. To his beloved wife he gave words of consolation. His sons he admonished to abide in the faith and to be kindly disposed toward the Swedish people. "A man is but a man. When the play is out we are all alike," said the king, for he was wont to regard all men as equal. "Dost thou want anything?" questioned one standing by. "Yes," replied the king, "the kingdom of heaven, and that thou canst not give me."

He died in fifteen hundred and sixty; and long after his death men spoke of his reign as the happiest time in all the history of Sweden.

FRANCIS BERGSTROM.

## ATHLETICS.

FROM an athletic point of view the winter term differs widely from either of the others. On the one hand it is a time of rest and recuperation from the long, hard football campaign of the fall, a time to review victories and defeats; and, whatever may have been our lot in these, a time to settle down to as much of the enjoyment of life as the state of Andover weather will permit. The base-ball man, on the contrary, employs the winter term in active preparation for effective outdoor work in the spring, as a thorough course of training in the gymnasium is of scarcely less importance to him than the actual practice on the field. And so, while the campus is still wrapped in its snowy covering of white, the candidates for the nine are steadily practising in the gymnasium in order that they may be in the best possible physical condition for withstanding the strain attendant upon a position on the team. The term that is now so rapidly drawing to a close has been no exception to the general rule. Athletics have been, if anything, more prominent than usual. Early in the term Mr. Howard, of Boston, was engaged as gymnasium instructor, and the remarkable success that he has met with in arousing the school at large to an interest in the work of the gymnasium has proved the wisdom of the committee's choice. Mr. Howard has, we may say, inaugurated a new era of affairs in the gymnasium. A firm and enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of simple calisthenic and Indian club exercises, he has given instruction successfully to two unusually large classes, comprising many to whom the gymnasium has heretofore been a mere object of ornament, seldom entered — never used, and has probably been of more practical benefit to the school than all his predecessors combined.

Professor Dole has paid us his annual visit and, as usual, has been liberally patronized. For some time he used Society Hall for giving instruction in the "manly art," thus making a veritable arena of that famous battle-field of Philo's orators.

In base ball we have a glorious prospect undimmed by a single cloud of apprehension or distrust. The seven old members of the team, who acquitted themselves so nobly a year ago, we are confident will, profiting by a year's experience, win new laurels during the coming season. They will be marshalled by a veteran who has already won an enviable record as an amateur pitcher, and who is soon to enter the ranks of professionalism under the banner of the Philadelphias. There are, besides, an abundance of excellent players with whom to fill the vacancies, so that we have every reason to expect a strong team. Never before has the prospect been so encouraging, never before has our team gone out with so many harbingers of a successful career; omens so sure and trustworthy that we can look forward to the future, if not with the certainty of success, at least with its assurance of a remarkable team.

La Crosse was not revived last fall, but we are confident that, with the return of warmer weather, it will again receive its usual share of attention. A game of La Crosse with Exeter was talked of last year and year before, but never brought about. Cannot something be done this year by which a game can be arranged?

And, lastly, we come to that much-buried connection of the school, the Athletic Association. More than once have our predecessors sung of its decease, yet clinging to life with a strange tenacity, each time it has risen from its premature grave and sprung at once into prominence and power. So that, if the past is any criterion for the future, we may prognosticate as follows: Fall term — A. A., apparently dead: Winter term — A. A., alive and flourishing; Spring term — A. A., taken with hasty consumption. Note: when a spring tournament is held the A. A. will remain perfectly vigorous until that is over, when it will rapidly succumb to the disease.

Now this should not be. Surely the school is large enough, and enough interested in athletics, to maintain an Athletic Association on a firm basis the year round. One good feature of the present state of affairs is that we never have any half-way business. Either we have an Association, a tournament, and everything lovely, or we have no Association and no tournament. We have no fault to find, but what troubles our mind is the fear that sometime or other the Association may forget to wake up at the right time, and die in earnest. However, we will not spoil the present by reflections about the future. At present writing, the A. A. is on the crest of its tidal wave, if we may so express it, of prosperity. It has recently held probably the best tournament we have ever had, and for this it merits our warmest praise; and we sincerely hope that this year, at least, the Association may enjoy continued prosperity, and retain at the close of the year enough of vitality and interest to start it vigorously on its way in the fall.

The Association held its sixth annual winter meeting in the gymnasium Wednesday, March 5th. At the appointed hour the building was well filled with a goodly representation of 'cads, a scattering of theologues, a delegation of Exeter men, and a gallery full of Fem Sems. Below we give the list of events with the entries and names of winners.

I. Heavy Weight Wrestling. — Wright and Gates entered, and the latter easily won his two falls.

II. Middle Weight Sparring. — A. S. Knight and F. F. Merrill. Merrill got in some heavy blows in the second round and took the prize.

III. Middle Weight Wrestling. — Garside and Carter each won one fall. The strugle for third was short but decisive, and was won by Carter.

IV. Light Weight Sparring. — Van Deventer and D. R. Grant indulged in some rather promiscuous but comparatively harmless hitting, and without displaying any great amount of science. The prize was awarded to Grant.

V. Light Weight Wrestling. — Odlin and H. L. Grant were very evenly matched. Only one fall was scored, and that by Odlin in the second round.

VI. High Kick. — Odlin won this, with Gage, Knapp and Grant contesting closely.

VII. Broadsword. — Bergstrom and Ripley entered. Won by Ripley.

VIII. HEAVY WEIGHT SPARRING. — Manning and Segur entered, but as Manning was sick, his place was taken by Mr. Dole.

IX. PARALLEL BARS. — Roby and Gage were the contestants and gave a very pleasing exhibition. The prize given to Gage.

X. CLUB SWINGING. — This was won by Mason, who vanquished Gould, his only rival.

XI. RINGS. — Beckwith, Charnley, Charnute, Douglass and Osgood were entered. The prize was won by Osgood after a close contest.

XII. FEATHER WEIGHT SPARRING. — Clagstone and Knapp. This was by far the best sparring of the day, and was well contested throughout. Prize to Clagstone.

XIII. HORIZONTAL BAR. — Won by Roby, with Beckwith, Douglass, Paine and Story, contestants.

XIV. FENCING. — Knapp and Ripley entered for this and started out as if for a good exhibition; but Knapp's sword snapped off close to the handle, thus putting an end to the event.

XV. VAULTING. — Roby and King entered. It was won by King.

XVI. ROPE CLIMBING. — Douglass easily surpassed Knapp and won the prize.

XVII. TUMBLING. — Charnley, H. L. Grant, Osgood and Story, all acquitted themselves with credit. The prize was given to Charnley.

XVIII. TUG-OF-WAR. — P. A. '86 and P. S. '85. '85 proved to have the most muscle, pulling their opponents about an inch.

After the award of prizes by the judges, — Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Wells, — the meeting was over, and all went away well pleased with the afternoon's exercises. Everything went off well; the events, with few exceptions, were well contested throughout, and the association is to be congratulated on its success.

ARTHUR FAIRBANKS TAYLOR, youngest son of Samuel H. Taylor, LL. D., Principal of Phillips Academy, was born in Andover, graduated at the Academy in 1870, and at Dartmouth College in 1874. After two years at the University of Gottingen, he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Chemistry and Physics in '76, and returned to this country. He was for a time connected with the Woodruff Scientific Expedition as Professor of Natural Sciences; but when that enterprise was abandoned he became Assistant to the Professor of Physics in the University of Pennsylvania. At the end of three years he was appointed Profesor of Chemistry in the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland, Ohio, and took a prominent part in organizing this new and richly endowed institution. He went abroad to purchase apparatus for his department in 1881. At the time of his death he was visiting an intimate friend, Dr. Pope, in New York, and was found dead in his chamber in the early morning of June 28, 1883.

Professor Taylor was a man of fine presence and engaging manners, a skillful musician, specially gifted in conversation and *belles lettres* writing, quick with the pencil and crayon; the records of his promotions and attainments at the early age of twenty-nine show what the promise of his life had been.

## EDITOR'S REVIEW.

1st, William Hicks Osgood.
2d, Daniel Walter Phelan. } Board of Editors.
3d, Harold Russell Griffith.

Once more the Mirror is submitted to the school. The present board of editors ask, for the result of their labors, nothing more than the hearty support and kindly criticism which former numbers have received.

And first, we gladly turn our attention to old Philo. For her this has been a term of unalloyed prosperity and growth, more so than any other she has ever seen. Under the wise direction of her officers she has been free from all dissensions, has had a remarkably large attendance,— on some nights the hall being really crowded,— and her parts have been sustained with much power and enthusiasm. A large number of new fellows have come forward, and show the intention of doing real, honest work for themselves and for the society. We think that the standard of the literary work, too, has been perceptibly higher than in former times, and that hasty and faulty preparation of a literary part has fallen much into disrepute. The debates have been, for the most part, exceedingly well sustained, and have been rendered both more interesting and helpful by the notably large number of fellows assisting from the house. At present, the outlook for the future is indeed brilliant; and it rests with all who feel an interest in this grand old society to do their utmost to see that her power and prosperity is ever on the increase, and that next term shall raise her to the proud position she deserves.

The Society of Inquiry has continued throughout this term the truly noble work which she has carried on for so many years. There has been shown in her meetings the true spirit of her founders in doing a helpful, manly work, free from cant, and in exerting its influence on school life. The meetings have been well attended and earnestly carried on, and the society has enjoyed growth and a prosperous activity, which bodes well for its future. Long may it continue, as the exponent of the religious element of the school, to carry out the aims of its noble founders.

The MIRROR has this term followed the example set by several of its predecessors, in offering prizes for the best three essays, and the best cut, submitted by members of the School. The gentlemen who kindly consented to act as judges of the essays were, — Mr. Thomson, instructor in History in the Academy, and Messrs. Culliton and Sheldon of the Theological Seminary. The last-named gentleman also assisted the editors in deciding upon the cuts. The three prizes for essays were awarded, in the order given, to those entitled, "The Last Day of Savonarola," by "Nemo," "Poetic Justice," by "Vox Sperantis," and "Gustavus Vasa," by Francis Bergstrom. The prize for the best cut was given for the one entitled, "Day of Prayer for Colleges," drawn by G. C. Harding.

In very truth, miracles will never cease. Andover has really had a fire, a genuine fire in term-time, a fire that was not put out before the engine had been got out of its shed. In the wee, small hours of Sunday morning, Feb. 17th, such a blaze of light filled the northern sky in the direction of Lawrence, that it seemed as if the ancient prophecies concerning the fate of such cities as persisted in the ways of Sodom and Gomorrah were being fulfilled. And fully a quarter of an hour after the flames were visible the fire bells rang out with their hurried, stirring notes. As if by magic, every 'cad within hearing of the bells — with the exception of a few phlegmatic seniors — were in the streets in strangely picturesque attire, which gave to the affair the aspect of a fancy dress carnival. The engine was taken to the scene of action — the corner of Main and Central Streets — with very creditable promptness, where it was indeed badly needed. Four stores and a part of a fifth were well in the power of the flames, and engines from Ballardvale and Lawrence were on hand to give their assistance. The fellows did nobly; working the pumps vigorously and steadily, and giving all help possible, no pleasant task on that dark, chilly morning. They worked for about two hours, when the fire was got under control, having entirely destroyed four stores and part of another. Several fellows in the attempt to save all the cigars — of course for the owner — from the drug store were pretty thoroughly ducked by having the hose played on them for several minutes ; but, barring such little accidents, the work of the 'cads was a thing to be proud of. In chapel the cuts were few, but the choir severely showed the effects of the morning's dissipation. It would seem as if a little drill in working the engine would be beneficial. It took a long time to get to pumping; but the company showed both their knowledge and efficiency.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was set this year for Thursday, Jan. 31st, and was observed here, as usual, by exercises in the chapel. Prof. Gulliver conducted the exercises, and remarks were made by the principal of the North Andover High School, by several of the students at the Seminary, and by the Rev. Dr. Duryea of Boston. Dr. Duryea's remarks were especially fine. delivered in his original and forcible manner, and the entire programme, although short, was instructive and helpful. It may be noted in parenthesis — this is always expected and considered the thing — that "our fair cousins of Abbot" were in attendance.

About the middle of the term, a slight disturbance in the usually calm currents of the school work was caused by the absence of Prof. Graves for two weeks. He was to accompany his family to the South,— where they were to remain until the warm season,— and see them settled ; and while, of course, his loss was deeply felt, he had the very heartiest sympathy of the entire school in his journey, and in the hope that the purpose for which his family made the trip might be fully accomplished.

Although the loss of the head of the English Department was an especially severe one, yet we think that it was a proof of the excellency of the government of the school, and of the good dicipline of the students, that, with the necessary changes in so many departments, everything went on so smoothly and efficiently. It is this sort of thing for which Phillips is justly celebrated, and of which, especially in the last demonstration of it, the faculty and students may well be proud.

It is our pleasing task to record the ninth series of Piano Recitals given under the auspices of Abbot Academy. To say that the Recitals this winter have well sustained the standard of excellence of former years would be giving high praise. But we can go further, and give higher praise, when we say that the two of the series which have been given at the time of going to press have fairly eclipsed those of any previous series. The first was given by Miss Amy Cheney, assisted by Mr. Loëffler. Miss Cheney, though young, shows wonderful talent, and especially charms by her soft touch and sympathetic rendering of her selections. We hope that this is far from the last time that Andover will have the pleasure of hearing her. She was well assisted by Mr. Loëffler, a promising and rising violinist.

The second recital was given by Mr. Arthur Foote, assisted by Wulf Fries. Mr. Foote is certainly a master of his art. With surprising touch and technical skill, his one lack seems to be that of putting "soul" into his music. But he is a player who charms, even while perhaps he does not satisfy.

Wulf Fries, with his gray hairs and many years that he bears so well, is too familiar and beloved a figure to us all to need mention, except that, — if such were possible, — his skill on the 'cello seems to increase with his years.

We who attended these recitals owe many thanks to Abbot for having given us this rare musical treat.

In the midst of a long, dreary succession of wretched days, the Gods, — who loved them, — sent to the class of P.A. '84 a most propitious day for their annual class ride. The class went on wheels — and very wisely, since they could not go on runners. About two o'clock they started for Haverhill in highest spirits, and somewhat noisy in a classic way, as befitted seniors. After saluting the Fem Sems, they got fairly started. After several episodes on the way, one especially charming about a mile this side of Bradford, and after heartily saluting Bradford, they brought up at the hotel in Haverhill. When dinner was over, and they had enjoyed the toasts, which were really wonderfully good, the fellows dispersed, to meet at the Skating Rink and adjourn to Bradford. Oh, ye Gods! Let us drop the veil here. There are some recollections too hallowed to be bared to the public's eye. Ah, Miss Johnson! You were indeed the source of happiness to us all. '84 is not ungrateful. After hours that seemed like moments, within the walls of Bradford, our remembrance is not distinct as to the ride home. We reached Andover somehow, about one o'clock Friday, and celebrated the early part of the birthday of the veracious youth by rousing our fair sisters from their slumbers. As for the next day — well, let us say with George, "We can't tell a lie," and we won't tell the truth; so we will drop the subject.

P. S. '84 also had their ride. Although it was bitterly cold and snowing hard, they had a very enjoyable time. They chose Haverhill as their destination, and after their dinner there found congenial entertainment in various quarters. Owing to an accident to the barge, they were delayed in Haverhill, and reached Andover, frozen but jolly, after two o'clock. They also took the trouble to inform the Fem Sems of their arrival, according to the hallowed custom. The class very generally went on the ride, which, in the face of the weather, showed commendable spirit.

Through the enterprise of P. S. '84, we have been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of hearing Rev. J. G. Wood in a course of three sketch lectures on Natural History. The lectures were respectively, February 29th, "Ants in the Temperate Zones;" March 4th, "Ants in the Tropics;" and March 10th, "The Whale." Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance at the first was not as large as it would otherwise have been, and this to a certain extent affected each of the others. The lectures themselves, though, were rare treats. The various kinds of ants were sketched in turn upon a large blackboard with wonderful skill, and the audience made acquainted with the history, characteristics and domestic habits of each. Our thanks, and those of the school, are due to the Senior English Class, under whose auspices the lectures were held, and we hope that the financial returns may well repay them for all their trouble.

Once more Phillips Academy has proved its patriotism, its respect (?) for the "Father of his Country," by treating his birthday precisely like any other day, and declining to follow the general custom of observing it as a holiday. In accordance with the usual custom the school appointed a committee to wait upon the faculty, and enter a petition for the twenty-second of February as a school holiday. The faculty, following their usual custom, replied in effect that in their inscrutable wisdom the memory of Washington could be better celebrated in the class room than elsewhere, and declined to grant the request. There the matter rested. Doubtless the faculty had good reasons for their action, but there are several equally good reasons why we should have the day as a holiday. First, there is our natural feeling of respect for the memory of the man to whom we owe the very existence of our country. Second, the winter term, as every one knows, is by far the hardest of the year. It is also the only one without a single break in the way of a holiday. The twenty-second of February comes just after the middle of the term, when a day of rest and recuperation would be a priceless boon to many a hard-worked student. So that, if for no other reason than this, we think it would be at least expedient to allow us for one day in the year to substitute patriotism for lessons.

## PERSONALS.

A portrait of George P. Marsh, LL.D., 1816, famous as a linguistic scholar, and for twenty-one years U. S. Minister to Italy, is being painted by a Boston artist for the Academy collection.

At the Yale dinner in Boston, 13th inst., President Porter stated that the college had been enjoying for several years the income of $70.000 given by a Boston gentleman. It is supposed that the donor is a former pupil of the Academy, well-known for his benevolence. Prof. C. H. Wheeler, P. A., 1853, was one of the guests who spoke at the dinner.

Joseph Cook, '57, and the founder of the Cook Prizes, is said to have purchased Willard's portrait of Wendell Phillips, which he will present to Harvard College.

Oliver Carlton, 1820, a famous Salem school-master, a graduate of Dartmouth and once tutor there, is commemorated in the Historical Collection of the Essex Institute, Vol. XX., in an appreciative memoir by Leverett Saltonstall. Mr. Carleton's specialty was fitting boys for college. He was for twenty-five years at the head of the Salem Latin School, and lived to the ripe age of eighty-one.

John M. Allen, P. S. '61, an architect of New Bedford, recently spent a few days in town, visiting his friends, President Ward, Professor Churchill, and others. Mr. Allen is the architect of Taunton College and many other important buildings.

The Dorsheimer International Copyright bill, now receiving so much attention in Congress and in the press of the country, takes its name from its framer and advocate, Hon. Wm. Dorsheimer, of our 1849.

Prof. I. N. Carlton, '55, Dartmouth '59, teacher in the Academy from 1856 to 1863, and lately Principal of the Connecticut Normal School, has opened a private school for boys at Bradford. It is almost under the shadow of Bradford Academy, and is another step towards "proximate education."

Prof. Ward of Yankton College, P. A. '61, and his family have been spending the winter in Andover. Dr. Ward is looking after the interests of his college in New England. He will preach in the chapel.

Rev. A. F. Skeele, teacher from 1875–78, has accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Auburn, Me.

Hon. Alpheus Hardy, 1836, gave a dinner in Boston at the Brunswick last month to the new Andover Professors, at which, among others, speeches were made by Prof. A. S. Hardy, '64, Prof. Churchill, '61, Dr. McKenzie, '55, and Principal Bancroft.

Articles in the recent reviews and magazines by old boys are numerous, among the contributors being Ex-Gov. D. H. Chamberlain, Rev. Dr. W. H. Ward, Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, Gardner Greene Hubbard, Rev. C. F. Hewing, Prof. O. C. Marsh, William T. Harris, LL D., Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## SOLEMNITIES.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I WEAR a high collar —
They're four for a dollar —
It's the cause of much *choler*
Whene'er I sit down.

My tile, I'm contented,
Is unprecedented.
Who asks if it's rented?
Says there's a whole *flat* inside?

My shoes, too, are quite chic,
For they're sharp as a tooth-pick,
And they pinch like the "Old Nick;"
But then, they're in style.

And there's my "Newmarket."
When I'm out on a lark, it
Keeps the fact in the dark that
My knees are quite weak.

And if you propose, sir,
To ask me this poser,
"What all these compose?" E-r-r,
I'll —— who calls me a dude?

H. L. G.

A good name is more to be desired than great riches, but the latter captures the girls the quickest.

It is said that the only lawyers that now dwell in Paradise slipped in disguised as "Mirror" editors.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

Prof. — looking at his watch — "As we have a few moments to spare, I shall be glad to answer any questions that any one may wish to ask." "What time is it, please?"

Paris advertisement: "For sale, a monkey, a cat, and two parrots. Address Mlle. X—— R——. As the lady is about to get married she has no further use for these animals."

Professor in Astronomy: "You say the distance of the sun from the earth is greater in summer than in winter: explain." Senior (proudly): "Why, heat expands and cold contracts." — *Ex.*

"I'm monarch of all I survey.
My right there is none to dispute,"

sang the church-fair oyster as he bobbed around in the boiler of warm water.

A New York widower, aged eighty, and a widow, aged seventy-five, were married the other day. We suppose this is a fair illustration of what is meant when persons are spoken of as living to a green old age.

Mr. D.— "Oh, yes! I was a table boarder there before I was married." Mrs. D.— "What does 'table board' mean?" Mr. D.— "Well, at her house it means board that is pretty much all table."

A subscriber to a southwestern newspaper died recently, leaving four years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave and deposited on the coffin a palm-leaf fan, a linen duster, and a thermometer.

"What denomination do you belong to?" asked the leader of a free prayer meeting, addressing a rough-looking customer who had strolled in and taken a front seat. "Hose Company No. 12," was the Philistine's answer.

In some parts of South Wales, where inundations were of frequent occurrence, a board was raised upon a post, on which was inscribed, "You are hereby desired to take notice that when this board is six feet under water this road is impassable."

"Your lips are like the Autumn leaves
By nature's glories tinted!"
"Some people Autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them, she hinted!"

It was our boarding house: a tramp reached through the cellar window and tried to steal a pound of our best butter, but the butter drew him inside, caught hold of his collar and whistled for the dog. When the dog got through with him he had less clothes and more sense.

He was a senior, and as he fetched up at the bottom of those slippery steps he ejaculated, "*Hell* — (just then a Professor came gliding round the corner) — is paved with good resolutions!" The Professor smiled blandly, went to his room and gave that senior ten on the next recitation.

"Why am I like a clerk in a custom house?" asked a merry monk as he clasped a struggling nun in his arms." "Because you've lots of brass about you," screamed the maiden. "No, my dear; it is because I'm a–novice holder." Just then the head monk put in an appearance, and the worldly-minded cowl-bearer scooted off to his cold and cheerless cell.

A Rockland man read that one should endeavor to draw something useful from everything he saw, and nobly resolved to profit by the teaching. That night, when the moon was hidden, he essayed to draw a number of useful cord-wood sticks from his neighbor's wood-pile, and got filled so full of rock-salt out of a gun that he won't be able to taste anything fresh for the balance of his natural life.

Grave subjects — Troublesome epitaphs.— This from Cork. — This monument was erected to the memory of John Murphy, who was *accidentally shot by his brother, as a mark of respect.*

And from South Carolina:

Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
Jaws almighty, and teeth accordin';
Stranger, tread lightly o'er this wonder,
If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder!

The appearance of the *Andover Review* has called forth varied comment, from that of the Western paper which told its readers, "For light reading take the *Andover Review*," to the poetical effusion of the *Springfield Republican* about —

"The new,
The blue,
The through and through,
Young *Andover Review*."

The object of the *Review* is to advocate and represent "Progressive Orthodoxy." The removal of the Bibliotheca Sacra to Oberlin leaves the field open, and the *Andover Review* will fill it in a way to which no exception can be taken. The numbers for January, February and March, which have already appeared, are interesting and valuable. The province of the *Review* includes theological and religious articles, book reviews, and discussions of the problems of the day as related to Christianity. It is intended that surveys of the religious condition of other countries shall form a prominent feature, and the two articles of this kind which have already appeared, one on the "Religious Condition of France," and the other on the "Theological Tendencies in Germany," have been of great interest. There is, also, to be a department of Archæological Notes, one of which in the last number, about "Recent Excavations in Rome," is contributed by Principal Bancroft. It is needless to say that the editorials have been able and attractive. The *Review*, with its editors and so many and such strong contributors, cannot fail to be eminently useful and successful.

### WATCH THIS COLUMN.

The boy stood in the melon patch
When all but him had fled,
And visions of a royal feast
Went dancing through his head.

But the farmer and the bull-dog came;
And the boy, oh! where is he?
Go ask the doctor-man who patched
His sore an-at-o-mee!

## AN AMORET.

When my love and I go walking,
And the moon is shining bright,
Then my love shall do the talking
While I simply hold her tight.
And this life will seem all dreamy,
And the doing it no sin,
As I press her corsets seamy —
*Gosh all hemlock! — there's a pin!*

A Bad Mistake.— The president of a New Mexico mining company — headquarters in Boston — entered his office the other day to find everything and everybody in a hubbub, and his demand to know the cause was replied to with, —

"Our mine has been turning out ore."

"No!"

"It's so! Here's a telegram announcing that we have actually struck it rich!"

"Great Scott!" gasped the president, as he sank back into a chair,— "What did those idiots want to go and discover ore for just as we had got ready to levy an assessment of $2 per share to dig a three-mile tunnel to drain our hole? Why, stockholders will be kicking like steers in less'n a week." — *Wall Street News.*

Johnnie's Conundrum. — "Got a conundrum for you, Johnnie; invented it myself," said a boy to a playmate. "What's the difference of a poodle you're dragging by the chain and a rotten tree trunk?"

After due deliberation Johnnie passed.

"One is a led dog and the other is a dead log. Them kind is awful easy when you know how."

So thought Johnnie, and on his way home he built one on a similar plan which he tried to explode on the maternal head.

"I say, ma, here's a riddle; made it myself. What's the difference between the wax figger of a lady and pa not letting me go to the circus last week? 'Cause one's a sham dame and t'other's a da — Ow! ow!! ow!!! that hurts, I tell you; can't you take a feller o' your size?" The conundrum factory has closed for repairs.

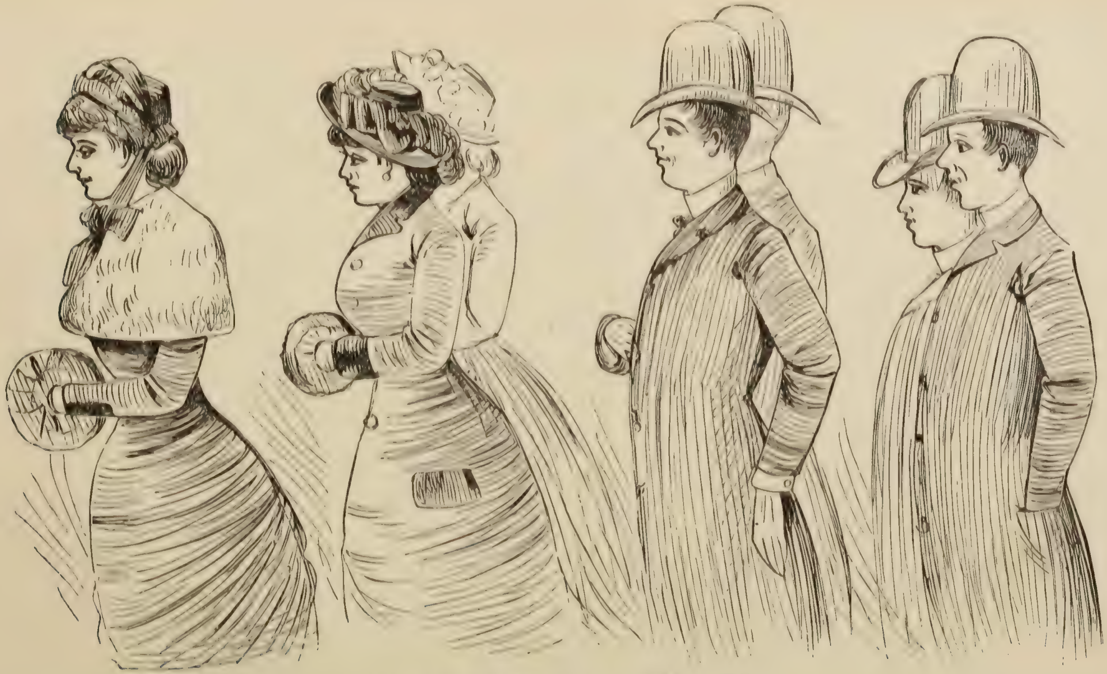
Miss Kellogg says newspaper men are just like lemons — fit only to be squeezed as much as possible, then tossed aside. You just keep your distance, Clara Kellogg. Police — police ! — *Buffalo Express.* Fire ! Thieves ! Murder ! — *N. Y. Com.* Quit ! He, he, he, ho, ho ! Git out. — *Boston Globe.* Ah ! Oh ! Have done now, Clara Louise. We had no idea you were so strong in the arms — go way ! you've tumbled our neck-tie terribly — besides, our wife is coming. — *Boston Com. Bulletin.* Well, then, only one — sh-h — there, dog-gone it all, Clara, you've waked the baby. — *Burlington Hawkeye.*

Once upon a time the mule, without having received an invitation, attended a convention of animals that was called for discussing the best methods of family government. "What do you know about all this ?" asked the president tauntingly ; "have you ever raised any children ?" The mule wept. "Ah, no," she said, "I have never raised any but full-grown men ; but, land of the pilgrim ! you should see how I raised them." Upon a rising vote the mule was immediately elected secretary, with power to send for persons and papers.

## LOVE IN DECEMBER.

BY A "THETA NU."

When the horned owl squeals
And the tom-cat yawls,
My love from the attic window crawls ;
And we sit on the fence
And think it's immense
To spoon and moon
And think it's June,
Till the chills which run up our legs make us remember
That in truth it's quite frosty and cold in December.



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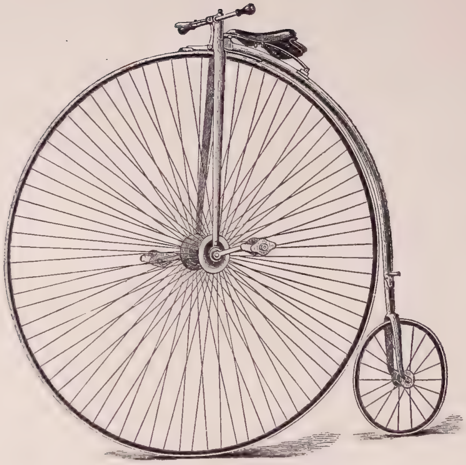

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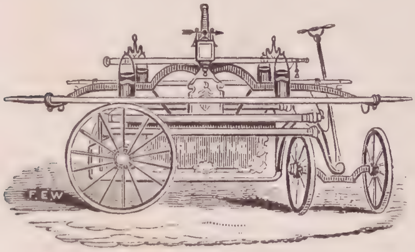

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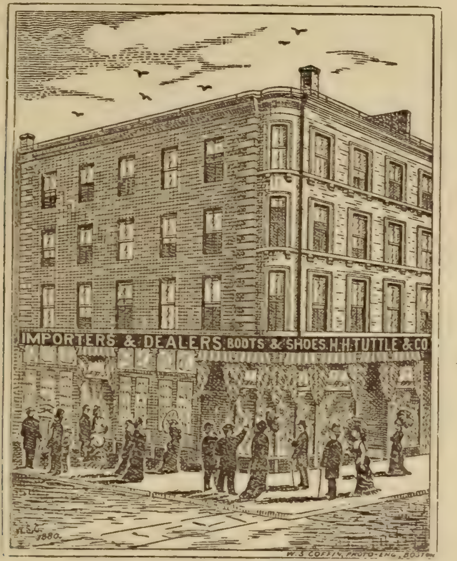
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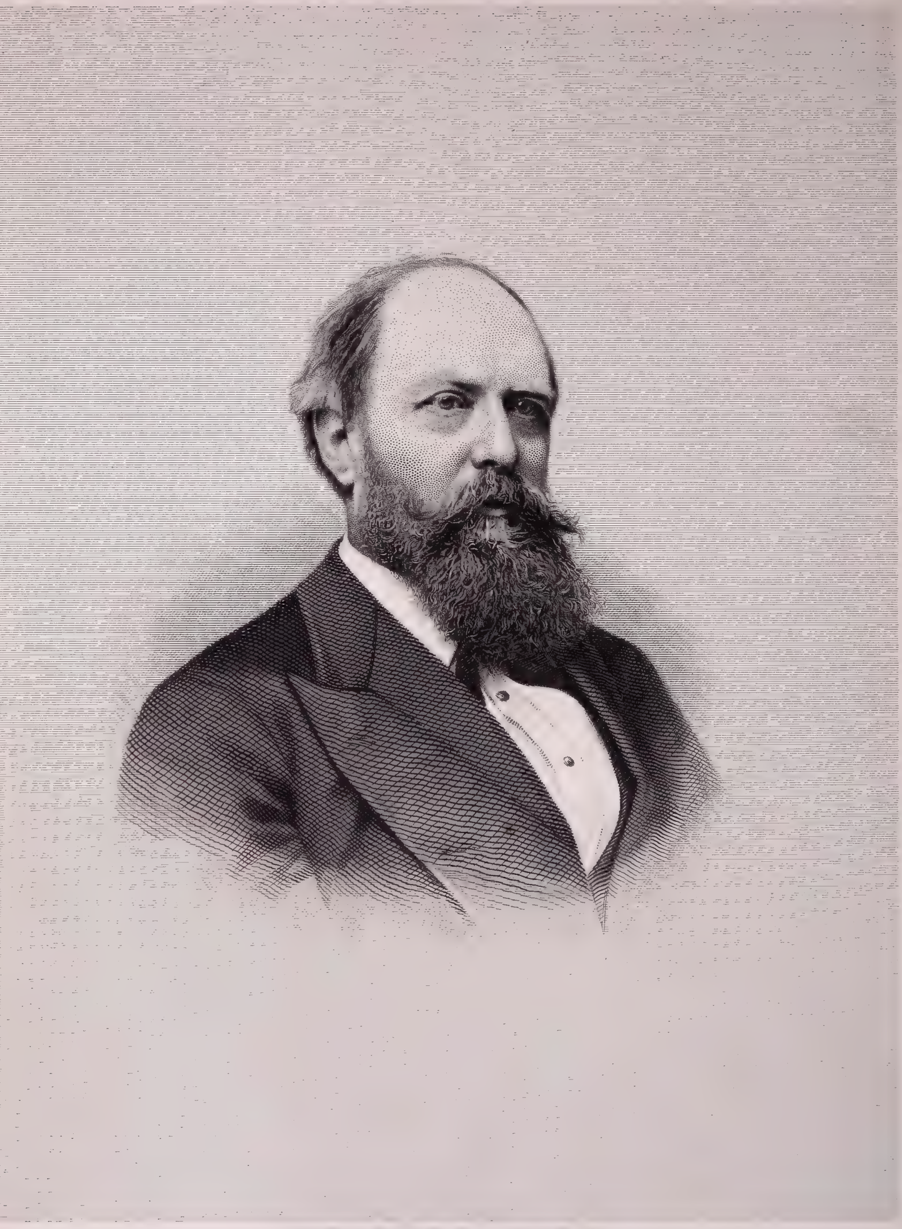

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JUNE 1884

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## TWO SONGS OF THE SEA.

THE long white stretch of gleaming sand
Sparkled and shone in the glowing sun—
Far out at sea some snow-white sails,
Like bright winged hopes of joyous youth,
Changed from a dream to seeming truth
The song of the sea that my fancy spun.

"I am the Sea — the bright blue Sea —
The entrancing, glancing, dancing, Sea.
I laugh and sport with careless ease,
And my waves keep time in rhythmic rhyme
As I toss my head to the freshening breeze.
Then come, O youth, and sport with me;
Come launch thy bark on my restless tide;
Thy bark, rich laden with Youth's bright dreams.
I'll cherish and guard thee on every side —
I'll fondle thee close — I'll bear thee away —
I'll show the caves where the mermaids dwell,
Reveal the secrets the wavelets tell,
Teach to thee their magic spell,
And sing sweet songs the livelong day.
I'll gather thee treasures from every clime,
I'll give thee fame and honor, and more —
I'll grant success to thy fondest hopes,

And bear thee across to the other shore,
Where thy love stands eagerly listening for
The welcome sound of thy coming oar.
Then come, O youth. Why lingerest thou?
For I am the Sea — the bright blue Sea —
The gleaming, glinting, gladsome Sea."

. . . . .

Lowering clouds hung o'er the land;
A deepening mist spread o'er the sea;
At the base of the crags the dashing waves
In serried columns thundered and crashed,
And e'er by the shrieking tempest lashed
Sent up a weird wild song to me.

"I am the Sea — the 'gray old Sea' —
The fierce, relentless, terrible Sea.
With mighty blows I lash the shore,
And the caverns echo the deafening roar
Of my waves rolled up from the fathomless deep,
Where the blanching bones of sailors lie.
Now launch thy bark. I'll dash it high
'Gainst rock or cliff or rugged steep.
Thy egg-shell boat I'll toss about
And crush with the might of my powerful hand.
I'll shatter thy plans on affliction's reef,
Dull thy young life with days of grief,
And wreck thy hopes on disappointment's strand;
I'll seize thee with relentless grasp,
Hurl thee down to deep despair,
And sweep by thy side the ghastly corpse
Of thy own fair love, her streaming hair
Knotted with kelp and slimy weed:
For I am the Sea — the 'gray old Sea' —
The mighty, mocking, merciless Sea."

H. L. GRANT.

# WHAT ARE THE ELEMENTS OF PERMANENT POPULARITY IN LITERATURE?

*First Means Prize Essay.*

It has sometimes happened in the bestowal of favor that the world has been most cruel to its most deserving sons. For popularity in literature is not always an infallible measure of merit. Admitting the exception, the rule still holds true in letters, that excellence is the final condition of lasting favor. This will be readily acknowledged; but a very Babel of conflicting tongues arises when we seek a definition of excellence or true art in literature. On some points, however, men are obviously agreed. "Poets are born, not made," says the proverb, and the general truth contained in this saying is commonly applied to the whole field of literature. As the poet must have a voice to sing his songs, so the man of letters must have the art of saying in the clearest, most forcible, and most graceful manner the thought which he has for the world. With the power of expression must be joined the literary spirit, — the talent or genius which gives special coloring and shape to each man's work. Though indefinable and intangible, it is a reality, yet, like all spiritual qualities, eludes analysis.

There are two theories of art in literature which concern our inquiry: the one, developed to its utmost by the æsthetic school, that art cannot be subject to moral standards; the other, the assertion that taste has a moral quality, — the theory of all writers who have ever influenced men for good. To-day æsthetic writers are claiming that loyalty to beauty is the law of letters. They certainly possess a power of graceful expression and genuine literary spirit; they have an idea, in part true, and to this extent have a mission. But has modern æsthetic literature the elements of permanent popularity? It is beautiful; abounds in tasteful ornament; is musical, passionate, sensuous. But its beauty is pagan; its extreme sensuousness degenerates into sensuality; love of material excludes spiritual beauty; it has no strong masculine thought; it does not call men to heroic action, but to luxurious day-dreams; it has no hope for time or eternity, and the literature of hopelessness can have no immortality; its conception of life is pagan, and its one consolation for hopeless humanity is unlicensed love. A theory productive of such results cannot be true; we must look elsewhere for the law of letters.

Ruskin's art is certainly not surpassed by that of the æsthetic school. Yet æstheticism boasts no writer with a love of beauty more sincere or profound than his. But Ruskin's thought of beauty is higher than the æsthetic standard, because, including all that is legitimate in it, — the beauty of form, of flesh, of color, of earth and sky and sea, — it rises beyond these to a spiritual realm, making all Truth beauty and holiness. His is the beauty of Plato, always one with goodness, and finding its supreme realization in God.

Shakespeare is approved by all men for his unwavering fidelity to the facts of human character. He has portrayed life in all its relations, yet ever with absolute accuracy and truthfulness. Oscar Wilde, by no means the most respectable exponent of æstheticism, says a recent newspaper critic, "claims that *his* poetry will be read when Shakespeare's is forgotten. Perhaps. But not till then."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, of your own county of Essex, long the obscurest man of letters in America, scorning to write the inferior literature popular in his day, like Wordsworth was faithful through many unnoticed years to his own high ideal of literary work. A subtle, skilful master of style, in fancies the most unique and original, never does he make greater demands upon credulity than the reader is willing to give. In his boldest flights, in airy conceptions the most shadowy and unreal, never does he forget the human heart and its laws. No one will accuse Hawthorne of poor art, yet the morality of his graceful stories is Puritan in its inexorable sternness; and, while not a professed moralist, his works are characterized by an uncompromising loyalty to conscience.

From the moors of Scotland a farmer boy with genuine inspiration sang in truthful, natural strains of his own home life and that of his rustic neighbors, — their hopes, their despair, their loves and their sins. Soon his audience was the world, and universal approval proclaimed Robert Burns the poet of humanity.

Glancing thus hastily, we see that there is better art outside the æsthetic school than in it; that the literary spirit flourishes best when subject to the law of Truth, although it has existed apart from that special form of truth we call morality. Then loyalty, not to Beauty but to Truth, is the law of letters, and the most truthful writer is the most universal.

For a last proof consider the words of the Hebrew seers, whose inspiration has been the world's best light for two thousand years. These Scriptures, written not for art's sake, but for Truth's sake, have moulded modern civilization and law; they have struck the death-knell of tyranny in all lands, and have been indeed a gospel of hope to the oppressed of all peoples.

> "Out from the heart of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

And aside from its supernatural claims the Bible at least is the book of humanity, universally true to the human heart and life. Should the time ever come in some hopeless age of the world when men shall read in it the poem of a forgotten faith, yet even then shall the sad sons of the future find its promises true to the daily aspirations and hopes of their own orphaned souls.

It is the same everywhere, in letters and in life, the old, yet ever new, lesson which our great romancer has taught in the tortured agony of the Scarlet Letter, "Be true! Be true! Be true!"

CHARLES TILDON SEMPERS.

# A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

"Music is a gift and present of God, and not of men. It drives away the devil and makes people joyous. Through it one forgets all wrath, impurity, superciliousness, and other vices. After Theology I give to Music the next place and the highest honor." — MARTIN LUTHER.

WHY should America be so far behindhand in music, when she confessedly holds such a high rank in literature, in the mechanical arts and in invention?

The Frenchman, the Italian, the Spaniard, enjoy music; the German loves it; but by Americans it has been neglected. I say neglected, because we Americans are quite ready to believe ourselves endowed with our full quota of five talents, and we should strongly resent the suggestion that we were not perfectly well able to do anything we wished to undertake. As we are not, then, at all ready to admit that we have not that talent, if we do possess it, by what right do we keep it wrapped in a napkin and buried in the earth? Will not this one day be required of us?

Americans will not be wrong in regarding it as a duty to aid the development of this talent in their country. America particularly needs music. A young country, with such an enviable reputation for enterprise in every direction, needs something to reduce the terrible friction and strain, which men in this country bring upon themselves in the mad race for riches and distinction, so clearly discerned and justly criticised by Herbert Spencer, after a careful and intelligent study of our people.

The suggestive question of a great French writer: If all men would study music, would it not be the means of harmonizing them among themselves? — merits most careful consideration, in connection with the complicated social problems forced upon the attention of the American people, in regard to the welfare of the thousands gathered here from the laboring classes of every land, with tastes and customs often discordant, whose restless minds, and still more restless bodies, are continually threatening the peace and quiet of this land. To such as these, music is of peculiar value. By cultivating and developing the finer qualities of the individual, by helping to keep occupied those idle hands, which good old Dr. Watts has so justly pronounced prone to mischief, music can become a most potent factor in uniting and Americanizing these masses; and more than all, it will attach them to this, their new country, by a strong tie of association, appealing to their better selves.

Every hour spent in the honest, straightforward study of music, with the intention of promoting the progress and advancement of this art among our countrymen, is time spent in a manner as worthy indeed of a citizen, of a patriot, as that spent fighting her enemies in battle, pricking up her morals from the reformer's platform, or framing laws in the Halls of her Congress.

To each individual music presents itself as a most faithful companion, a most sympathizing friend, joining in with us in all our moods. When we "feel good" it helps along the fun; when we're with the girls (bless 'em), how one of Straus's waltzes makes us itch to dance; on the "glorious Fourth," how a single strain of martial music will *make* us patriotic; we fall into step; we fling up our caps, — hurrah! — hurrah!

How solemn the last hymn at burial; how calm, yet how grand, the impressive measures of the requiem. How bright and joyous, on the other hand, the wedding march.

Yes, there is something noble and ennobling about music; the more so that it fits itself into, and helps along our daily lives, without necessarily waiting for grand opportunities of approaching us. When we are oppressed with disappointment and regret, when the cares of our daily routine of life weary us, and at times jostle us rudely, even when hurt by ingratitude, when our hearts and feelings are bitter toward our fellow-men, the sound of music brings something chastening, solacing, and, without effeminating, softening — that connects us with what is higher than we, that turns again to flesh our hearts of stone, and sends welling up in us a flood of sympathy, a sweet feeling of content, yet of aspiration, which is akin to the ecstacies of holy joy, to that Peace of God passing all understanding, which His grace produces in the minds of those that love Him. It turns our thoughts in upon ourselves; it turns them out upon our fellow-men; it stirs in us our purest feelings of faith, of hope, of love; but the greatest of these is love.

Let us hope that the time will soon come when music shall take its proper place among the requisites of a gentleman's education. With young ladies it holds a more honored position, but, that in our own school, — which may certainly be taken as an example of one which includes as large a number as any of the representatives of our best families, where culture and thorough education are the most highly prized and appreciated, — that here, there should be such a sad lack of musical interest and musical proficiency, is greatly to be deplored. These boys are being educated to fit them them to be men, helpful to the world in their generation. You wish to train them to move easily, and live usefully in society, but you lose sight of the very portion of their training which will do the most to bring about this result.

We establish aid funds for worthy young men, because we believe that the acquirement of a classical or a scientific education will make them of greater benefit to themselves and to the world; would not the money devoted to this object do as much real good, and furnish as much happiness in the world, if a portion were used to develop their musical talents, as if all were expended to drill them in Greek roots and algebraic formulæ?

To come to the business and most commonplace view of the subject, to those hesitating whether they can afford to take the time and money necessary to study music, I answer, Yes, you can afford it, because, beside its intrinsic value to you, as a personal accomplishment, it will more than repay you in actual hard cash. For the services of a good musician, and even of one not of the highest grade, there is a steady demand in the market, both as players and as teachers. This is a form of remunerative occupation which is particularly adapted to students, who have but a small portion of their time to give to work outside their studies. I have in mind several, who have been able to pay, some in part, and some almost entirely, the expenses of a four-years course at college, by the income from their playing. Music may also be of use to some as a key to unlock social barriers. Though so severely satirized by the great dramatist, Molière's M. Jourdain had taken the right step for his metamorphosis from *bourgeois* to *gentilhomme*, when he engaged a music teacher.

About concerted music, whose greatest exponent is the string quartette, there hangs a charm which the finest solo music does not furnish. A harmony and blending of ideas and of personalities, a unity of feeling, an expression of kindred sentiments and emotions which, in itself, apart from the notes and the sound, is pleasure and profit, gratifying because most unselfish.

But its chiefest good is in the home, in the family. Happy that household, familiar with the sound of good music at home. It makes the home more dear, it breaks the attraction of the street-corner and the pool-table, and by no iron rules, but by its own sweet influence, it keeps the family circle in the evening unbroken. In after years, when such a home is broken up, think you not that the ring of the home music will attend these same men through the world, recalling them when they are inclined to wander, and preserving the reverence and affection for home, which is the sheet-anchor of the English-speaking race.

What an inestimable blessing would good concerted music be in many of our country parishes. This, introduced by the one from whom it could most fittingly come, would cause the whole community to feel gratitude to him who, together with caring for their souls' welfare in the world to come, had showed some interest as well, in their lot while in this harder world below. Many a man, going out as missionary into distant parts of this broad land, would carry as much of the means of grace in a flute-bag or a violin-case as in his parchment "License to Preach," or his latest invoice from the American Tract Society.

Let us have music with us everywhere, but let it be good music. Let us follow the example of the Germans, who have done the most for music, who have gotten the most from it. There, even in the "*bier-garten*," you will hear good music, well discoursed, and thorougly appreciated; music, which the same class of people in this country could not understand, and would take no interest in. If we cannot produce a Beethoven, a Mendelsohn, or a Wagner, at least let us learn to appreciate their compositions. When we can learn to distinguish good music, and to prefer it to that which is inferior, though the latter may have a certain tune and melody, which while tickling the ear does not satisfy the spirit; when we can look beyond this, into the sentiment and meaning of that true musical harmony which thrills our hearts with its welcome strains, — then for us, even here, in unmusical America, shall falling cataract and rushing cyclone sound the wild, sublime diapason of Nature's grand, unceasing oratorio, while sighing breezes and carolling birds take up its sweeter and its gentler harmonies.

With the rich mines of German choral music, and all the compositions of the best masters open to us, can we not raise our church music above its present grade, and on this side of the Atlantic, hear, reverently rendered, solemn devotional music which for generations has aided the mind of man in the worship of his Creator?

Help this cause in our land. Shout aloud, till every town and city shall hear it, till every village and hamlet shall say Amen, the psalm of Israel's great musician:

*Praise ye the* LORD. *Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the* LORD. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

L. W. BACON, JR.

# '67—'70

## *Second Mirror Prize Essay.*

It is an evening in the summer of 1867. The great palace of the Tuileries is illumined with countless glowing lights, and through the large, open windows one can catch glimpses of passing figures and hear the throb of inspiriting music. Outside in the square are drawn up the steady, motionless lines of the Imperial Guard, while up the steps, into the great reception rooms, passes a constant stream of richly dressed princes and ambassadors. Paris itself is in a state of festivity. The cool, shaded groves of the Champs Elysees and the grounds of the Palais des Industrées are occupied by the buildings of the great Exposition. People from every quarter of the globe fill the city daily, and the praises of its magnificence and beauty are on the lips of every one. Ask any Frenchman, who built the splendid boulevards, who the Place de l'Opera, who is planning the New Opera House itself, and the universal reply will be, "l'Empereur."

He it is who is holding this magnificent reception for all the crowned heads of Europe; the man who twenty years ago was mocked and ridiculed by the world for his aspirations; who was arrested and imprisoned for landing on the French coast and asserting his claims; he who, baffled and defeated in many a sore struggle, never lost confidence in himself, and now, crowned with success, is guiding the affairs and destinies of a great nation.

But by what means have these marvellous changes been wrought?

In 1848 Louis Napoleon, elected President of the French, had sworn to support the republican constitution.

On the 2d of December, 1851, only three years afterward, he gave an entertainment in the Palace Elysée to the members of the Assembly and their families. No one could have seemed more gracious and affable; no one further removed from all political cares than did the host himself; bowing and smiling he waited until the last guest had taken his departure. And then? The next morning the people of Paris awoke to find their chief representatives and assemblymen in prison; their streets guarded by armed forces; and placards posted up, putting Imperial power into the hands of the President.

When it dawned upon the minds of the astonished populace how basely they had been deceived, a mob collected and frantically but unavailingly attacked the well-trained soldiers of the usurper. For several days the conflict raged furiously; and when finally the people had been put down, Napoleon found that his position had been gained, at the sacrifice of the lives of hundreds of those whose liberties he had so recently sworn to protect.

And yet hitherto nothing but success has been his reward; to be sure, during the past year Maximilian was dethroned and killed in Mexico; but that has not noticeably affected the Emperor's fortune, and to-night we see him, amid his throng of distinguished guests at the Tuileries, apparently at the very height of human greatness. However, "He who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind," and Napoleon's turn comes at last, and in a way, too, most startling and sudden.

. . . . . . . . . . . .

Three years have passed away, and evening is falling over the little town of Sedan. One by one the distant hills become lost in obscurity; and as the darkness deepens it is only broken, here and there, by the sudden flashes which burst from encircling cannon.

On the surrounding heights lies a mighty host of blue-coated soldiery. Sternly and immovably, as is their wont, they have fought a great battle to-day, and now, after the victory is fairly won, even their usual impassiveness relaxes, and officers and men can be seen congratulating each other on the glorious success.

Far different is the scene in the town. Crowded together within its narrow limits are eighty thousand Frenchmen, their honor, their discipline and their hopes irretrievably lost. During the day their redoubts have been stormed, one by one, until now there is hardly a defence left them, and they are driven panic-stricken into Sedan. There confusion reigns supreme. Huge artillery trains and supply-wagons crush madly through the helpless mass of infantry, the terrified drivers entirely forgetful of their less fortunate comrades. Over all echoes the thunder of the German guns, converging a terrific fire upon the defenceless town.

But who is this we see, rushing hither and thither, seeking at every point the death which he cannot obtain? Now he calls upon his soldiers to rally about him; now, in despair, he rides back to the rear. No one heeds him, no one obeys him; all are too much engaged in providing for their own safety. In the haggard face, the muddy uniform, one can scarce recognize the leader of the gay court at Paris.

The past few weeeks have been of great moment to the Emperor. After declaring war so rashly and unnecessarily, he found himself soon defeated and borne back by his resistless foe, until here at Sedan his retreat has been cut off, and he is surrounded by an overwhelming force. At last he gives up the hopeless struggle, and, turning over the army to his subordinate, surrenders himself to the German king. Next day, as a prisoner, the news reaches him that the empire has been overthrown, and that Paris is in the hands of the republicans.

H. L. STIMSON.

## A SAD TALE.

Ah! never again can I hear the sound
Of the ocean's tremulous roll,
But thy girlish face, by mem'ry called,
Returns to haunt my soul.
And sadly I think of the joyous hours
I spent all alone with thee,
And the words of love we murmured once,
On the shores of the sighing sea.

How tender and sad were thy parting words,
As I clasped thy tiny hand;
I can see thee, now, 'neath the summer sky,
As we stood on the moonlit strand;
And trembling there, with thy dewy eyes
Upraised to the stars above,
Thou bad'st me, in thy low sweet voice,
"Be true — and trust — and love!"

Ah! we parted there, for the old man's boot
Struck with terrific sound;
And your lover bold, with shame untold,
Went sprawling on the ground.
I have eaten my meals from a mantlepiece,
For fifteen days and more:
The old man broke youth's dream of love,
And the seat of my pants he tore.

B.

# ‘WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY.”

BY SECOND EDITOR.

History is but a narrative of events, especially of events relating to states and nations. These events do not occur under any law of fatality or mere inertia, but are the products of an infinite power and wisdom that has set all things in motion, and that still continues to direct their course along the line of a purpose whose terminus will be the last chapter in history, and the realization of a golden era ushering in the end of the world.

There are many things in life which combine to confound and bewilder the reason of men. But through the midst of all there is ever the slow, but certain development of an eternal purpose for the upbuilding of one class and the downfall of another.

This is seen in the drift-currents of history which culminate in those world-wide epochs that, like stupendous upheavals, fling asunder the past and future, and give a new turn and a new impetus to the world’s life; starting it out upon a more elevated plane and toward a still higher point in the distant future. Going back to the flood that swallowed up the world teeming with life and activity, we find as survivors a race consisting of but one family. But that little family have their backs to the ruin of twenty centuries, and their faces turned toward the faint glimmerings of the promised sunrise of better ages. The race multiplied. Babylon grew into a mighty kingdom, holding in its grasp, for the time being, the destinies of the world. But it fell before the sway of the Medes and Persians; and these in turn were overcome by the Greeks — the most highly cultured nation in Pagan antiquity. But still no rest. Rome conquered the Greeks, and with an ambition that knew no bounds, grew into the mightiest nation that the world had yet known.

Down through the reign of these magnificent empires there comes to us the great current of history, freighted with records of the most momentous events.

Twenty centuries of revolutions, of the rise and fall of nations, of carnage and bloodshed, of sacked cities and burning towns, look down upon us from the misty ages of the past like a confused tragedy, meaningless, apparently, as the maddened rage of a wild mob of demons. But yet there was a meaning in these two thousand years of national upheaval and gory battle fields. Rome was to succeed Medo-Persia and Greece, and to hold the reins of power during the last act in the world-wide drama of a period in history upon which the curtain was to fall at length, only to rise again, disclosing new scenery and the introduction of a new and better era. Rome was the proud mistress of a subjugated world.

"The Roman bird grasping the thunder in its talons, and touching with one wing the sunrise and with the other the sunset, threw its shadow over the world." From the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the mouth of the Rhine to the slopes of the Italian peninsula, the world was united under one sceptre, and the multitude of nations comprised within these bounds reposed in peace under the shadow of the Roman eagle. The rule of Rome was supreme. "No prince or potentate dared break the calm which under this universal dominion laved, as with the quiet undulations of a summer lake, the sacred footsteps of the Cæsarean throne." For the first time in its eventful history the whole world lay hushed in profound repose.

But the curtain was now rising upon new scenes; the last act in the majestic drama was now fairly begun, during which the glory of Rome was to fade gradually away, the foundations of her power to be slowly undermined, until the whole imposing structure fell in hopeless ruin. Centuries of the darkness of ignorance and superstition were to ensue. The crusades were undertaken, when all Europe flung itself in wave after wave upon the power of the Moslem. Doubtless those wild and lawless expeditions, inspired as they were by a fierce superstitious enthusiasm, united more closely the countries of Europe.

But they left them more than ever under the sceptre of darkness and misrule, until the light that had come down from Rome was lost in gloom, and the pen of the historian was compelled to write in truth across the disk of centuries, "The Dark Ages." During all these centuries as well, the most gigantic changes were going on in the political world, and the whole eastern continent was being overrun with ambitious leaders and contending armies who have changed political boundaries like the shifting panorama of a vision : and the end is not yet. A new continent was discovered, and has become the home of new nations, and the scene of events and movements that in their turn are to hold an important place and to play an important part in the great drama of history. Already it has been the theatre of decisive contests and mighty movements that have opened new channels for the currents of history ; but the boundless possibilities of our own country and our own period have as yet been realized only in part. The trend of history is ever onward and upward ; the founders of our government builded better than they knew ; and on the foundations which they laid there is destined to rise, unshaken by the billows of time, a republic, whose dazzling success and refulgent glory will eclipse any that the world has yet seen.

But "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and at some period in the lapse of time may not the superstructure of even this government succumb to the withering hand of time? We leave the question unanswered.

ULYSSES GRANT WOOLLEY, '84.

# SPARTAN AS COMPARED WITH PURITAN STANDARDS OF PATRIOTISM.

*Third Means Prize Essay.*

The Puritans, taking their rise at the English Reformation as a religious party composed of the extreme Protestants, could hardly fail to become a political force. Their protection against Catholicism depended on the State. Their religious belief, moreover, influenced their political opinions. Some of them had received from their continental brethren ideas of republicanism in church government, which would be likely to color their views of civil government. They had a strong sense of the equality of men in the sight of God; they judged all action by the Word of God, to which alone they would give unqualified obedience. The rapid spread of these principles among the people gave the Puritans control of the House of Commons early in the reign of Elizabeth. She, like the other Tudors, won by concessions the affection of her people, and the Puritans' fear of Catholicism made them loyal to the Protestant Queen. One of them, from whom for an act of immoderate zeal the executioner had just lopped off one hand, could yet, waving his hat with the other, shout in unfeigned enthusiasm, "God save the Queen!"

With the Stuarts arose a different state of things. Protestantism was safe from foreign attacks. James came asserting the divine right of kings to override the laws and withdraw the conceded rights of the people. To these claims the Puritans refused submission. Forty years of struggle ensued, ending in the Long Parliament, the Civil War, and the execution of the king.

What now were the Puritan standards of patriotism? Standards of patriotism are the patriot's ideas of duty to his country. What was the Puritan conception of duty to country?

It was founded in religion. Whatever the Puritan did came from an intense conviction that he was on the Lord's side, that he was fighting in God's cause, against God's enemies.

Throughout their contests with the king the great body of the Puritans had a strong belief in royalty. In the early days they would doubtless have generally agreed with Shakespeare that

> "Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king;"

and even when Charles was conquered, his restoration was prevented only by his own perfidious obstinacy.

Next to their duty to God, and of equal importance with their duty to the king, they felt their obligation to defend the rights of the people. The Puritans demanded the recognition of the "fundamental law of England," by which they meant not merely the written charters, but the inborn right of Englishmen, higher than any prerogative of the crown, to share in their own government. In this aspect their patriotism shines forth most brightly. They lived in a time of almost unexampled prosperity: the very taxes to which they objected were used for the advantage of the country. Nor were these taxes too heavy to be borne. The ship-money which John Hampden refused to pay was but twenty shillings. But they clearly saw that the taxes were wrong. On persistence in the struggle against that wrong depended their children's liberty. On the question of the king's right to levy that twenty shillings depended who should rule England.

The Puritan standards of patriotism, then, were fidelity to God, loyalty to the crown, and maintenance of the rights of the people.

Look now at the Spartans. With them the condition of the state at home was of comparatively little consequence; everything depended on the foreign relations. The nation, then, must be an army, every citizen a soldier. The Spartan's conception of patriotism was a soldier's conception. "Each one," says Plutarch, "knew that he belonged not to himself but to the republic." The monument to the men who laid down their lives at Thermopylæ bore the inscription:

> "Go, tell at Sparta, thou that passest by,
> That here obedient to her laws we lie."

But it was the heroism of the slave, not the reasoning devotion of the freeman. The strength of Cromwell's "Ironsides" lay in their intelligent enthusiasm; the strength of a Spartan army in its blind obedience. After the Peloponnesian war a band of Spartans followed Cyrus to Babylonia in a war for whose justice they cared nothing. No money would have led a Puritan soldier to serve against his conscience.

Puritan and Spartan had some things in common; severity of manners, devotion to a cause, passionate love of country, readiness to sacrifice life: but the heart was different. The Spartan's motto was, "Our country, right or wrong;" the Puritan's, "May the right prevail!" The work of the Spartans passed away and left but little influence on the world; the Puritans' work has remained, for they founded it on justice.

JAMES HARDY ROPES.

# CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WORK.

## *First Mirror Prize Essay.*

OF all the men who have contributed to the religious literature of England, none worked harder for his reputation than did Charles Kingsley. He was educated at Kings College, London, and at Cambridge. He early made up his mind to devote his life to the ministry, and began to study for that end, and, with it, began his life's work. Passing through his ordination at the age of twenty-three, he became rector at Eversley in Hampshire. He had written a little previous to this, and his writings showed how seriously he viewed life. At the age of four he composed his first sermon. He wrote many poems during his boyhood, which, though worthy in themselves, cannot be compared with his later songs. He did much writing during his early life, principally letters, which will give the cursory reader a clear insight into his noble mind. Mr. Kingsley, besides being a minister to the people, was their champion. *He* saw their degradation, their poverty and ignorance, and resolved to devote his life to raising them. Besides his regular parish work he taught the men, women and children of the neighorhood, working night and day. The laboring man of England, at this time (1848), was a poor speciman of humanity. He was shut out from the right of voting. Free schools were few, too few to hold the mass that must be educated. Besides, he was heavily taxed; indeed, his very windows were taxed, so that many of the poorer lived in darkness. The people saw these things and endeavored to correct them. They called for a new charter, and Kingsley by his moderation and sagacity did much to mitigate the evils of those times. As a preacher, Charles Kingsley was very successful. People came from miles around to hear him. They were attracted mainly by the books he had already written, and by one or two volumes of sermons which had been highly spoken of by the press. In his preaching, although he strenuously tried to keep from movement of every kind, he would forget himself and begin to gesticulate; his whole frame vibrating and his eyes seeming on fire. His glance seemed to penetrate into every corner of the church, and whether there were few or many present, it was enough for him that he was responsible if he did not proclaim the Word in his best manner.

To the literature of our language Mr. Kingsley contributed no mean portion, when it is remembered how busy he was with other occupations. The best known of his novels are, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" The former is a tale of Christian life in the fifth century. There is much in it that is painful to the reader; but the scenes and incidents are well described and will please the most critical.

"Hypatia" as a novel (besides being historical) will give the reader keen pleasure.

"Westward Ho!" was written somewhat later in life. This is a novel about the Elizabethan period, and, as its title indicates, tells of adventure in the great western world. The reader's interest is kept up throughout, and he wonders what next will happen. The story is told in a peculiarly happy way, leaving the reader thoroughly satisfied with himself and the author. Kingsley's characters are exceedingly well drawn, and are true to themselves and their times. Of his other works, mention must needs be made of "Yeast," "Alton Locke," and "Two Years Ago." These are mainly views of the discussions of the day and contain passages of good descriptive matter. As a poet Mr. Kingsley has not written a great deal, yet what he has given to the world will not soon be forgotten. His best poems are, "The Three Fishers," "Across the Sands o' Dee," and "St. Maura."

He had done the most of his writing before the age of forty years. During his later years he was not strong, owing to his increasing labors. In the beginning of the year 1874 he came to this country, spending several days in Boston, and one in Andover.* Later he went to Washington, Niagara, San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley. During the latter part of this year, after having returned home, he caught a severe cold while preaching in Westminster Abbey. He rapidly became sick, and slowly grew weaker, till, on the 23rd of January, 1875, he peacefully died. Among his friends may be found persons who stood highest in the literature of the day, — Froude, the historian, Thomas Huges, Mrs. Gaskell, and Thomas Carlyle, among authors, and John Stuart Mill among philosophers. All these were his personal friends. Among aquaintances can be named Huxley, Darwin, Dean Stanley, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Sumner, and a host of others.

Charles Kingsley was a true man. Thinking little of himself; always upon the condition of others. England was indeed poorer in his death — he left a place none could fill. He

> "Loved God and men above all things."

PHILLAMON.

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* He delivered a lecture in the Town Hall.

## YE SOCIETY MAN.

'Twas just twelve o'clock on a dark, dreary night,
The moon shed its light in the sky;
When far from his room, in the meadows so green,
Arrayed in white costume, such as never was seen,
A victim was seen passing by.

Wild, wild was the night; wild, wild were his thoughts,
From a fear of what might be his fate.
As he stood all alone on that damp dreary ground,
Not a voice cheered his pathway, he heard not a sound,
For the hour was uncommonly late.

The tree-tops above him were singing a song;
The crickets chimed in with a will,
While from a small pine tree, not far from the ground,
There issued a plaintive, a weird, ghostly sound,
Then all of a sudden 't was still.

The cad trembled with fright, his hair stood on end,
At the terrible sounds he had heard;
When up from the pond, from its waters so cold,
With a horrible countenance, brazen and bold,
There issued a wonderful bird.

It flew up in a tree, it looked down in his eyes
With a smile that was lifeless and blank.
At last, with a voice like the thunder's loud roar,
With a deep grating sound, much worse than before,
It addressed him in this way, "You CRANK,

"Do you swear on your honor, by all you love most?
Do you promise most faithful to be?
If not, just take care, for you know I'm a GHOST,
I can chew up a cannibal, — this is no boast,
As, if you're not careful, you'll see."

"I—s—w—," said the lad, but he answered no more:
He was struck by the goat, quite unseen;
And down from the bank of that green, grassy shore,
Still falling down deeper, still sinking down lower,
He fell in the limpid Shawshine.

We must now draw a veil o'er this terrible tale,
Since we know that the boy was not drowned,
But many more trials must he pass through,
Before he could stand with the well-chosen few,
Who are stylish, and witty, and sound.

## SPARTAN AS COMPARED WITH PURITAN STANDARDS OF PATRIOTISM.

*Second Means Prize Essay.*

On a hillock in the fateful gorge of Thermopylæ sit three hundred Spartans, their arms broken, their strength worn out, their fighting over, waiting for a death as sure as that to-morrow's sun will shine again into that valley of death. Theirs is not a death met in a mad wild charge amidst the din and fury of the battle; not a pæan is sounded, but as, with folded arms and set faces, they are one by one in silence overwhelmed by the storm of arrows which fall thick and fast upon them, the heroism of their fate gives to that rocky piece of ground a noble immortality. Well may we cherish the picture. It is the noblest passage in the whole grand history of Greece. But there is another scene, very different, but not less grand. On the shores of their fatherland a band of men and women stand, ready for embarkation. They are about to leave what seems their very life behind them, to seek an uncertain home in strange, savage lands. It is at the end of their long struggle. They have been baffled and beaten and disappointed in every attempt to gain the religious liberty they seek. And now, moving out of the world of all that is dear to them, they are setting out to *make* the nation which they cannot find. Despised and persecuted, they feel that their countrymen regard their act not as the sacrifice of patriots but as the secession of traitors to their country and recusants from their religion. And with all the terrible bitterness of this feeling upon them they falter as little in their heroism as did the Spartans at Thermopylæ. While contemplating these two pictures, while we see the embodiment in action of what was noblest and best in each of these two people, we seem to strike the key-note of the vast difference between them. It is this: to the Spartans, patriotism, in a narrow sense, was the supreme virtue; while to the Puritan there was something far higher. The creed of the one was "Sparta and the gods;" of the other, "God and my country." The one never for a moment conceived a broad ideal of patriotism. He never hesitated to vilely betray even the liberty of Greece, if so he could raise Sparta to eminence, upon the ruins of her sister states. The other stood with a patriotism taking in every family and every human being within his fatherland, demanding as stern justice from England to the nations as from them to her. Neither would have understood or appreciated the philosophy of the other. The Spartan would have applauded to the echo the sentiment, "Our Country! right or wrong!" but the Puritan would have been unsparing in his denunciation of it. He could never consider the temporal power or glory of his country as comparable with the helping on of the cause of truth and of all mankind. And so his conception of patriotism could never be narrowed down. He could not separate patriotism within from patriotism outside the state. His position towards his country in daily as well as political life was that of one working for and before God, and his constant reaching up towards the immortal life, and feeling his nearness to it, idealized his patriotism and made him heedless of petty earthly strifes and ambitions. Widely different indeed in character are these two people, and in the comparison of them and what they effected we find an immense source of hope for all humanity. Will the unselfish, ideal patriotism of the Puritan ever do as much for a country as the unscrupulous, self-asserting patriotism of the Greek? We shall see. Sparta rose to be the stern mistress of all Greece, but she fell by the rebellion of her allies and the corruption of her sons, dragging with her in her fall the grandest nation the world had seen. The Puritans deluged England in blood, but they created constitutional government, raised their country to the first position in the Old World, and founded the noblest Republic that men ever heard of. They ennobled and purified the world, and in its purification we read again the lesson so full of hope to our Republic, that forever the ideal patriotism, the patriotism of our Pilgrim Fathers, will be the most potent influence in the whole world to raise a nation into power and true glory.

HAROLD RESSELL GRIFFITH.

## PROF. O. C. MARSH, M.A.

OTHNIEL CHARLES MARSH, whose portrait we give as our frontispiece, was born a little over fifty two years ago, at Lockport, N. Y. That region, then wild and thinly populated, was his home during boyhood. Fishing, shooting, and other out-door sports, he was passionately fond of, and to the activity of his early life does he owe, doubtless, the preservation of that vigorous health which has enabled him to accomplish much in his chosen career, from which a man of less active temperament, or less rugged constitution, would have been precluded.

He entered Phillips Academy at the age of nineteen. On the PHILO. records, under date of Jan. 5th, 1853, we find his autograph signature, admitting him to membership. After four years of diligent study here, he graduated as valedictorian of his class, that of '56. His vacations were spent in expeditions for collecting minerals, and for the general study of geology. With these objects in view he made several trips to Nova Scotia at this time, and returned with specimens of great value. He entered Yale College after his course at Andover, and graduated from there with high class honors in 1860. After two years spent in the study of chemistry and mineralogy at the Sheffield Scientific School, he went to study zoology and geology for three years, under eminent teachers at the Universities of Berlin, Heidelberg and Breslau. His vacations were as before devoted to outdoor work and to Alpine explorations, and with interesting and valuable results. In 1866 he received from his Alma Mater a call to the chair of Palæontology, which he then accepted, and still holds.

Prof. Marsh first became widely known in this country, through his connection with various exploring expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, particularly the Yale Scientific Expeditions, which were organized in 1870 and were most helpful to the cause of science. His love of his work can be judged from the fact that already he has contributed more than $100,000 from his private purse to defray the heavy expense of these expeditions.

While on an expedition to the Bad-Lands of Dakota in 1874, though with a strong escort of Government soldiers, Mr. Marsh was twice driven back by the Sioux, who supposed him to be in search of gold rather than bones. In endeavoring to treat with these Indians, he held councils with various of the Sioux chiefs, and at last obtained permission to go on with his party only by promising Red Cloud to take his complaints, and samples of his rations, to the Great Father at Washington. The fulfillment cf this promise, together with an exposure of the frauds which he had seen practised upon the Indians, brought on a sharp contest for Prof. Marsh with Secretary Delano and the Indian Ring. "His victory over the secretary," says Grinnel, "is perhaps the only case on record, where a private citizen has successfully fought a department of the Government, in his effort to expose wrong-doing." Red Cloud has since sent the "Bone-hunting

Chief," as he styles the professor, an elegant pipe and tobacco-pouch, together with the message, that "he (Marsh) was the only white man he had ever seen who kept his promises."

With great pleasure does Phillips Academy point to the ever increasing number of her distinguished alumni, but to none with more pride than to the eminent scientist, to the learned professor, to the brilliant member, wearing the insignia of numerous illustrious Scientific Associations on both sides of the ocean, and, not least because last, to the bold, out-spoken American citizen, OTHNIEL C. MARSH.

## OUR DUTY AS CITIZENS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

LOVE for one's country is an instinct implanted, by the Creator, in the heart of every man. We see it exemplified among the savage and most civilized nations.

Throughout the traditions and legends of the American Indian, as well as in the histories of the great powers of Europe and America, this fact is chronicled.

Is ours a false patriotism, an idle boast, founded upon nothing but glorious achievements in war, or do we love our country because she is worthy of our love, because her aims are noble and her deeds honest and true?

So dissimilar are the degrees of love, in the various portions of the world, that it is difficult to determine which is true patriotism; but we can always apply one test — is our love so great, and are our affections so warm, that we shall be willing to deny ourselves for the welfare of our land, that we shall take her interests to heart as warmly as we do our own private gain? This willingness to do our duty is the true test.

We have seen our country daily surrounded by dangers. We have seen her lying helpless in the hands of traitors. We have seen her flag dishonored and trampled in the dust. We have seen the powers of Europe pointing at her the finger of scorn and predicting her speedy downfall.

In spite of the sneers of Europe, in spite of the traitors who have beset her on every hand, in spite of the fearful odds against which she has been often called to contend, in spite of the late civil war, which has shaken her very foundations, we have raised out of the ashes a glorious republic; one which is well deserving of our esteem, and which asks from each of us the best that we can give. The perils to which our country has been subjected have called forth from us all that is true and manly in our characters, and we have resolved, that, let who will betray her, we will remain true to the last.

Gazing over the past, so full of success and glorious achievements, we are too apt to think that the work is done, that our future will be smooth, peaceful, glorious. But we are destined to behold no such future as this, unless all our energies are concentrated toward the regeneracy and uplifting of the mass. The foreign population which is pouring in upon our shores, the illiteracy of the great majority of our people, together with the many evils and vices which have been working their way into our very midst, must be put down as was the rebellion, only with other weapons.

What, then, is the part which we are to play in this great conflict? Very few of us, it is true, will reach positions of trust or responsibility in the government, but we can all be good citizens.

In the hands of those who are now receiving their education depends our future. Our first duty is to be true ourselves. The regeneration of the mass begins with personal regeneration. It is getting to be commonly believed, that, to be a good citizen, one must be able to read and write, and to vote intelligibly. This is true. But the present state of our land demands more than this. It is the duty of every citizen to give his country the best he has, to consecrate all his powers to her service, to place all his talents at her disposal.

It was said, a short time before our late civil war, that the old patriotism of the American people had died out, that there was left no remnant of that spirit which actuated our forefathers in their stuggle for liberty. It was commonly believed, that, should another great war arise, the people would not respond to their country's call with the same zeal and unselfishness as at the time of the revolution. The great war has come and gone. What was the spirit of the people at that time? Can we say that they displayed no patriotism, no heroism? No! When was there greater ostentation in the history of our land? When were more heroic deeds recorded in the history of nations? The spirits of the people may lie dormant for a time, but behind the cloud, which veils their true feelings, there is left some remnant of that ardor which has so characterized them in the past. Let something appeal to their affections, to their manliness, and they will arise as one man and do their duty.

Our country, to-day, is lying in a critical position. Evils, worse than those she has known before, are pressing her upon every side. Death and destruction are staring her in the face. The people, as before our civil war, are asleep; but there is still a faint spark of patriotism within their breasts. They need only to be awakened to a realization of their duty, and they will display that spirit which has so characterized them in the past. They need only to realize that the responsibility falls on them as individuals, and they will be true to themselves, true to those about them, and in being true to these they will be true to their country.

ARTHUR F. STEARNS.

## ATHLETICS.

After the long, dull term which has just passed, with nothing but the Gym. to break up the monotony of the athlete's life, we gladly turn our attention to a term so full of interest to all lovers of the manly sports. The term, which has opened so brilliantly, bids fair to see Phillips still holding that prominent position in athletics which she has won, during the last few years, with so much labor.

Although we are very apt to think that each new nine is superior to all former ones, yet we have no hesitation in saying that the record which this year's nine has so far vindicated has far surpassed the expectations of the most far-sighted optimists. The players have all won laurels of which they need not be ashamed. Vinton has fully sustained his past reputation, and, while we regret that his career as a college player must cease at Phillips, those of us who go to other colleges feel that our chances of success will be better on that account. As to the long-expected game with Exeter, we are unable to do anything but surmise. Judging from our past success, we have good reason to hope, although the contest will probably be a close one, that victory will once more perch upon our banners.

Bicycling is as prosperous as ever. Indeed, the number of really fine riders in the school is something quite remarkable. A large number of the fellows, not content to ride in peace over the fine tar sidewalks of Andover, have amused themselves by taking trips to the beautiful city of Bradford. It is one of the prettiest sights of which Andover can boast, to see the streets ornamented here and there with fellows flying, apparently through the the air, at lightning speed. We sincerely hope that the numbers of such will increase as the years go on. Those wishing to purchase bicycles cannot patronize better and more reliable firms than those mentioned in our advertising columns.

Base-ball is confined to but a few skillful players. The number of those whose means will allow them to possess bicycles is comparatively small. There is one game, however, which is within the reach of all; one which all can enjoy, and which, if we consider its physical advantages, is second to none of the games of long standing and renown: we refer to lawn tennis. The grounds in front of the Academy, as well as those directly opposite, have been secured for the boys' use, and covered with courts. The grounds, filled with cads in various and brilliant costumes, present to the passer-by a spectacle both pleasing and unique. We are pleased to see so many taking an interest in the game. Not only is it one in which all the boys may participate with advantage to themselves, but it is fast becoming popular among the Fem. Sems., and even Theologues.

And what shall we say of the Athletic Association? It is indeed difficult to sing its praise, when it has not yet sufficiently recovered from its winter torpor. According to the predictions of the last MIRROR, it is not yet time for the Athletic Association to make its appearance on the busy arena of Phillips. The Athletic Association is to have a tournament. Unfortunately, we go to press too early to record the never-before-heard-of records which will probably be made upon that day; but by the time this MIRROR is submitted to the school, the result will be everywhere known.

Hoping it may prove of interest to some, we give below the full score of all base-ball games which have, so far, been played.

PHILLIPS.

| | A.B | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, 2d b. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 |
| Beckwith, 1st b. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Hurd, c. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 14 | 1 | 3 |
| Vinton, p. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 14 | 1 |
| Stearns, 2d b. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| King, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Wallace, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, s. s. | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Odlin, r. f. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals, | 37 | 7 | 10 | 13 | 27 | 23 | 4 |

J. L. WHITING & SON.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hanrehan, p. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 2 |
| Sullivan, 2d b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 2 |
| Barkley, c. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Clark, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mullin, r. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Garvin, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Riley, 3d b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Long, 1st b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| Murphy, s. s. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 1 |
| Totals, | 34 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 27 | 20 | 8 |

PHILLIPS.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, 3d b. | 5 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| Beckwith, 1st b. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Hurd, c. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Vinton, p. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| Stearns, 2d b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| King, c. f. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wallace, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, s. s. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Odlin, r. f. | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals, | 46 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 26 | 19 | 2 |

HAVERHILLS.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cox, 3d b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Connell, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Hayes, 2d b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 1 |
| Sullivan, s. s. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Jones, c. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Roche, r. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Titcomb, 1st b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 2 |
| Bean, p. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Twombly, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals, | 33 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 27 | 15 | 8 |

PHILLIPS.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, 3d b. | 6 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Beckwith, 1st b. | 6 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 1 |
| Hurd, c. | 6 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 16 | 3 | 0 |
| Vinton, p. | 6 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 20 | 0 |
| Stearns, 2d b. | 6 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| King, c. f. | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wallace, l. f. | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, s. s. | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Odlin, r. f. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals, | 52 | 16 | 17 | 19 | 27 | 27 | 1 |

HARVARD '87.

| | A.B. | R. | B | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wiestling, 3d b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Cowling, 1st b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 1 | 1 |
| Willard, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| Coolidge, 2d b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 |
| Loud, s. s. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 1 |
| Varick, r. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Bales, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Baker, p. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 10 | 2 |
| Litchfield, c. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 1 |
| Totals, | 30 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 27 | 21 | 15 |

PHILLIPS.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, 3d b. | 4 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Beckwith, 1st b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Hurd, c. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Vinton, p. | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| Stearns, 2d b. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| King, c. f. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wallace, l. f. | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, s. s. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Odlin, r. f. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals, | 32 | 16 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 1 |

EMERSON PIANO CO.

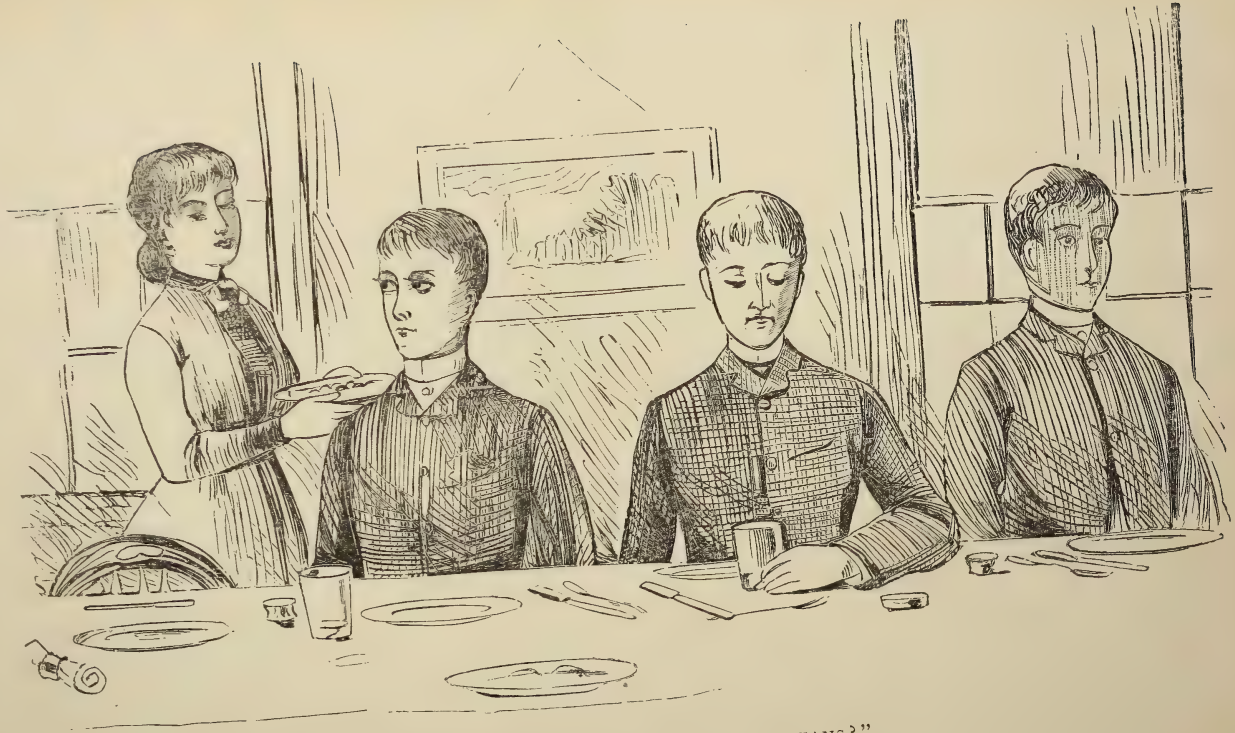
| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wise, c. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Konelly, 2d b. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| Gannon, 1st b. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| McCarthy, p. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 9 |
| Eager, c. f. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Fitzgerald, 3d b. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Lodge, r. f. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Chelius, l, f. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Plummer, s. s. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Totals, | 13 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 14 | 10 | 20 |

PHILLIPS.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, 3d b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 4 |
| Stearns, 2d b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hurd, c. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 3 |
| Vinton, p. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Beckwith, 1st b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, s. s. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 2 |
| King, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Beckwith, l. f. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Odlin, r. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Totals, | 35 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 24 | 15 | 13 |

HARVARD 'VARSITY.

| | A.B. | R. | B. | T.B. | P. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Coolidge, 2d b. | 5 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Baker, s. s. | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Phillips, 3d b. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| LeMoyne, r. f. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Tilden, l. f. | 5 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Allen, c. f. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, 1st b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 13 | 1 | 0 |
| Nichols, p. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 13 | 0 |
| Crocker, c. | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 5 | 1 |
| Totals, | 42 | 14 | 12 | 15 | 27 | 25 | 5 |



AN INTERESTING QUERY: "HASH, OR BEANS?"

## EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, Arthur French Stearns, P. A. '84.
2d, Ulysses Grant Woolley, P. S. '84.
3d, Leonard Woolsey Bacon, Jr., P. A. '84.
Board of Editors.

Again do the Editors place before you the Mirror, hoping that you may, in perusing its pages, gratify that craving Burns experienced when he sang:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us,"

and they ask your attention to its contents, as on the whole representing to a fair degree, the status of school talent, and school life at Andover, during this Spring Term.

Old "Mother Philo" has been getting along tolerably, though not having, perhaps, as large an attendance this term as sometimes. The subjects that have been under debate at the regular meetings which have been held, up to the time of going to press are, —

First meeting: *Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment was a wise measure.* — Vote, Neg.

Second meeting: *Resolved, that the Egyptian policy of England should be condemned.* — Aff.

Third meeting: *Resolved, that the civilization of Athens was a greater force in the history of the world than the power of Rome.* — Neg.

Fourth meeting: *Resolved, that Free Trade is an impracticable theory.* — Aff.

Fifth meeting: *Resolved, That Arbitration can be made a substitute for war.* — Neg.

Sixth meeting: *Resolved, That a change of Government would be beneficial to England.* — Neg.

All these debates having been assisted from the house. The gentlemen who have taken part in these debates have been as leaders, on the aff., Ropes, Odlin, Bacon, Hill, Griffith and Osborne; on the neg., Sempers, Sempers, Gleason, Haskell, Emans, and Odlin.

As assistants, Gould, Osgood, Hill, C. S. Houghton, Gleason, Osborne, Griffith, Bacon, Speer, Odlin, Hudson, Scranton, Gates, Stimson, and Goadby.

We should be glad to see the number of those assisting the debates from the house increased, as this may be taken as to a certain degree a criterion of the good the society is accomplishing in the school.

The Society of Inquiry still maintains that purely religious character which has characterized it so long in the past. A slight variation in this term's schedule has had the desired effect in making the meetings more interesting, and in keeping them free from all monotony.

As the religious exponent of the school life, *Inquiry* claims the support and interest of us all. May that spirit which has always characterized her meetings ever continue to increase as long as Phillips Academy shall exist.

As has been the custom in former years, the MIRROR Editors have offered prizes for the three best essays and for the best cut. The prizes as awarded by the committee, were as follows: 1st prize for essay to H. S. Kellogg. 2nd prize to H. L. Stimson. The committee recommended but the first two for publication, and so the third essay was omitted. The gentlemen who kindly consented to act as judges were, Prof. Harris, and Messrs Shelden and Murkland, of the Seminary.

The prize for the best cut was awarded to the one entitled "Hash or Beans," drawn by G. C. Harding. The Editors thought best to enliven the MIRROR by the use of an extra cut, and have therefore deviated from the usual custom, in making use of the one entitled "Ye Society Man," drawn by "*Angelo.*"

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Draper speaking was postponed from its customary place, in the winter term, to the present one. On the appointed night, the 6th of May, the

Academy hall was filled almost to overflowing. Such a brilliant and inspiring audience has seldom before graced the event. The speakers, who had obtained faithful and efficient practice under Prof. Churchill, delivered their selections with more than usual merit. The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize to Andrew Harold Muller; second prize to Arthur French Stearns, and the third prize to Leonard Woolsey Bacon, Jr. We were very fortunate in having with us at the time *Mr. Eugine Wallner*, a *violinist* of unusual merit. We desire to extend our hearty thanks to Mr. *Wallner*, who, by his kind acceptance of our invitation, did much to enliven those awful moments, when the committee are endeavoring to complete their arduous task of determining upon the prizes. The judges on this occasion were: I. Newton Carleton, M. A., of Bradford; John F. Colby, M. A., Boston; Prof. E. Y. Hincks, Andover. About ten days after the Draper, another audience, almost equal to the former one, listened to the Means speakers as they presented upon the stage the productions of their sapient brains. The speaking on this occasion was also remarkably fine. We may congratulate ourselves in having elocutionary advantages, such as no other schools enjoy.

Most of the speakers received the customary floral tributes from their friends; some of the bouquets being of remarkable beauty.

The prizes, which were awarded for excellence in speaking, as well as on the merits of the piece, were given as follows: First prize to Charles Tildon Sempers. Subject — "What are the Elements of Permanent Popularity in Literature?" Second prize to Harold Russell Griffith. Subject — "Spartan as Compared with Puritan Standards of Patriotism." Third prize to James Hardy Ropes. Subject — "Spartan as Compared with Puritan Standards of Patriotism." The Committee of Award were: Rev. Joseph Ward, D. D., Yankton College; Rev. Almon W. Burr, Beloit College; Charles H. Morss, M. A., Punchard School.

The Academy Hall was again filled on Friday, May 23, to listen to Ex-Governor Chamberlain's Phi Beta Kappa lecture on

THE STUDY OF GREEK. This lecture was a reply to Mr. Chas. Francis Adams, Jr., who, in an article of June last, attacked severely the course of study required at American colleges; demanding a large reduction of the time spent on Latin, and the dislodgment of Greek from its position as a requisite for a college degree, in favor of some of the modern European languages.

Mr. Chamberlain handled his subject with great skill, making a particularly strong argument, from the experiment recently tried in Germany, of admitting to a special course in the universities the graduates of the *Realschulen*.

Mr. Chamberlain held the interest and attention of an audience, large considering the subject of the discourse, for over two hours, speaking very clearly and distinctly, and with an evident interest in his subject, convincing us at least of the truth of the statement Mr. Bancroft had made in introducing him, that "Mr. Chamberlain had retained a genuine love for the classics," and that without affectation, he could say with the French critic, "Voilà la beauté véritable et souveraine; jamais rien de pariel ne s'est trouvé chez les hommes."

The unusual heat of the last few days has induced many of the fellows to seek the cooling water of Pomp's pond. On some days the pond has been crowded with boys striving to drown the remembrance of their many flunks and trials beneath its tranquil waters. Swimming, although not classified with the athletic sports of the school, is a very enjoyable exercise on a warm day, and as beneficial as any of the games. What, indeed, affords more wholesome enjoyment to the participator than a plunge in the cool, invigorating waters of the classic Pomp's pond.

Ever since the Means speaking, the curiosity of the school has been aroused by the long postponement of the Fem. Sem. Draper reading. The hearts of many who have been looking forward to that long-expected treat, have found it difficult to suppress their agitation as the days passed by. It has, however, been decided to hold the exercises on Tuesday evening, the

3d of June. We wish the young ladies the best of success on that evening, and hope they will make the occasion one of profit and pleasure to themselves, as there is no doubt they will to us.

A chosen few were invited to attend the lecture on Dickens, by Mr. George M. Towle, on Wednesday evening, May 7. Those of us whose good fortune it was to be present, feel that the evening was one of the most lucrative that we have spent in Andover. Mr. Towle showed great familiarity with his subject. His hearty and sincere appreciation of Dickens, together with his earnest and pleasing manner, made the discourse very impressive to all. We were indeed glad of the opportunity for becoming more intimately acquainted with an author whose writings are so famous throughout the world.

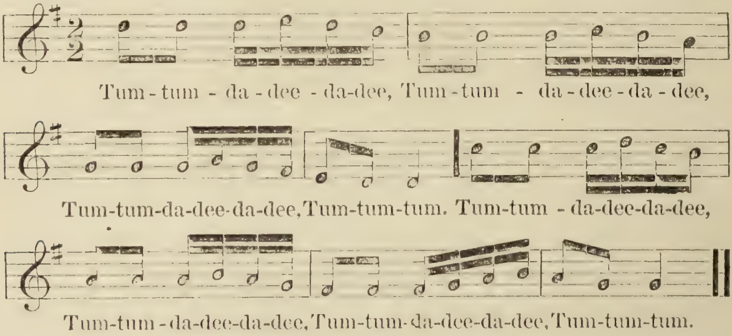
It gives us great pleasure to mention, at this time, the new Treasurer's Office which is to be built as soon as the school closes. The new building, being of exquisite architecture, will prove a very beautiful adjunct to the Academy grounds. The need of such a building has long been felt, both by the teachers and the trustees; and, while we regret that many of us shall not have the privilege of entering its walls, we cannot help rejoicing for those who, in after years, may obtain from it its intended blessings.

Especially do we regret that we go to press too early to record that great and long-anticipated event, the Senior reception. We might (following the custom of newspapers in general) write out a fantastical account. We might mention the beautiful costumes and the charming manners of the young ladies: we might write out a long list of the cads whose hearts were irretrievably lost; we might draw still further upon our imaginations by picturing a few touching scenes: "The longest way round the shortest way home;" "Moonlight;" "Stars;" "The Old South Church;" but our fear lest the Gods may not favor us with a pleasant day, and the party be postponed, restrains us from any such action. But whatever may be the result of that blessed evening, it is fitting that we turn our attention to the author of all this pleasure, and render to Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft our hearty and sincere thanks.

We, the Mirror Editors, having made our bow and spoken our little pieces, place in your hands the productions of our labor, hoping that you will restrain your criticisms, and see only that which is meant for your pleasure and instruction.

* * *

By courtesy, the Mirror is able to present its readers with the *motif* which is doubtless destined to supersede all unworthy rivals as the long awaited National Hymn. All honor to the culture, the taste, the genius of Phillips, which has given birth to this soul-stirring chorus. Soon the musical atmosphere, of even Abbot Academy, shall seem rare and thin, after the rich and bracing "music in the air," which we shall enjoy under the inspiring shadow of this P.A.rnassus:


Tum-tum - da - dee - da-dee, Tum-tum - da - dee - da - dee,
Tum-tum-da-dee-da-dee, Tum-tum-tum. Tum-tum - da-dee-da-dee,
Tum-tum - da-dee-da-dee, Tum-tum-da-dee-da-dee, Tum-tum-tum.

An anecdote of Daniel Morgan is current in Virginia, which is told something like this: When General Morgan had got the Britishers at Cowpens into 'bout the kind of a neighborhood he'd been a huntin fur to thrash 'em in, an' when he'd got in front on 'em every man he could muster, an' things was a lookin' right smart like fightin', I've hearn my ole grandaddy, who was there, tell ez how the General got down offen his hoss, an knelt down thar to pray, an said: "O Lord, thou knowest I hain't been much of a prayin' man, an' I hain't pestered ye much a beggin' things of yer, but if you'll only let me lick these d—d redcoats, jess *this once*, Lord, I'll never ask you for anything more, ez long ez I live."

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure, the judge asked an unwilling witness, "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was, "Well, your honor, it was marked 'whiskey' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other, so I cannot say whether it was whiskey or Pat Duffy in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

Hints to "Theologues" on Preaching.

My lads, physique is the great thing.
Then swell your chests out bigger;
Then add a graceful, easy Swing
To a Talmage-estic figure.

You should not on your Taylor lean
Like other nobby fellows;
For pride inflates the low and mean,
And puffeth up like Bellows.

Then make your mark before your Prime,
And lay up Storrs of knowledge;
For fortune Brooks no waste of time,
In Hall or Parker college.

Your way from beauteous syrens hedge,
Put spirit above creature;
For if your bark on ragged edge
Should toss, you'll have to Beecher;

But if from Abbot you've a mind
To woo a Fem-Sem tender,
YOU MAY, tho 'at Holyoke you'll find
A better stocking-mender.

Snug as a Collyer all your life,
As naught Woodruff your ease,
Love shall your bark steer through the strife
And Moore in heavenly seas.

A Kansas schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result, the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning and killed while dressing for her wedding. There is such a thing as a girl being too attractive.

The boy stood squarely on the base —
  Already two were out —
The grin that lighted up his face
  Shone round about his snout.

The boy, he raised the ash aloft
  And called for one hip-high,
The pitcher put it in red hot —
  It hit him in the eye.

Again the gallant youth stood up,
  Determined he would score ;
The next hit him in the stomach —
  He playéd ball no more.

A good story is told of the President of Tufts College. This learned divine was recently made a happy father, and the following morning at prayer in the chapel he introduced this rather ambiguous sentence : "And we thank thee, O Lord, for the succor thou hast given us," which caused a general smile to creep over the faces of the class.

A.— "I once had a dog who could always tell rascals from honest men." B.— "Well, what became of him ?" A.— "Had to give him away ; he bit me."

A clergyman in Pittsburg lately married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of $10,000 and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four stanzas, and was reading the fifth, —

"Forever let my grateful heart
  His boundless grace adore —"

when he hesitated and exclaimed, "Ahem ! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the remaining lines:

> "Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
> And bids me hope for more."

### AUTHORISMS.

What made By-ron? *M'Gregor News.*— Probably a Bul-wer after him. *Modern Argo.*— No, a "lark" Lytton him. *Cambridge Tribune.*— But he got off Scott free. *Philadelphia News.* — The Dickens he did. *West Chester Republican.*— Yes, with a Payne. *York Dispatch.*— A paragrapher will Macaulay can out of this. *Harrisburg Telegraph.*— But he shouldn't make a Hogg of himself. *Lancaster Intelligencer.*— Poe, Poe! Either stay Homer stop such nonsense. *Stilson Hutchins.*— As for a newspaper, I had rather Burnett than put it to such a use. *Crosby S. Noyes.*— Your Bacon Burns already, no doubt. *Bob Ingersoll.*— I refuse to take any Parton such foolishness. *Fanny Fern.* — Howitt makes me laugh to read such things. *George W. Adams.* — By the way, did you ever see Shake-speare anything? *George C. Gorham.*— Foolish man! You and Conkling are biting off more than you can Chaucer. *James G. Blaine.*— Disraeli, too bad that you are Gibbon to such nonsense. I nebber scoff at Tennyson of genius. *Brother Gardner.*

When you get a card from a Fem. Sem. with Y. M. C. A. on it, it means, You-may-call-again.

### LOGIC.

> He who would thrive must rise at five.

So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it, for if

> He who would thrive must rise at five,

it must follow naturally,

> He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a consequence that,

> He who'd still more thriving be,
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And who this latter would outdo,
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And, by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be:

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

MARRIED, at Virginia, Nev., Jan. 4, Ah Wan, Esq., to Miss Nan Wing, by the Rev. (or irrev.) Father McGrath, as follows: "Ah Wan, you likee this one piecee woman much good?" "You bet." "Nan Wing, you likee this one piecee man way up good?" "Me likee this piecee." "Ah Wan, you never catchee no more woman but this one piecee. D'ye moind that?" "No more catchee." "Nan Wing, you catchee no more man but Ah Wan. D'ye understhand that?" "All lightee." "Then, in the name of the Almighty, I callee you all samee one piecee meat."

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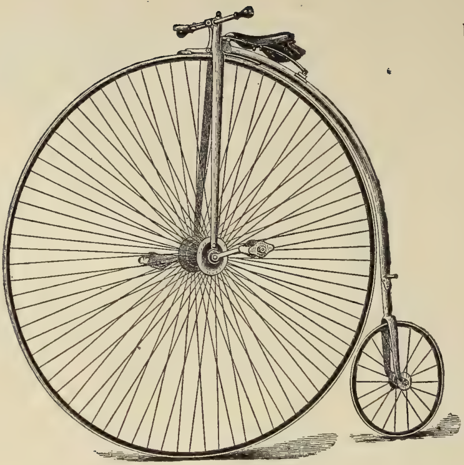

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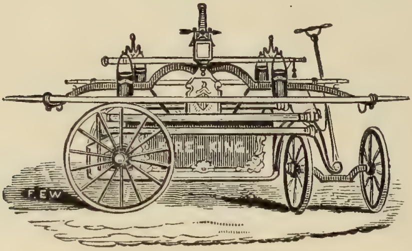

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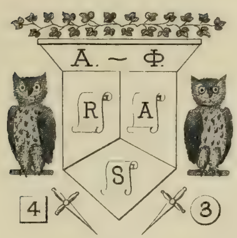

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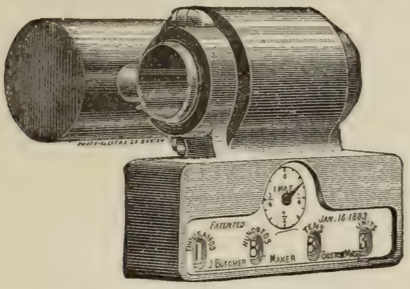
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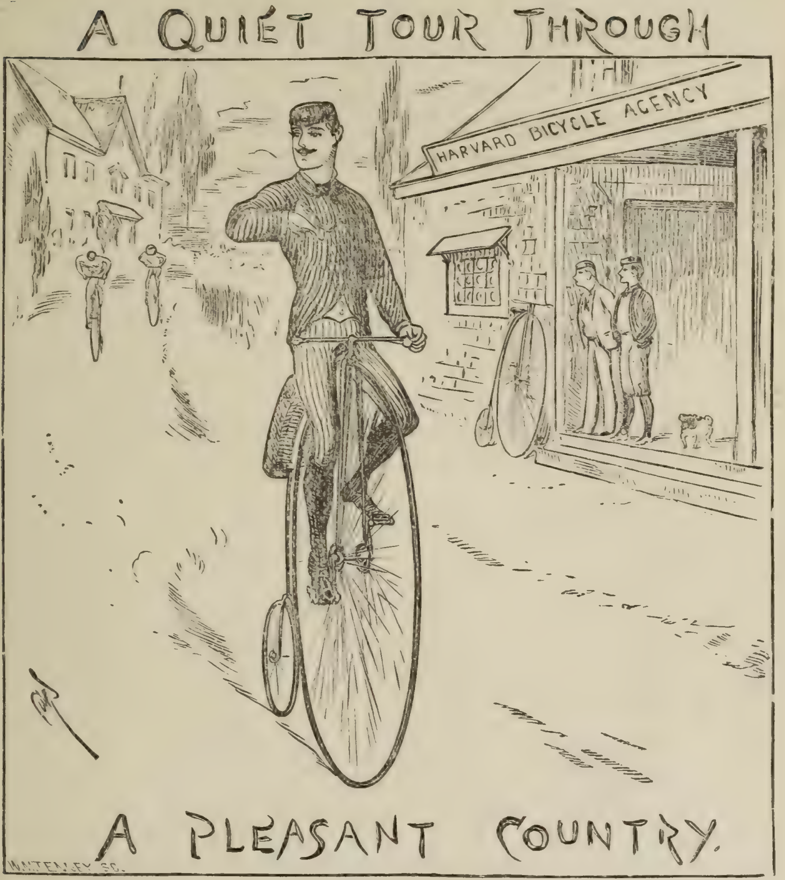
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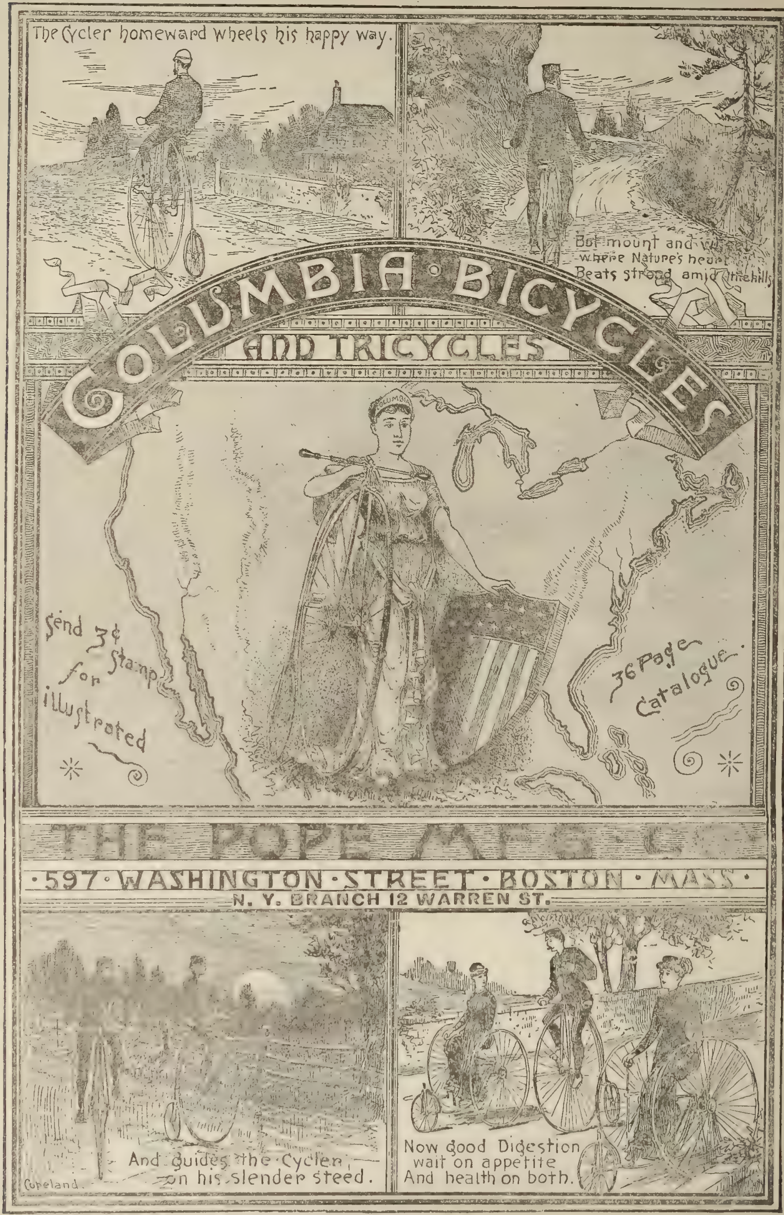
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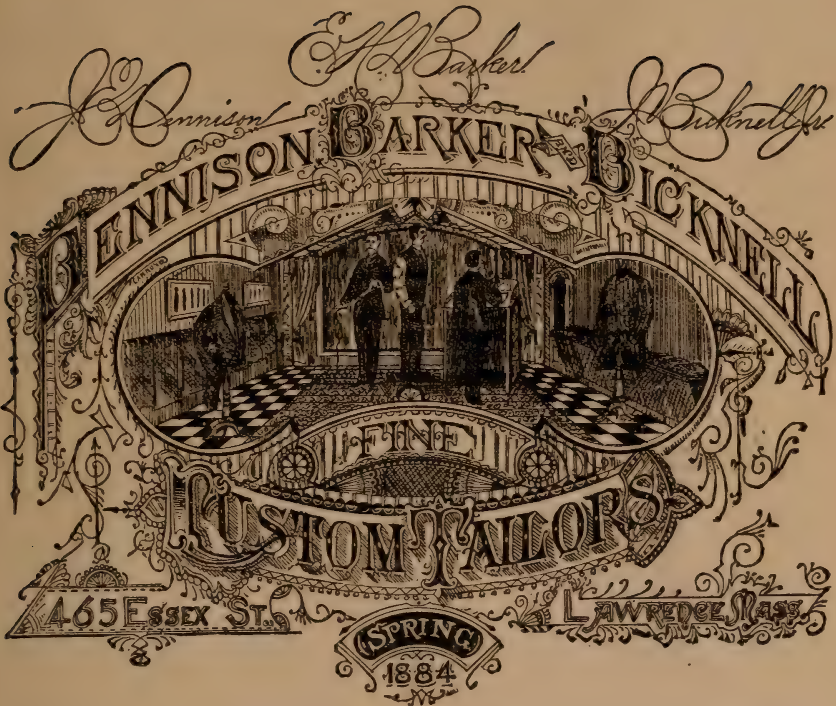

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# PHILO. MIRROR

✢ FALL TERM 1884 ✢

PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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EDITORS
Herbert Clark Emerson
Robert Elliot Speer
William Odlin

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22 Winter St.
Boston

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THE

# PHILO MIRROR

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DECEMBER, 1884

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*Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία*

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Andover
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
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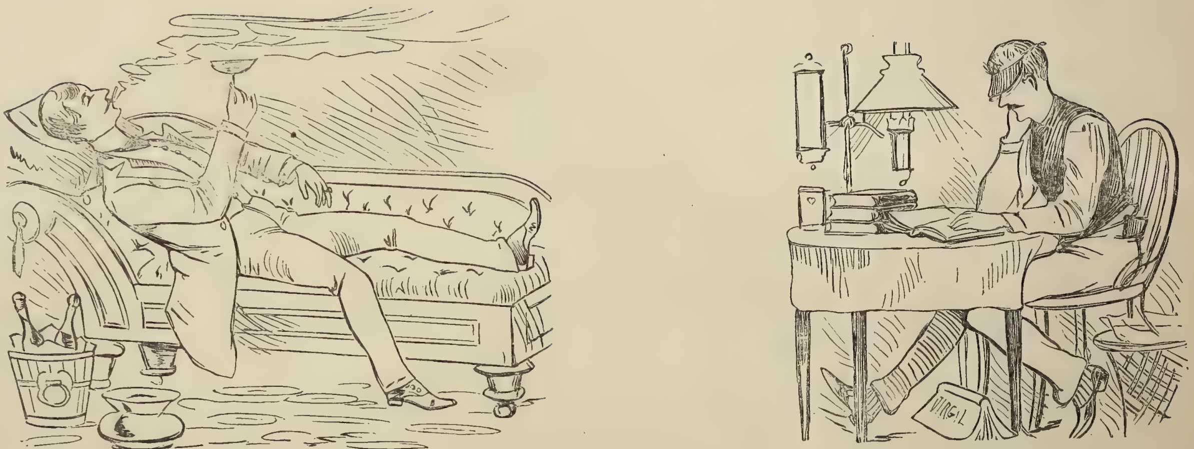

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# THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXI. — December, 1884. — No. 1.

## AMAVI.

Methought I once was lying in a cool and darksome forest.
The stars in purity shone o'er me, and the moon her plaintive light was shedding.
And amidst the rustling of the foliage, and the rippling of the brooks about me,
I slept the sleep where angels seem to hover o'er and bless.

And suddenly I heard a voice exclaiming, "Behold the birth of Love!"
And I looked, and lo! the brightest star in all the firmament of heaven
Fell, and with majestic beauty splashed the waters at my feet.
And where it fell a bright spot of gold appeared upon the ripples.

And I gazed, and the gold divided into gilded tresses,
Which fell o'er shoulders passing fair, and suddenly
There rose, in all the grace and shapeliness of nature, the goddess Love.
And then my heart did burn and strive within me
To burst the bonds that held it, and to share in everlasting happiness, the love of Love.

But then the God of Love appeared, and bore the idol of my eyes away.
And I — awoke.

R. E. S.

# BYRON.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

> " O'er the harp beloved from earliest years, he threw his fingers hurriedly, and tones of melancholy beauty dies away upon its strings of sweetness."

ALL attempts to describe Byron have been extravagant, or matter of fact, or else have fallen, or rather risen, into his thoughts and knelt before his power. Let us look upon Byron in mercy. He had many faults; but a character which loved men, while it hated them, should command our attention.

In the youthful days of Byron there were no extraordinary exhibitions of genius which would have justified any one in predicting for him a future of more than common brilliancy. Still less were there any to foreshadow the precedence which he attained, and which the charity of justice should permit to rest above his name, until a worthy rival shall appear to deprive him of his garlands.

Byron's life during his early years was peculiarly fitted to develop in him all sombre and unnatural passions. It served besides to generate in him a current which forever ran counter to the ideas of his day. The early death of his father, the variable temper of a faulty mother, the wild and savage surroundings of his boyhood's scenes, the weird and grotesque traditions incident to the life of ignorant and scattered people, and early disappointment in unfortunate love, united to arouse in him emotions naturally latent in a boy. And thus, nature and man meeting in him, seemed to conspire to excite the unrest which ultimately gave to England a gem of the first water for her literary diadem, and to the world the evidence of a man of genius.

In the general walk and tenor of his life, Byron reminds us of Shelley. Perhaps the resemblance is more striking on account of their dissimilarity. Both, doubtless, were out of their age. In both the black pots of morbidness were continually boiling, and it is too true that the overflow is often evident in their work. Shelley's acts were generally characterized by love; Byron's by hate of men; the one by malevolence, the other by benevolence. Both were driven on by a fierce unrest.

In none of his relations did Byron ever exhibit true affection. All his actions can be traced to the sudden promptings of a passion he could neither restrain nor control. The "heaven which lay about him in his infancy," seemed to have changed in after life to a hell of horrors, which surged about him, burning deep into him the ineffaceable traces of a life of dissipation.

The feeling of frankness or of recklessness among poets which betrays their thoughts to themselves, and so to the world, is in no one more highly developed, or more prodigally used, than in Byron. He has instituted an imaginary tribunal, before which he, as a real person, kneeling on the marble stones of its coldness, betrays to the world his passions and his loves.

It is almost impossible to speak of Byron's writings as a whole. In "Don Juan" we are impressed with their misanthropical tendency. In it his only intention seems to be to "hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell." To concede the darkness which must lurk behind such a purpose, he begs none to unmask it. In "Childe Harold" the plash of a summer brook is mingled with the surge of the saddening sea, forming a piece of most exquisite music, and of the utmost grandeur of thought. In the one he shows the strength of his simplicity by shuddering as there "still pursues the blight of life — the demon thought." In the other he displays the recklessness of his weakness, by defying the thought to which in his stronger youth he was fain to bow.

Byron admits that he thought too long and darkly, and his brain, o'erwrought by the darkness of his thoughts, was poisoned. Too long had Byron shut himself within his thought; too long had he embalmed his purity in a shell of stone; and when he began to associate with men he found he had formed a world within himself, bound by fetters which he had neither the strength nor will to break. And when by association with others there appeared the gleam of the perfection of his own intellect, like the sparkle of the moonlight on the waters, he was still more resolved not to yield dominion of his mind to spirits against which his own rebelled. And now appears the strength and symmetry of his genius. Upheld by an unfaltering pride, he found within himself a life which could flourish without mankind.

It is impossible in such space to either defend or condemn Byron as a poet. Much of his poetry is as full of mockery as the ashen apples of Lake Asphaltes ; much as dark as the stagnant blood on the field of battle. But more, far more, gleams with the purity of the stars, or glistens with the majesty of truth. And so we can say in charity, but yet in truth, that the *real* poetry of Byron draws us nearer to the real ideal of love and beauty in nature, and gives us a clearer sight of truth as it is taught by all history and all experience.

Byron was, above all, a poet of nature. In him nature indeed spoke a various language, and her words fell upon an understanding whose shapeliness was exceeded only by her most beauteous handiwork. Wherever mountains rose, where nature reared her everlasting monuments, wherever rolled the breakers of an ocean, there to earth, and sea, and sky, he offered his devotion.

As his gorgeous sun slowly settled beneath the horizon of his life, he seemed to melt before a benevolence and a love that had been terrified to silence before. And there appeared in his words and deeds the truth so often tortured in his life.

Byron's death was consistent with his life. " In the rich summer of his life and song," after the flowers of spring had ripened into the full ear and laughing fruit of summer, ere the winds of autumn had torn from their branches their beauty and their grace, George Gordon Byron went to a higher tribunal than we can institute. And as he, though he had lived brilliantly, but erratically, died striving to replace the wreath of freedom on the brow of liberty, let us hope that the pure fire of his funeral pile purged away the sins of his life.

Robert E. Speer.

# MUSIC AS A CHRISTIAN ART.

*First Mirror Prize Essay.*

In this busy nineteenth century of ours, when another French Revolution would make "the mighty dollar" the new goddess to be worshiped in place of Reason, is it not strange that Music, the most spiritual of the arts, should reach her fullest development? While we feel that sculpture and painting are progressing but slowly, if at all, and that Raphael and Michael Angelo will never be surpassed, Music still retains her pristine strength. Perhaps because in this noisy century harmony must do her part, as never before, to equalize the general discord.

But the real answer to this question must always be, that as Music is the most human of the arts, she must also possess the greatest amount of life and vitality. Painters and Sculpturers are at best but copyists. Music has a far higher aim than to imitate nature. Her tones must express, and in part reproduce, the innumerable emotions of the human heart. The special mission of Music is to rouse and nourish these emotions, many of them far too intangible to be clothed in words, but admirably expressed by her limitless language.

A true artist is a person possessed of the ability and inward impulse to make the beautiful real. True artists may be divided into *producing* and *reproducing* artists.

While the other arts owe their popularity mainly to the producing artist, Music relies on the reproducing artist as well. A "Transfiguration" or "Venus de Milo" can be produced but once, but a Beethoven symphony by every performance (reproduction) gains new beauty and strength.

There is yet another class of artists, persons capable of receiving and appreciating art, without possessing productive power or even the ability to reproduce; it is to this class we may all hope to belong, for there is no one who has not in a greater or less degree a love of the Beautiful in his heart, which can be strengthened by the study of beautiful forms in any department of Art.

Music, as we know it, originated with Christianity. The Greeks and Romans, though so perfect in other branches of art, were far too physical and practical to need so subtle a channel as Music to express their emotions. Their artistic wants could be fully satisfied by Sculpture and Poetry. With Christianity a new civilization arose, emotions and thoughts never before known sprang up in the mind of man. Especially did the idea of Divine Love, as exemplified in the sacrifice of Christ, place man in a new relation to nature and his fellow-men. The early Christians turned from the world to their own hearts, filled by the new faith with feelings for which they needed an outlet. *They sang.* They raised their voices in praise and gratitude to their new found Savior. Instead of humanizing the higher powers as the Greeks had done, they sought to raise and elevate themselves, and if possible become more like the Godhead.

The art of Music, then, sprang from an inner need to give utterance to religious feelings, and for centuries was only employed in the service of the Church.

If Music is the outcome of Christianity, it is equally true that the German school of Music, which has given us the greatest producing and reproducing artists, is the outgrowth of Protestantism. Luther not only brought about the reformation, and established the modern German language by his Bible translation, but gave a powerful impulse to the study of Music in Germany.

In his reformation of church rites, he did not forget the reformation of church music. By the introduction of the choral, of which his own " Ein feste Burg " is the greatest, and his genuine interest in both secular and religious music, he awoke the Germans to a musical life, and paved the way for Bach and Haendel.

In these latter days Germany has given us Wagner, perhaps our greatest master, who, taking no thought or inspiration from this material age, has made his name and work immortal by his adherence to purity and truth.

E. V. MORGAN.

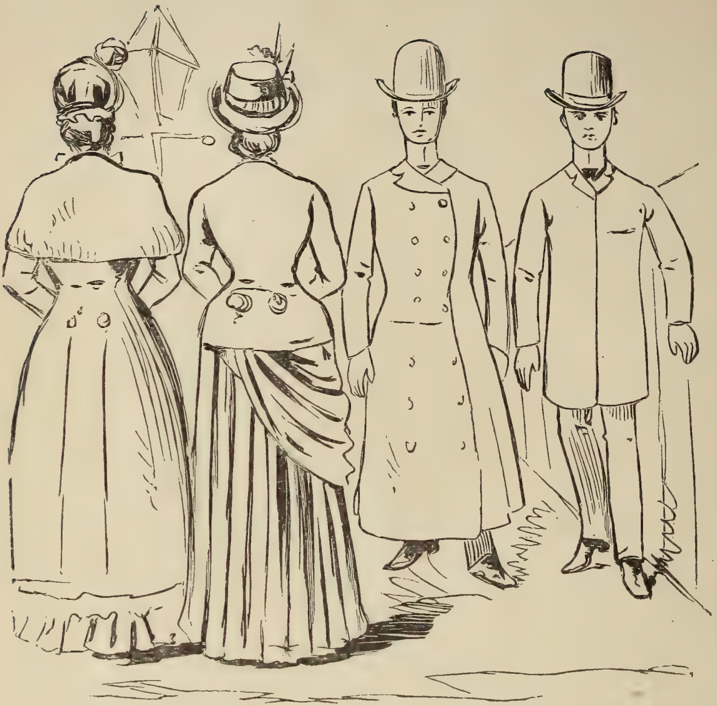
## PHILOPENA.

"The forfeit to be paid by the one
 Who shall first say 'yes,' or 'no'?
What did you say? You agree to that?"
 "I do. Farewell. I must go."

"Dear maiden, since last I said farewell,
 I have learned — shall I confess?
I love you! — what! You have learned the same!"
 And she gently answered, "Yes."

"The forfeit is mine, fair maiden mine!
 Now what wilt thou give to me?"
"Thou hast it already!" she archly cried;
 "I have given my *heart* to thee!"

C. M. S.



"WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY."

# A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF HOLLAND.

## *Second Mirror Prize Essay.*

In the western part of Holland, on the banks of a narrow and sluggish stream known as the Old Rhine, stands the famous city of Leyden — famous now for the celebrated university which bears its name, but more famous of old as the scene of one of the most desperate struggles in behalf of civil and religious liberty in the annals of history — that memorable siege by the Spaniards in 1574, in which the heroic endurance and self-sacrifice displayed by its citizens were such as have been surpassed neither before nor since.

It was at that time one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of all Europe. Around it on all sides broad green meadows and fruitful orchards stretched far away in the distance. High dykes built about it on all sides shut out the sea, while within, the city presented an air of thrift and industry, everywhere so characteristic of its inhabitants, the sturdy Hollanders.

It was in June, 1574, more than three centuries ago, that Valdez, under order from Philip, King of Spain, sailed with his fleet against this city. The people had refused longer to be under the Spanish rule. The light of the Reformation was already dawning upon them, and the time was at hand when men were beginning to think and act for themselves. Especially distasteful to them was the idea of being longer the humble subjects of Spain ; and now that an opportunity was at hand, they resolved, once for all, to strike for liberty and be free.

William, Prince of Orange, who was regarded as the especial guardian of Leyden, was unable to raise an army sufficient for their protection. So inadequate were the supplies within the city for a protracted siege, that the magistrates, having purchased all the food they could obtain, dispensed it as prudently as possible. But this, at the farthest, would last but a few weeks, and soon the discouraged citizens saw nothing before them but starvation or surrender; for the Spaniards, knowing how the Hollanders could fight in case of an assault, had determined from the first to reduce Leyden simply by famine.

Orange, meanwhile, was exerting himself to the utmost in their behalf. With promises of speedy assistance and relief, he begged them to hold out as long as possible, as the fall of Leyden would inevitably prove the distruction of all Holland. But these promises he was unable to fulfill, and it soon became evident that the only chance of saving the beleaguered city was by breaking the huge dykes and letting the sea in upon the besiegers. The destruction of property consequent upon such a measure would be immense, but "better a drowned land than an enslaved one," said they; and so, with heavy hearts, the order was given to "cut the sluices," and the work of inundation began.

This plan, however, at first proved unsuccessful. The water did not rise sufficiently to flood the camp of the Spaniards, nor could the fleet, under Admiral Poisot, which had been sent to the relief of the besieged, approach the walls on account of the shallow water, and several minor dykes and forts nearer the city, which were strongly guarded by the enemy.

Thus, day after day, and week after week, while the fleet was slowly forcing its way to their relief, the people of Leyden were starving. And how terrible the suffering they endured! The supplies had long since been exhausted, and now such things as dogs, cats, rats, hides, green leaves stripped from the trees, grass plucked from between the paving stones, were eagerly devoured by the famishing wretches in the vain effort to avert starvation.

"How do you rat-eaters get along?" was the frequent taunt thrown at them by the Spaniards outside. "You call us rat-eaters; we are! But so long as you shall hear a dog bark or a cat mew within the walls, you may know that the city holds out! We will eat our left arms and fight with our right before we will suffer our homes to be invaded and our liberties crushed!" was the brave answer hurled in the teeth of the Spaniards.

There was in the midst of the city, upon a lofty mound piled by human hands in some long-forgotten age, an ancient tower, whose crumbling battlements, surrounded and overgrown by masses of foliage, commanded a wide view of the level country. To its summit, day after day, the famished and almost despairing citizens would weakly and wearily climb, that perchance they might catch some glimpses of the long-delayed relief. Why it came not was a mystery; perhaps it would never come. No messenger, save carrier doves, could pass the enemy's lines to tell them what was being done by their friends outside.

Thus for days and weeks they lay in the very jaws of death. Famine and pestilence stalked hand in hand through the streets, and the twain, in their grim and ghastly might, mowed down the people like grass. The living were unable to bury the dead. In many homes whole families lay dead at once. A band of faint-hearted ones entreated the burgomaster, Adrian Van der Werf, to give up the city, and finding entreaties of no avail tried threats. "Your menaces move me not," said he. "My life is yours; here, take my sword, plunge it into my breast, divide my flesh among you to appease your hunger; but so long as I remain alive, God helping me, I will *never* surrender!"

But the long-delayed relief came at last. On the night of the second of October, a furious gale, blowing from the north-west, and suddenly shifting to the south-west, rolled the ocean in upon the exposed country, and soon the fleet, which had for some time lain stranded at North Aa, had ample depth of water. Setting out in the pitchy darkness, they succeeded in passing, with but little difficulty, the two strong forts which lay in their way; for the Spaniards, becoming terrified by the rising of the sea, had fled precipitately, and large numbers of them were swept away by the relentless waves. When the gray light of morning dawned over the city, lo! the fleet was close at hand. With wild cries of joy and exultation, the famished survivors rushed out to meet the ships. The sailors tossed overboard to them loaves of bread, and meat. Bells were rung and cannon fired throughout the city, proclaiming the glad news that Leyden was saved. Within a few days the water had subsided, and the people began the task of rebuilding the dikes. Orange, on hearing the glad news, filled with gratitude toward the brave Leydeners for what they had done and suffered for Holland's sake, offered to reward them by remitting certain taxes, or founding a university in their city. They nobly chose the latter, and to-day it stands in their midst, a noble monument of what the city endured, three hundred years ago, for the cause of freedom and liberty.

And so, to the end of time, from this story of high resolve and martyr-like endurance, men shall

> "Learn how sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong."

S. N. POND.

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## VOX AMORIS.

I SAT beside a crystal fount,
Within the shadow of a mount,
  On Cyprus, sea-washed isle.
My fleet lay on the sun-lit sea,
Anchored within a rocky lea;
  Methought I'd rest awhile.

The palm-tree nodded in the breeze
Which perfume laden, 'mongst the trees,
  Sighed on its wandering way.
Ambrosia breathed from all the flowers;
And in the harmony of such hours
  Sings Nature's sweetest lay.

Musing I sat till eventide
Sent its dark shadows far and wide
  O'er wall and turret high.
And just as Night crept up the bay
I heard a winsome melody
  Within the rushes nigh.

Perchance, I thought, some mighty god,
Orpheus-like, is now abroad
  To charm Night with his song;

Or can it be an elfin sprite,
Wooing his love till morning light,
  That trips the woods among?

Entranced I list; I could not move;
Prometheus full as vainly strove
  'Gainst his entwining chain.
Its cadence soft, on zephyr's wing,
Round me a mystic charm did fling;
  It soothed all earthly pain.

I heard the sighing of the wave,
Whose ebb and flow the rushes lave,
  When dusk falls on the land.
I heard a great heart-broken strain,
As if some soul had striven in vain
  To tell its passion grand.

I heard the cooing of the dove,
I heard the accents soft of love
  When love is true and strong.
And then, the moaning of the deep,
Nightly whose surges vigil keep,
  Wailing the sands along.

The joyous laugh of rippling rills
And breezes dancing on the hills
  Was wafted to my ear.
'Twas the wild harmony of all
Which holds creation in its thrall,
  Of love, which I did hear.

And while I sat, deep plunged in thought,
A sound of feet my attention caught,
  Skipping as though on air.
And soon from darkness into light
Come hand in hand, oh! wondrous sight,
  Cupid and Venus fair.

S. A.

## A TALE.

On the western slope of Pholloë's wooded height, overlooking the fertile plain of Elis, beside a spring that, bubbling out from beneath the gnarled roots of a wide-spreading olive-tree, filled a natural basin before starting on its downward journey, sat a maiden looking out upon the valley stretched at her feet. It is the thirteenth day of the month of Apollonius, and on the morrow the Olympic games are to be celebrated.

The proclamation of a general truce has been carried throughout all Greece by the peace heralds, and the Greeks have assembled from all sides to the celebration of their great national festival. The plain below presents a scene of unusual activity. Throngs of men, women and children crowd hither and thither, some on foot, some riding in the clumsy carriages of that day, others still dashing about in two-wheeled chariots drawn by four horses harnessed abreast. Back and forth they go, saluting acquaintances, chatting gaily about the coming sports, and even comparing tablets and making bets on the races; all their enmities forgotten, absorbed in the common topic of the games to be seen on the morrow.

But the maiden heeds not the hurry and activity of the scene, nor does the quiet beauty of the landscape have a tranquilizing effect. Now with hasty glance she gazes out over "Hollow Elis," snugly ensconced between the grim protecting arms of Pholloë and Scollis, and seems for an instant to trace the course of the rivulet that, starting from the pool at her feet, rambled down the mountain out across the plain to join the wide-spreading Alpheus, thence to be borne on, skirting Olympia's sacred grove, to the broad Ionian Sea; and anon she turns to scan with eagerly expectant air the narrow foot-path leading from the spring up the hill to the little village, the walls of which are just discernible through the trees; but no sound is heard save the angry chattering of a sparrow perched on a low hanging bough over the young girl's head, and seemingly intent on disputing with her the possession of the spot; so with a half-suppressed sigh and charming pout of disappointment she finally, in default of something more attractive to look at, falls to regarding her own image reflected in the pool, and after a moment's careful scrutiny coquettishly begins to arrange her loose hanging locks.

We cannot read her thoughts, but that they are pleasant is betrayed by the smile that hovers about her mouth like a gleam of reflected sunshine. She may be peering through the transparent waters into the depths of the earth and there reading some of nature's secrets hidden from less favored mortals; or perhaps she is reading the more dangerous secrets hidden in the clear eyes so faithfully mirrored there. But whatever she may be thinking of, so absorbed does she become that her hair falls neglected about her shoulders, and she fails to hear a light step approaching; still the face suddenly reflected beside her own is so closely analagous to her train of thought, that its appearance there causes no exclamation of surprise, no movement, until a clear voice asks:

"For what are you looking, Selene?"

"For truth! I had concluded that mortals had lost it, and as sages tell us it lies hidden in a well, I was searching for it, and lo! as I looked it suddenly appeared; see it is just there and looks somewhat shamefaced."

"Surely then it is double faced, though not generally so allowed by mortals; but I can well understand that, for men are so attracted by its fairest reflection that all resemblance of its other guise is forgotten. But a truce of this; for I have much to tell thee, Selene, and the time draws near when I must return to the gymnasium and prepare for the morning race."

"Commence then by telling me why you were so late, Theodorus."

"You know, Selene, the old shepherd Simon, my foster father, promised to give me to-day the proofs of my pure Hellenic blood, that I may present them before the judges and be qualified to run in the stadium on the morrow. I have just been after them, and the old man, I fear he'll not live long, has grown so weak that—

"Then he gave you the proofs, so that you may race?"

"Yes, I have them in full, and after to-morrow yon villagers will no longer receive me as the poor shepherd, but as a descendant of the noblest blood in all Greece; yes, by Hercules! and as a victor in the Olympian games. But I must tell thee all that old Simon has revealed to me. Know, then, that I am a Spartan. My father, one of the 'Immortal Three Hundred' who went to Thermopylæ with Leonidas, was slain there by the Persians before my birth. My mother died in giving birth to me, and as I was but a puny child I was condemned by the Ephors to be exposed to die on Mt. Taygetus, as the Spartan law directs. Old Simon happened then to be returning from a journey to Sparta, and hearing my cries, for though a puny child I had lusty lungs, took compassion on me, and sharing with me his flask of goats' milk, brought me here to be the companion of his lonely life; and, thanks to his care and the good will of the Gods, I have thriven well.

"Have I not cause for rejoicing? I feel the tumultuous blood surging through my veins with new life. But you seem sad, Selene; you do not rejoice with me. Are you not glad that I can prove my noble lineage?"

"I do indeed rejoice with thee; but my heart fears that you will no longer care for this humble village, and old Simon, our olive-tree and spring, and — and — for me."

"Oh, Selene, can you think it possible for me to forget the man who cared for me, left to perish by my kindred; and this old mountain, and you, Selene, who hast so long been my companion on its rugged slopes, and hast so often listened to my plighted vows 'neath this old tree? May Jupiter strike me with his thunder-bolts if I ever am guilty of such faithlessness. No! if I have exulted, it is because I am more nearly worthy of thee. I shall never leave this humble village, and on the morrow I shall strive to win, that I may offer to thee the olive wreath of victory, and bring honor to this, so long considered my native village. Can you not believe me, my Selene?"

"Your earnestness alone would convince me, Theodorus, and I will give thee an assurance of my belief. Here, I will clasp this jewel in your tunic that you may take fresh courage when wearied in the race; and now bend down this branch for me that I may weave thee a garland to wear when you return victorious."

"I will prize it more highly than the crown bestowed by the judges, if by the good will of the Gods I win it, though it is culled from Olympia's sacred grove, planted by Hercules himself. I have confidence in my own strength if not interfered with, but among those with whom I am to run is Thales, a dark, ill-looking Theban, who won the prize in the last Olympiad; I have frequently seen him in consultation with two friends as ill-looking as himself, casting dark glances at me, and I think they intend, even by trickery if necessary, to defeat me. However, I shall be on my guard and fear them not. But it grows late: I must return and prepare for the morrow. Farewell, Selene; I shall see thee soon again, and I trust shall be worthy of the crown you are weaving for me."

"Farewell, Theodorus, may Zeus go with thee and protect thee from the dark-browed Theban. Remember, if you grow weary, a glance at the jewel in your tunic will refresh thee; 'tis a sacred relic."

Rising, she watches the active figure threading its way down the mountain till at the turn of the path that will finally shut him out from her view, Theodorus turns, waves his staff gaily in the air, and is lost to sight among the trees; then, with an inward prayer that Zeus might confound the Theban and his friends if they meditated ill to Theodorus, picks up her water jar, fills it at the spring, and slowly returns up the path to the village.

Leaving Selene at her mother's door, perhaps to be questioned by her anxious parent about her long absence, — if so let us hope she dipped up some truth from the sylvan well, — we will look in upon a group of three athletic looking Greeks, earnestly conversing in a corner of the gymnasium, where the contestants in the games were wont to train. It is the dark-browed Theban, Thales, and his two companions, Charon and Arctinus; their earnest looks and eager gestures show the topic of conversation is interesting, and soon Thales exclaims: "No, by Hercules! this insolent shepherd shall not be successful. To be sure, with a complacent glance at his own brawny limbs, I do not fear his beating me, though he is a keen runner and hath good endurance; but I much fear, Arctinus and Charon, that he will push thee close for second or third place. Now I have a plan by which we may force him to come in last, if you will agree to it."

"Tell us the plan; we'll agree to anything to defeat this fellow," cry Arctinus and Charon in a breath.

"Then mark carefully what I tell you. This Theodorus here knows that in the last games I defeated you both, and took the prize; therefore he will fear me most, and will be content at first to keep ahead of me; we are to run four times the length of the stadium. Now, at the start, I will fall behind, this Theodorus will take his place ahead of me, and do you, Arctinus and Charon, taking the lead, run side by side as if striving with each other, and by careful watching you may keep Theodorus from passing; then as we come up the stadium for the last time, at a given signal I will dash ahead, you making room for me to pass, and then closing together again, and the shepherd will surely be last at the goal."

"Peste! But that is a good plan! Your wits are as nimble as your heels, Thales."

"You agree to it, then?"

"Ay! that we do, and the morrow shall see this poor shepherd cut such a sorry figure that methinks he never again will attempt to run in a race. Is it not so, Charon?"

"Yes, he may well look to his laurels; forsooth, he will get none here. But a good rest to thee, for it grows late and I must to my couch."

"And I too. Farewell, Thales, may Mercury favor our plans."

Hereupon the conspirators separated for the night, and quiet reigned throughout the building. Outside the noise and bustle of the busy day had given place to the solemn stillness of night. The stately pillars of the temples and public buildings shone forth startling white in the pure moonlight. In the grove the tall statues of the Olympian conquerors of the past, flecked with ever moving shadows of waving branches, seemed like the spirits of former heroes flitting about in ghostly procession. No sound of life marred the almost oppressive quiet, save the occasional neighing of the horses, that here and there throughout the plain "tethered to their well polished chariot wheels, were feeding on the sweet meadow-grown passby." Somnus held undisturbed possession of the plain that would resound with the stir of active life but a few hours hence, as soon as "Aurora's roseate fingers" should appear in the east.

We will next look in upon the scene in the afternoon of the next day. The day has proved perfect, and sport after sport has succeeded in swift succession. The short foot race has given place to wrestling, and wrestling to boxing. Stalwart, brawny heroes have contended with might and main in hurling the discus and throwing the spear, or have striven against each other with tooth and nail in the "*πανκράτιον.*" In the hippodrome the chariots have dashed round and round the arena midst the plaudits and excited huzzas of the assembled multitude, the horses so excited by the cries, and stung to madness by the free flying lash, that with difficulty they are restrained at the end of the race, and soaking with sweat, hurried off to their stalls.

With each succeeding event the interest has intensified, and the always impressible Grecian temperament is now wrought up to a perfect frenzy of excitement. The very air throbs and quivers as if the atoms and molecules had lost their heads, and were indulging in the wildest kind of a can-can ; and as the contestants appear for the last foot race, the *ιππικόν* the longest and hardest of all, the excited multitude, losing all control of itself, rises from the seats and burst into a storm of cries and exclamations. Now the betting grows fast and furious ; men run about, tablet and stylus in hand, making bets, or standing about in groups, their high pitched voices and excited gestures signifying the interest that is felt. Thales is the favorite in betting, though Arctinus and Charon have many supporters ; but no one thinks it worth while to lay a wager on Theodorus, till one fellow, flushed with former gains, half in sarcasm, half in good nature, cries out : "An Obolus on the shepherd.

While he is seeking for some one to take his bet let us take a look at the race-course and contestants. The course, called the Stadium, from its length, is formed of hard, closely packed sand,

and stretches out level and smooth as a floor. At each end, marking the turning point, stands a square stone pillar. The contestants are to run the length of the stadium four times, turning round these pillars called *στήλαι.* At the starting point, in seats raised above the track, sit the judges, ten in number. Above and beyond them tier on tier rise the seats for spectators, now filled with a surging, excited mass.

The runners take their position on a chalk line extending across the course just beneath the altar of Endymion; first on the inside is Arctinus, next him Charon, then Thales, and on the outside Theodorus. The chief of the judges now rises, and waving his hand for silence, briefly exhorts the runners to do their best, reminding them that the eyes of all Greece are watching them; then gives the word for starting, and the race has fairly commenced.

At the signal the runners are off with a bound. Position has favored the plotters, and they take the positions agreed upon: Arctinus and Charon running shoulder to shoulder, take the lead, next comes Theodorus, while Thales has purposely fallen a little behind; thus they press on up the Stadium, round the turn, and back on the other side. As they again draw near the starting point Theodorus pushes forward and is close on the heels of the leaders as they come up to the turn. He is running in splendid form, keeping himself well in hand, body thrown slightly forward, head and shoulders well pressed back, elbows close to sides, and heels never touching the ground. He seems not at all exhausted, and with eye alert is prepared to take advantage of any opportunity to gain the lead. Just on the turn Charon stumbles and falters for an instant. Like a flash Theodorus has darted past both Charon and Arctinus, and as they start round again has a clear lead.

Instantly there is a revulsion of popular favor; his true merit is recognized, and cries and huzzas rent the air, as, increasing his speed, he leaves his rivals still farther behind. They are now on the last half of the race, and the question is, can he keep the lead. With positions relatively unchanged, they sweep round the last turn and are off for the goal. Now is the time for serious work: every muscle is drawn hard and tense, the great blue veins stand out like knotted cords, and their breath comes hard and fast. Thales, putting forth his utmost strength, has already passed both Charon and Arctinus, and is now gaining slowly on Theodorus. At last he is close on his heels, and now they are running side by side, every nerve and muscle strained to its utmost tension. A deafening tumult arises, the vast audience, in closest sympathy with the runners, shouts words of encouragement. Men everywhere along the line of seats stand bending forward with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, following with their bodies every motion of the runners, as if to aid them by a sympathetic transmutation of strength. The applause was about equally divided. Hoarse cries rent the air: "Theodorus has it." "No, Thales is ahead." "Push on, Thales." "Faster, Theodorus." They are almost at the goal, still side by side, when Theodorus thinks of the jewel clasped in his tunic by Selene, but until now forgotten. For an instant he glances down and sees a large ruby; deep down in its great red heart a lurid fire glows with fitful gleam, ebbing and throbbing as if alive: and as he looks the fiery depths yawn apart, and a glowing spark, almost blinding in its brilliancy, flashes forth straight into his brain. He feels every nerve quiver with new vitality, and with a wonderful burst of speed dashes ahead and crosses the line a winner. The tumult that has been deafening is redoubled; every one praises the wonderful effort: round after round of applause is given, until the very earth shakes, and the wooded slopes of Pholloë and Scollis send back the echo again and again.

In the midst of the confusion Theodorus is placed on the bronze tripod and crowned by the judges with the olive branch, cut with a golden sickle from Olympia's sacred grove, while a herald proclaims his name and birth as revealed by old Simon. Extricating himself as soon as possible from the crowd, and not waiting for the public banquet given in honor of the victors, Theodorus finds his way, he hardly knows how, out across the plain and up the mountain to his home. But the good news has flown before him, and as he approaches the village he encounters a procession coming out to meet him. The eager people raise him aloft in a chair of state, and thus, borne on the shoulders of the chief men, he is carried into the village through a breach made in the wall, while children scatter before him olive and palm branches. But not yet does he seem satisfied; something is still lacking, and soon slipping aside he passes rapidly down the village street past the temple of Apollo and Diana, out of the western gate of the village, and crossing a small open plot plunges down a familiar path, and is lost to sight. As he has shown such an evident distaste for human companionship, we will not follow him farther. As we pass by, in returning, the house where we left Selene the day before, a matron with anxious look comes out of the open door, and shading her eyes with her hand, looks about murmuring to herself:

"I wonder why Selene is so long in coming home?" Let us go over and comfort her by the information that thousands of years hence, ay, as long as this old earth wags, mothers will still ask the same question, and always will truth lie hid in a well.

H. L. GRANT.

## A TALE OF THANKSGIVING.

*Prize Poem.*

Fiercely the storm had been raging from noon, till the shadows of evening,
Gathering around in their darkness and veiling all in obscurity,
Hid from the eyes of the traveler each well-known signal and landmark.
Lofty, and covered with snow, 'gainst the wintry sky loomed the elm-trees,
Swaying, and seeming like ghosts of darkness stalking at nightfall.
Shrouded in silence and gloom, save the constant whistling and moaning
Of wind through the trees o'erhead, or some watch-dog, far away barking,
Lay a New England village, with here and there the steeples
And lofty spires of the village churches pointing heavenward.
On a neighboring hill stood the schoolhouse, dark and deserted,
Which but a few hours before had re-echoed with laughter of children.
Soon, as the snow-drifts piled higher and higher and the darkness deepened,
Brightly the lights shone forth from the tavern and neighboring houses,
Bespeaking comfort within by the cheery warmth of the fireside;
Defying the storm without and the bitter cold of winter.

'Twas the eve before Thanksgiving; throughout the hamlet,
Many a tired house-wife and many a well-stored pantry
Told of the busy preparation made for the feast-day
So long held in honor by our fathers and theirs before them.

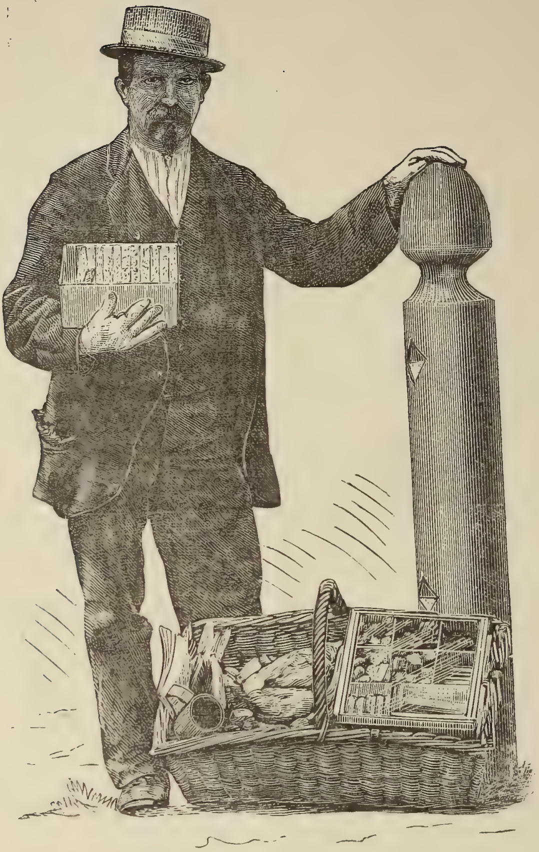
Along the country highway which led to the little village,
Blocked by the deep-piled snow-drifts and shrouded in gloom and darkness,
An aged man, that night, with weak and tottering footsteps,
Traversed his lonely way. A thin and ragged garment
Thrown o'er his stooping shoulders afforded but slight protection
'Gainst the cold and the piercing wind that howled so madly.
" Ah ! can it be," said he, as he turned his weary footsteps
Onward toward the lights gleaming so bright in the distance,
"That this is my native town, the home of my happy childhood,
Where, long, long years ago, I roamed these fields and meadows ?
Now, alas ! how changed ; for, poor, forsaken, and friendless,
I know not whither to guide my steps or seek for shelter."
Thus to himself he mused, and, tired and faint from his journey,
Sat himself down on the steps of a church, hard by the roadside,
And there, partially sheltered from the keen and piercing northwind,
He fell asleep and dreamed, and the vision he saw was as follows :

He seemed once more a youth, 'mid these scenes he had loved so dearly ;
And Thanksgiving day had come, that day, above all others,
Dear to the hearts of New England's sons, the wide world over.
Around the festive board, at " Grandpa's," all had gathered,—
Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles,
And cousins in great abundance. He seemed to hear their voices,
And join in their merry laughter, as they sat around the table
Groaning beneath its load of Thanksgiving cheer and plenty.
Again, the vision seemed to change, and it was evening ;
Wild was the night outside, but within, around the fire-place
Blazing cheerily with logs supplied, they sat and listened
To Grandpa's stories of olden times, when first the Puritans,
Crossing the stormy ocean, entered this land of promise,

Here to find what most they sought,— religious freedom
To worship God as they chose. But hark! again all changes,
And strains of heavenly music seemed bursting on his ears.
He saw a wondrous light, and with it heard One saying
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest." Again, he beheld the faces
Of dear ones who had gone before, and anon they called him,
Beckoning him across death's dark stream to the home of the blessed.
Then stretched he forth his hands, with one wild cry of anguish,—
"O Father, take me home!" and his soul was at rest forever.

Brightly the sun rose next morn on the little village;
Clear, through the frosty air, the melodious tones of the church-bells
Rang out; and gladly obeying their summons, the simple people
Flocked to the village churches, there, with songs and praises,
To thank their Heavenly Father for all the season's blessings.
There, on the cold stone steps of the little church, they found him,
The weary, toil-worn wanderer, whose voyage of life was over.
None, save the aged sexton, knew him; but he remembered,
And recognized in his cold pinched features, an old companion
Of by-gone days; who for long years past had not been heard of.
Gently they laid him to rest in a grave in the country church-yard.
None was there to mourn — no need was there for mourning,
For a brighter Thanksgiving ne'er dawned on the lives of any,
Than that which welcomed home the soul of him they buried.

S. N. Pond.



## ANGELO DONDARO, ALIAS "PEANUTS."

HARK ! what is that sound which comes to my ears ?
'Tis Peanuts a-coming ; dispel all fears.
I look from my window—what do I see ?
A short little man as cute as can be.
Oh ! what are those queer words I hear him say,
Once heard, not forgot for many a day ?
" Peanuz — have a someding to-day ? "

When I skip down the Acadmey steps
Alike after a day of " snaps " or " lefts,"
'Tis just there ever smiling Peanuts stands,
Always ready to supply my demands.
But when I approach his basket of wares
'Tis these terrible words that my heart tears,—
" You pay me doze moneys to-day ? "

When I go down town in the dewy eve,
What is there in the darkness to relieve ?
It is Peanuts, peanut roaster and all,
With an old B. and L. torch used this fall ;
But when I request a quart please, on " tick,"
What is the answer that makes my heart sick ?
" I can no trust you to-day."

J. S. E.

# HISTORICAL STUDIES.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

How natural it is for any one reading history, or following the doings of any particular individual, to judge the character presented according to his own ideas of propriety. This inclination is righteous, and of inestimable value to the world in general, for it enables one man to profit by the experience of another. But unfortunately in a course of study the student generally takes the view of the subject held by the author of his text, particularly where the volume is full of expressions of partisan opinion on the matter in hand.

In the early history of England, among the great men who towered above their fellows and accomplished deeds of benefit to their country, there was one figure, whose outward appearance and life showed but little of the precious metal wrapped up in its rough exterior. The man who first placed England on a solid foundation, and made her fleets more powerful and more numerous than those of any other European country, who was the only man in all the world who could and dared extend the Ægis of his protection over Protestants, and stop their persecutions for centuries. Such an one bore the imprint left on him by the branding iron of history, declaring to all comers that he was ambitious, a dishonor to his country, and hardly deserving of pity if not quite of contempt. In this light was Oliver Cromwell placed before the eyes of youthful generations for many decades, until Carlyle released him from the misrepresentations of enemies, which had come down as history. Surely the revolving cycles of years ought not to have passed before the noble one received his due from an impartial pen : but individual judgment was lost in the consensus of stupidity and malice.

Modern history is not alone at fault. In Roman annals there is record of one man who was of the Patricians by birth, but of the Plebeians in sympathy and achievements. In the accounts of his life we mourn over none of those loathsome prescriptions which drenched the Roman world in precious blood. He was never known to betray a friend, nor ever to extort one sesterce from helpless humanity; liberal almost to prodigality, with a sympathetic nature that was easily roused to love, with a heart so forgiving that he wept bitter tears over the grave of a fallen enemy, or from the fulness of his generosity bestowed unqualified pardon on a conquered living foe. How vividly in contrast with other contemporary characters is the disposition of Cæsar; reaching by a most wonderful career the height of power, he alone of the great actors on that stage offered life and security to his country. Unequalled in modern or ancient times in diversity and power of intellect, the enumerations of his work and projects for the good of his country would form a volume of themselves. Yet this man was condemned. To what? A long life, without an enemy, to be spent in the interests of others! No, the old, old story; he was judged worthy of the violent death he suffered; he was ambitous, says the purblind goddess of history. If that is a sufficent reason, what a contradiction is life! Ambition, the fundamental principle of all practical existence, and of spiritual longing, which is instilled into us from our cradle up. Yet in this process of the blind guiding the blind is the wax that has sealed the death warrant of many a saint. What is more to be admired than ambition, provided it be a noble one? and where can you find one more noble, or more nobly carried out, than in the life of Cæsar? His ambition was not to place himself on a throne upheld by a heap of mouldering liberties saturated with his country's blood; rather he strove to found it on the granite-like foundations of the love which fellow beings ought to bear to one another. "Detraction would not suffer it," and he met the common fate. He was misunderstood by men like Brutus, whose minds were not capable of understanding one so much in advance of themselves. He was hated by such human wolves as Cassius. The assassins did their work, but every blow that struck Cæsar struck the whole world. By it civilization and Christianity lost, and how much cannot be estimated. The precious blood spilt at the foot of Pompey's statue cries out for justice. Let us give Cæsar his due on the facts presented of his life rather than on the theories of days long past his time and circumstance.

WILLIAM ODLIN.

## THE INVENTOR OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

*Third Mirror Prize Essay.*

TRUE merit seldom goes unrewarded. How often we find great men who are unappreciated or ridiculed. It is because most of these men are ahead of their times; their thoughts are in advance of the world's thought, and their work is unrecognized, except, perhaps, by the best thinkers of the age. But however adverse their contemporaries may be, posterity never fails to give them their due. In olden times, if a man invented or discovered a new application of some known law, he was looked upon as something wonderful. It was because in those days the advantages for studying out, and proving theories, were less than at the present time. In our day, on the contrary, the amount of practical and mechanical knowledge is so vast, that one does not know which way to turn to seek something entirely his own. The early inventor sought to improve his species, and was, no doubt, satisfied with the praise and applause he justly deserved. In our day the inventor rarely seeks for a great name, but simply the personal benefit and immediate results which may arise from his discovery. Then, too, in the early days, one did not need to be so secret in his workings, for civilization had not reached the point of excellence which it has now attained. The wants of a community were not so apparent; the laws in regard to patents were not so definite, and no one was ready to take advantage of any slight advantage which might be made public. It was here where Fulton, of whom I wish to write, was fortunate. Patent laws were not perfect enough to secure for him that reward which was justly his due.

Robert Fulton was born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His parents were far from wealthy, so when he realized that he must make his own way in the world, he began to qualify himself for the profession of a painter. At the early age of seventeen he was painting portraits for the humbler classes in Philadelphia. So well did he succeed, that, before he had reached the age of twenty-one, he had purchased a small farm in Pennsylvania, and there established his widowed mother. Fulton immediately set out for England, where he became a member of the family of his patron and friend, West. Here he stayed several years as guest and pupil, and visited the many fine galleries to copy famous paintings.

It was in Birmingham that Fulton first began to turn his thoughts towards mechanics. Here it was that he met Watt, and became intimately acquainted with that great inventor and his engine.

Fulton took a live interest in Watt, and we find them entering into a confidential correspondence, which resulted in Fulton taking the charge of building an engine. It was while Fulton was in Great Britain that England began her system of insolence and aggression upon the ocean. The United States were the worst sufferers thereby. Our flag at that time was no protection against the license of British commanders. This was keenly felt in every American breast, and Fulton shared the mortification. He had heard of Bushnell's submarine boat which was tried on the British fleet in Philadelphia. He determined to improve upon it, and succeeded in constructing a boat in which he and his assistants crossed the Seine, remaining under water for several hours.

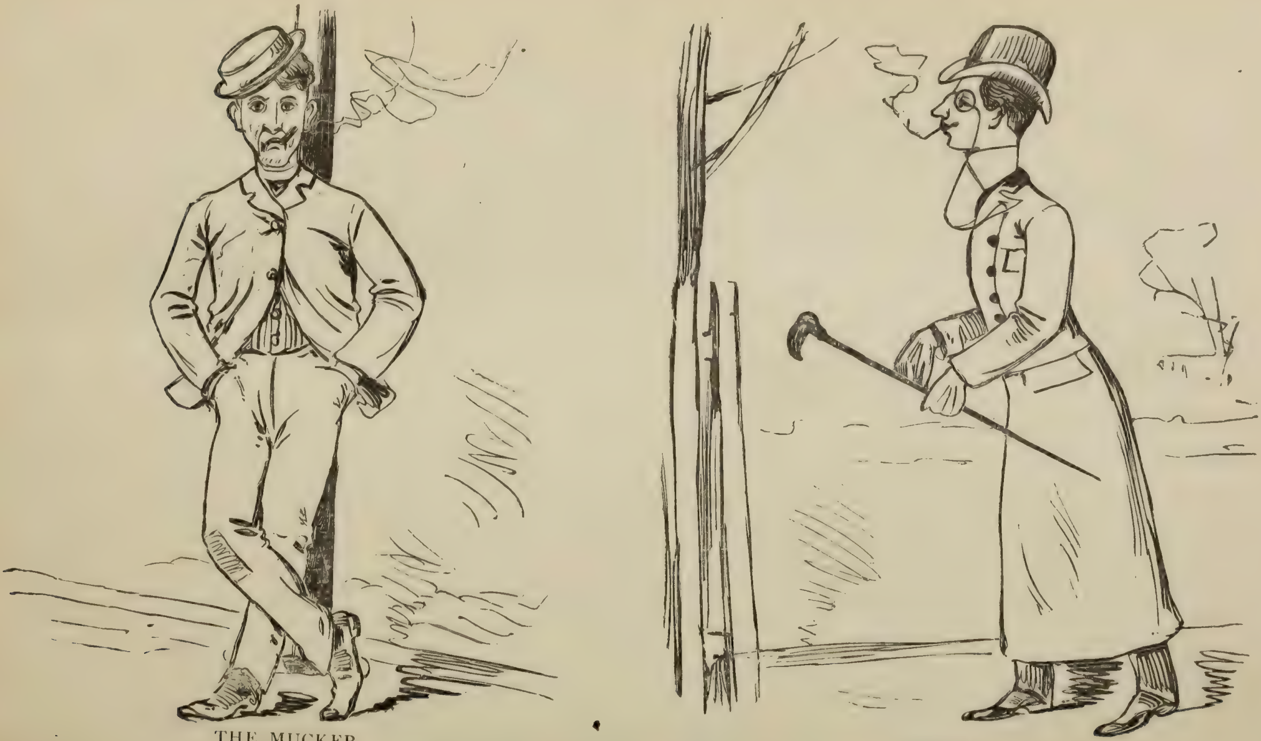
But the art with which Fulton's name is inseparably connected, as the prime agent in its promotion, is navigation by steam. Until Watt had perfected his double-acting engine, I may safely say that the application of steam had no other object than the pumping of water. Fulton's invention was based upon the properties of the double-acting engine of Watt. It could not be used until Watt, himself, had given to it its finishing touch. Just here is where Savary, Papins, Hulls, and all others who experimented before 1786 are inferior. Watt is Fulton's only rival. But Watt, if he ever conceived the idea of applying his engine to navigation, laid it aside as impractical. Fitch, with whom Fulton afterwards had a lawsuit, was the only one on this side of the Atlantic who had carried his ideas into execution. When the work of the two inventors was compared, Fitch declined to make the trial which would decide their relative merits. The engine as used to-day is practically the same as that used in 1808, and the arrangement of the ferry boat is nearly identical with Fulton's, the only exception being in the hull arrangement.

Fulton's calculations in regard to the speed of his vessels always proved correct. In all matters of practical mechanics and hydrostatics, so exact was he that it is hard to doubt that in his own experiments, had he lived, he would have discovered those facts which immediately resulted from his experiments, and were not fully known for some time after his death.

The prime of his life was spent in experimenting on the topedo warfare. He hoped to produce something which would make our country safe from the aggressions of the European powers. During the war of 1812, his movements were so much feared by the enemy that he was constantly followed by spies. It was almost in the midst of his work on the torpedo that he died. Taken away in the midst of his usefulness, no man was more sincerely mourned than he was. In person he was above the middle height; his face bore marks of intelligence and refinement. By nature a gentleman, his long intercourse in the highest circles of Europe and America gave him the most polished address and elegance of manners. His great success, and the wealth in his inventions, did not make him for one moment arrogant. He was fond of society; and the fine arts, once his profession, were his delight and recreation.

Fulton was the most prolific of American inventors. His services are recognized and admitted to be superior to those of any, with the sole exception of Whitney. This rank is now awarded him, not only by the tardy justice of his own countrymen, but by the historians of the world.

H. S. Kellogg.



THE MUCKER.　THE CAD.

ALWAYS AT SWORDS' POINTS.

# MORAL QUESTIONS IN POLITICS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In this great government of ours, "of the people, by the people and for the people," which controls the destinies of so many millions of people, there are certain recognized questions of supreme importance to every patriotic citizen,—questions which arrest and absorb the attention of all thinking men and demand from all calm, judicious thought. No man can trust entirely to the opinions held by his fellows, but, as a duty owed to the best welfare of his country, must use his own judgment and discretion in determining what is right.

The chief function which citizens are called upon to exercise as their share in the government is that of choosing and electing to public office those men who best represent the highest interests of our country. Since the election of every public officer is in the hands of the people, it is the duty of the people to select such men as are especially suited to the place, both in knowledge of the work required, and in regard to their character as citizens. This would involve the bringing in of a man's moral character, and the examination of this would in some cases be very detrimental to a man.

And this leads us to the discussion of the question, which appears in every election, should the morality of a man when a candidate for public office be taken into consideration as a point for or against him in an election? Let us look into some of the qualities of true statesmanship. A man whose will is strong, whose sense of right is keen, and whose reasoning powers are correct, must have a good moral character. It is inborn that morality goes with right and justice. As President Seeley has said, "Morality is the first quality of statesmanship." Without it no public man holding a responsible office can hope to retain the honored position he has obtained. The people may be deceived for a time, but sooner or later the uprightness and honest character which they demand will force anything below this standard to give way. It is not always easy to know just what standard to take, by which a man is to be judged, for such a standard is constantly changing from generation to generation. Those things which the moral code of eighty or even fifty years ago would allow, would now be considered as entirely out of place and beneath the dignity of any one. In the various countries too there is a vast difference as to what the people regard as morality in the state. But we have not to do with other lands or other tongues. The morality of the men of to-day who seek and obtain public office is seldom taken into account, and the large number of office-holders who have no moral character to rely on is a sure indication of great corruption in politics. That the moral character of men could profitably be made an issue in every election is an open question; and that, if it were so made, the majority of the people would stand by it to defend it, is, I think, more easily answered, and that in the negative. It is well known that any effort to correct any public evil by passing laws to the effect against it, is of no avail unless the sentiment of the people is strongly in favor of the change. And even then, unless the people will uphold the laws, the legislation is useless and the laws become a dead letter.

It may and often does happen that the men best fitted for certain offices are not moral men. It will not do to imperil a state's or city's welfare by entrusting it to a novice, nor does it seem right to deliver it to an unprincipled man. What shall be done in such a condition of affairs? Such a question cannot be answered once for all, as there are seldom, if ever, two cases exactly alike. Points which in the one case would tell for one of the men, might in the other strengthen the candidacy of another.

Returning to the question, it appears that it might be profitable, but not possible in the present state of affairs, to make the moral character of a man one of his qualifications for public office. Since the founding of our Republic men have discussed and disputed as to electing men to office merely on their knowledge of the duties required; and as long as this dispute goes on, so long will the great corruption in politics continue. And until a new era comes, we must keep on striving to put down all kinds of deceit and baseness, and to raise up a high standard of honesty, sincerity and morality.

HERBERT C. EMERSON.

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## THE WAY IT STANDS.

THAT she loves me I cannot doubt,
In every glance and smile 'tis out,
(And oh! how beautiful they are.)

That I love her 'tis very plain,
Yet do my best I can't refrain
From loving her, so sweet is she.

Oh! where's my boasted self-control?
Will my affections always roll
In this way o'er my better sense?

But she's so charming, sweet and good,
Although it were a sin, I should
Keep right on loving her.

G. B. H.

## ATHLETICS.

No one can say that the long term which has just passed has not been an eventful one for the school in athletics.

The weather has been all that could be desired for any of our sports, and one might see on the campus almost any night after school, Tennis, Base-ball, Foot-ball and a few La Crosse players.

Foot-ball first demands our notice, and right gladly do we record another well-earned victory over Exeter. Our eleven had but three of last year's team on, and was able to secure but two practice games before the final contest with Exeter, and consequently was unable to do as brilliant work as it might, could more teams have been found who would play us.

In the first game, the Harvard Fresh., we were met by a team composed almost entirely of strong players, who understood the game thoroughly and were accustomed to play a heavy game. It is a significant fact that the Freshmen made their two points in the first half, and during the second our team, getting on to their style of playing, effectually prevented them from scoring more. Harvard won by the score 9 to 0.

The next game, played with the Gentlemen of Boston, a team composed almost entirely of College Graduates, was won by our eleven, with the score 7 to 4. This encouraged the fellows somewhat, but as Exeter had beaten them 22 to 6, we did not feel over confident; and as the time for the Exeter game drew nigh, the thought of Exeter's having won *five* practice games, while we had won but *one*, made even the most hopeful begin to tremble. All such fears, as the result showed, were groundless, as our team more than fulfilled the highest expectations of any one by its superb work. It was the closest game that the two Academies had played for some time, and Phillips Andover did herself proud in the work of her foot-ball team. Every one knows the score, but we will repeat it for the sake of some who did not see the game, viz.,— 11 to 8.

Bicycling is still a favorite pastime with some and we wish there were more who owned the "glittering wheel." Many pleasant runs have been taken and the good roads about Andover have proved an attraction for many a pleasant afternoon.

Lawn Tennis has been very generally played this fall and the Tennis Association has become one of the regular school organizations. The first Tournament with Exeter has come and gone and we have yet to be "walked over" by our rival. Mr. Fitch, our representative in the singles, played, as has been remarked, a beautiful game, especially in returning swift volleys, and won two out of three sets with ease and steadiness. Strong and Graves played a good game in the doubles, but owing to the short time they had for practice before the Tournament, Exeter succeeded in just winning. Next spring we hope to see this favorite sport renewed with even more vigor, and with our best players in good trim we need have little fear from our rival.

Our Base-ball interests are being well looked after and everything at present betokens a strong team next spring. Of course no one can be found to fill Vinton's place, and we shall have to depend more on our general playing. By regular practice at the gymnasium during the winter, those who are good players will surely improve.

In conclusion we can say that the interest in Athletics was never greater than at the present time and that our Winter Tournament will probably be a great success.

The Laurel is still ours, and may it continue to rest above us as in "days of yore."

## EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, Herbert Clark Emerson, '85,
2d, Robert Elliot Speer, '86
3d, William Odlin, '86,
Board of Editors.

The present Board of Editors having completed their labor, give the result of their work to the school, hoping that every student in the Academy will find something in this issue of the Mirror to interest him, and that as the literary exponent of the school it will meet the expectation of all. A few slight changes have been made, but solely with a view to increase the interest of the school in its representative publication. With the wish that you may all spend the holidays with merriest hearts, we leave our work in your hands.

Philo still offers to her members the benefits to bestow which she was founded. Quite a large draft was made on her by the outgo last spring, but by old men whom the exigencies of the moment called out, and by a large amount of new talent, she has regained her prestige, and bids fair to rival former years in ability and strength. At first it was supposed that the literary talent of the school was very small; but owing partly to the political questions, and partly to the national topics, an unexpected mental vigor was disclosed, which should render the coming exhibition a thing of merit. The good order has been somewhat impaired by the placing of the reading room in society hall, but has, on the whole, been good, and the attendance better than ordinary. But after all, things are not as they should be. There is a lack of grasp and enthusiasm. If it is caused by timidity, let us conquer it. If it is caused by ignorance of affairs and history, let us master them. Whatever the evils, remedies must be adopted which will place Philo where she belongs and make her what she ought to be, — a body of ability and genius.

The Society of Inquiry has shown during the present term the same gentle, calm, yet powerful flow which has characterized it for many years. The majority of the meetings have been well attended, and have exhibited a pleasing freedom and liberty of address. The society sent a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. Convention, thus exhibiting a spirit of progress. But it still maintains the quiet and noble influence which sways the whole school.

The *Phillipian* has been conducted and edited this fall with customary high ability, and if the work shown in the *Phillipian* is a sample of the capability of the whole board, we have no cause to lament that such a board should express our feelings and defend our interests.

There are very few who see two national campaigns in Phillips Academy. Politics have been a relieving feature of this term. They have given it a coloring of excitement, and the expedition of the Blaine and Logan club to Lawrence has tinged it with a shade of romance and melancholy. Both parties organized, the Democrats rather tardily, and the white coats trimmed with blue, and the white coats trimmed with red, often enlivened the streets. Often in Philo did the advocates of the parties fling down the glove for mortal debate. Even St. John was upheld with a pertinacity which exasperated the followers of the Plumed Knight. After the election the exultation of the few overshadowed the despondency of the many. Then the labors imposed by the powers that be effaced the traces of campaign oil, and restored their equilibrium to those who were bubbling over with abnormal gladness.

The cheeky Cad and the flitting Fem. Sem. have not yet had an opportunity of testing their powers on the sparkling ice. Even during the brief Thanksgiving vacation, the Gods forgot to bestow on the hermits who clung to Andover the pleasure of seeing the Fem. Sems. skate.

Among the many of the advantages which it is the privilege of the fellows to avail themselves of, by no means the least were the lectures delivered during the first part of the term by Dr. Fairbairn, of Scotland.

The benefits attending school life at Andover are so numerous and so exceptionally worthy of attention, that every one who does not profit by them has only himself to blame. The libraries which have been held out again and again; the surpassing opportunities of enjoying the most advanced thoughts, and most enlightened conceptions and opinions, not only of passing events, but also of the thoughts and principles which have swayed men and nations for centuries; the most brilliant imported intellect, backed by home genius of the finest quality, all combine to give him who takes advantage of them a perfect and symmetrical mind, which certainly the inner life of the academy itself could not impart to him.

Certainly the Theological seminary is a thing to be thankful for. And the more so because it offers us not only the most ripened talent of our own, but also of other lands. As an illustration of this we point to its importation of Dr. Fairbairn. Not only in his lectures, but also in his sermon, could be seen and felt the grasp of a great brain, which not only felt, but could express justly, the thoughts of a great mind.

This is not a place for criticism, as we have no right to criticise until we can do it with justice and truth. Nor is it a place to bestow fulsome praise, as is too often the case with the small toward the great. But it is a place to render well-earned praise to a truly great mind, and to a genius of the finest and purest texture.

The fall term has been blessed by an unusually large number of literary entertainments. One of these of rather more than ordinary merit was Prof. Starr's exhibition of ventriloquism and magnified insects. This was a case where the tail wagged the dog most emphatically. Mr. Starr, besides giving an entertainment most instructive and of creditable worth, furnished a number of jokes, which could not help amusing all to whom they were new, and at the same time allowing those who had heard them to renew the kind acquaintance of their youth. On the whole the lecture was "mightier than the pen."

The old fellows on their return beheld again the countenance of him whom no one ever learned to dislike. After a pleasant and profitable stay in Europe, and searches for the fugitive Digamma, and the exiled Jod, Mr. Coy has returned to fill the place which he had always filled until Mr. Gile occupied it last year. While all were sorry to surrender Mr. Gile, yet all were glad to yield to one in whom they could place so much confidence.

As had been announced last spring, Mr. Clary went to Europe, and a new teacher had to be supplied to fill his place. It was evident that an instructor must be chosen who was not only wholly competent, but also a person who understood human nature. We believe such a man has been secured in Mr. H. C. Bierwirth, who was graduated high here, taking two Means prizes and one Draper, and also high at Harvard. We hope Mr. Bierwirth will prove a happy choice, and will carry out still farther the promise of success he has so far shown.

The foot ball season of 1884 closed with one of the most glorious victories the school has ever witnessed, and for the fourth time in succession the Exeter team has been compelled to retire with muffled drums and sad, very sad, countenances. The game with Harvard Fresh and the Gentlemen of Boston gave our team just the feelings which they needed to bring out their hidden powers. Although defeated by the Freshmen, and winning the second game by only a small score, we faced with calm determination the team that, in its five practice games, had swept everything before it as chaff before the wind. Exeter had indeed a fine team, and as they came on to the field many doubts were expressed as to whether our light team could hold and defeat a team of much greater size.

As the game progressed the excitement increased, until, near the close, one could scarcely contain himself in watching the completion of it. Cullinane scored the only point we obtained in the first half, by kicking a beautiful goal from the field. After the intermission our team played a sharp, plucky and steady game, and by good work Bradford made a touch-down, from which Cullinane kicked the goal. Exeter succeeded in making a touch-down, but did not succeed in kicking a goal, but added 4 to her score by 2 safties made by us. Our men played remarkably well, Odlin and King distinguishing themselves for their rushing, and Fleming and Dennison by their tackling. The final score, 11 to 8, showed that it was a hard contested and close game, and we, as a school, may well be proud of our ancient prowess in foot ball. Great credit is due the Captain, Mr. Odlin, for the thorough training the team showed, and that his own individual playing in the rush line was a marked feature of the game is worthy of especial mention.

The Editors of the MIRROR, according to the usual custom, offered prizes for the three best essays, best poem, and, departing a little from the former custom, for the *two* best cuts. As judges the editors think themselves very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Coy and Mr. Comstock, of the Academy. In accordance with their decision, the first prize is awarded to the essay on "Music as a Christian Art," by E. V. Morgan; the second to the essay entitled "A Chapter from the History of Holland," by S. N. Pond; the third to "The Invention of Steam Navigation," by H. S. Kellogg. The committee awarded the prize offered for the best poem to "A Tale of Thanksgiving," by S. N. Pond. Several cuts were handed in, and after due consideration, the first prize is given to the one entitled "The Senior's Snap (?)" drawn by F. O'Neill, and the second to the one on "Surveying at Phillips," by G. C. Harding. The Editors thought best to make use of three other cuts also, hoping thereby to make the magazine a little brighter than it has sometimes been in past years. It also gives us great pleasure to publish a story by one of last years's senior class, who kindly contributed it for our use. As an amateur author Mr. Grant needs no recommendation from us, as his productions while in the Academy were always of real merit.

Never since Lawn Tennis became so general a summer "raquet" have the students of the Academy been so interested in it as this last term. No decided action was taken in the matter until Exeter wrote down, telling us that she was ready to play us in singles and doubles. Then all the latent forces sprang into being, and the Phillips Academy Lawn Tennis Association became a decided reality. Its numbers soon swelled to nearly a hundred, showing how great the interest in the game was. A preliminary tournament was arranged to be played here during the week ending Oct. 13th, to decide by competition who should represent us with Exeter. Every court was used, and the sound of the gentle raquet cuuld be heard "from early morn to dewy eve." In singles Corliss, Fitch and Breed proved our best men, with the chances much in favor of Corliss; but owing to an unforseen accident he sprained his ankle while playing the last set with Breed, thus compelling him to withdraw altogether from the contest. Fitch then beat Breed, and represented us in the singles. In the doubles Graves and Strong came out as our best team, and they represented us in the doubles. Two tournaments were agreed upon, one to take place this fall at Exeter, and the other here in the spring. Two elegant silver and gold cups were purchased, and the school winning either the singles or doubles both times was to retain its cup as a sign of the championship of the two schools for that year in that branch. On Oct. 15th our representatives and about twenty-five fellows went to Exeter, hardly daring to hope that we might bring back even one of the cups. Mr. Taylor, of Exeter, was our opponent in the singles, and proved to be a very fine player. He won the first set 6-4, and attempted to win the next as easily; but it was not so to be, for Fitch braced, and by cool, steady and sure work, won the next two sets with ease, 6-2, 6-3. In the doubles Taylor and Huntington won the first, 6-3, and then as in the singles, our men braced, making the score 6-5, in Exeter's favor. The deuce set was not played out owing to a misunderstanding, and Exeter was declared the winner of the doubles. Thus each school has at present one cup, and next spring shall decide who are the champions. Mr.

Fitch's playing is deserving of great praise, and the school fully appreciate the fine work he did for us.

The People's Course of Lectures instituted last year met with so great success that a course was arranged for this season, and certainly the entertainments so far have been exceedingly interesting. The price is merely nominal, the price for a season ticket being only what one would expect to pay for a single lecture. No entertainment has been of inferior merit on account of the low price, but all have been highly interesting and instructive. Perhaps the most interesting lecture was given by Dr. Bancroft, on "The Romans at Home." Besides being instructive it was very bright and interesting, and abounded in witty sayings. All the lectures have been on interesting subjects, and included the following: "George Eliot," "Modern Discoveries in Egypt," "Dudes considered as Deadwood," "Scenes from the Land of Burns and Scott," and "Illustrious Irishmen of our Century."

Besides an orchestra the school this year has developed another musical organization,— the Phillips Glee Club, composed of ten members of the Academy. About forty tried for it, and the committee had to have several trials before the present men were chosen. As many new pieces as possible are being learned, and everything will be done to make the Glee Club a success. We go to press too early to praise or criticise its work, but we bespeak for it the hearty support of the school.

The promised treasury building has arrived. With fond expectation we have watched it slowly rise. The outside structure is nearly finished, and fully justifies our expectations. With what joy future generations will ascend its steps to pay their dues!

For years it has seemed as if the followers of the cracksman's craft had some special aversion to Andover; but if so they have got bravely over it. On the night of the Blaine and Logan parade in Lawrence, they entered the house of Prof. Phelps and carried off negotiable securities to the amount of $8,000. The same night they entered the dwellings of Profs. Churchill and Taylor. At the former place they obtained $150, at the latter two gold watches and $60 in money.

One night during the summer vacation the fire alarm was sounded about 10.15. The building that was on fire proved to be the well-known Blunt House. The steamer soon came and sunk its suction hose into the reservoir at the corner of Main and Green Streets. A few of the boys and a number of town people hastily brought out the renowned Phillips tub, and took station at the reservoir on School Street. The hose was run through the yard of Mr. Ray, and the pumps being manned, succeeded in extinguishing the fire upon the Ray buildings. By far the best position for extinguishing the fire in the property of Mr. Blunt was just obtained, and the steamer was doing great execution, when suddenly the supply of water stopped, and after some delay it was found that the steamer, having exhausted its reservoir, had taken possession of ours. After this the school machine was located at a well in the back yard, and while the water lasted it did nobly. After the fire was extinguished it was found that the barn was thoroughly demoralized, and that the back part of the dwelling house was a charred wreck. A large gang of men were immediately set at work, and as the result of their labors we now see the large, spacious Blunt House.

Two years ago the school could boast of as fine an amateur orchestra as one ever hears, and during the year it was a source of much enjoyment both to the school and to outsiders. Its success was in a great measure due to Mr. F. S. Palmer, who was untiring in his efforts to make it a success. Since he left school no one has been found who would undertake to continue and manage an orchestra until this fall, when the loose material in the school gathered itself together and Mr. N. J. Clifford was chosen conductor. In this capacity Mr. Clifford has shown himself fully competent to direct and manage our orchestra, and we are sure that under his direction it will soon become an honor to the school. No concerts have been given as yet, but constant practice is making the success of its future an assured fact.

We are glad to mention the Andover Choral Union Society, which as in former years offers to singers a rare chance of improving their vocal organs. Mr. Whitney, of Boston, has been engaged as leader, and needs no recommendation. Under his management we are sure every hour will be profitably spent, and the instruction given will be of the best character. Meetings are held regularly once a week, and about seventy-five members avail themselves of the privileges offered. The concert at the close of the season will be no small part of the enjoyment of the enterprise, and we are sure it will meet the expectations of all.

## PROF. JOHN LORD TAYLOR, D.D.

Prof. John Lord Taylor, who for more than twenty-five years served Phillips Academy and the Theological Seminary, first as treasurer and afterwards as professor, died at Andover, September 23, 1884. He was born in Warren, Conn., May 20, 1811. In 1835 he graduated at Yale College, and afterwards spent two years at the Yale Theological Seminary. During his seminary course he was also tutor in the college. In 1836 he was ordained to the pastorate of the South Church in Andover, where he remained until he was appointed treasurer of Phillips Academy in 1852. The business ability which he showed in his new position was a surprise even to his friends. He came to the office at a time when the financial affairs of the two institutions greatly needed to be reorganized, and proved himself wonderfully fitted for that difficult task. Although the business embarrassments of 1857 came within his period of service, he was instrumental in largely increasing the funds at the disposal of the trustees. In 1868 he left the place of treasurer to become professor in the seminary, with the particular oversight of the newly established special course. On account of the feebleness of his health he resigned his professorship in 1879. His interest in the two institutions with which he was so long connected never abated, and the value to them of his personal services in many directions is inestimable. His pecuniary gifts also to the seminary place him in the roll of her large benefactors.

Few persons are permitted to exert so wide and so strong an influence for good in a community or an institution as was exerted by Prof. Taylor during his life in Andover. With a character of rare loveliness were mingled to a remarkable degree great practical wisdom and unusual executive talents. He was universally beloved, and those who have been accustomed to meet him on his daily walks will not soon forget the kindly smile with which he greeted an acquaintance.

Prof. Taylor edited the Memorial Volume of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Seminary, and is the author of a Memoir of Samuel Phillips, and of several pamphlets, among them a Memorial Discourse delivered on the last Sunday before the seminary congregation left the old Bartlet Chapel.

## FADINGS.

A tight place — the ballet girl's dressing-room.

The first order that Noah gave when about to build the ark was, "Gopher wood."

Unconscious homœopathy: "I was vaccinated straight from the calf, you know!" "Ah! similia similibus!"

The proper question to ask a young woman who is about to elope is, "Does your mother know your route?"

"One of the few boarding-house keepers who have grown rich in this city is called Mrs. Phœnix, because she arose from her hashes."

"Say, Sonny, what is the name of your dog?" "Psalm, ma'am." "What do you call it that for?" "Why, because it isn't a Hymn."

"Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so nice and soft." Miss Frost — "Ah! and do you sleep with your hat on?"

Storekeeper — "Stocking, miss? Yes, miss. What number, miss, do you" — Matter-of-fact young lady — "Why, two, of course! Do you think I've got a wooden leg?"

"Here lies my good and gracious Auntie,
Whom Death has packed in her portmanty,
Threescore and ten years God did gift her,
And here she lies, wha de'il daurs lift her."

Two men, both named Hill, and a man named Poorhouse, all ran for office out in Kansas, and the latter was elected. It was a case where the votes went over the Hills to the Poorhouse. (Don't shoot.)

An awkward misconstruction: Young farmer — "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton — "Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean this as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

Mixing the immortals : " Are you familiar with Bryant ? " asked a young lady of a timid young man whom she was trying to draw out. " Oh, yes," he replied proudly brightening up, "I graduated at one of his business colleges."

Charming, but somewhat slangy : " How do you like it ? " asked a yachtsman of a young lady, as the boat went up and down in the trough of the waves. " Oh, I — I — I it's too awfully swell ! " was the distressed reply.

Accounting for an odd notice : The Oregon *Advertiser* did it in this way : " Born, to the wife of Amos Josephs, a daughter — twins." The inference is that full returns were not in when the first part of the notice was set up.

" Where are your kids ? " a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. " At home in bed," was the indignant reply. " Do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this ? "

An Irishman once telegraphed to his brother in Liverpool as follows : " Your wife died yesterday. We will wake her to-night. Come home. P. S. — Don't open this for two hours, so as to prepare yourself for the melancholy news."

The tribulations of a young preacher : A young theologian preached before the assembled classes of a female college. In his opening prayer he cried out : "O Lord, kindle a flame of love in our hearts, and, O Lord, water it — water it ! "

" What is the meaning of *ex nihilo nihil fit ?* " asked a Highlander of a village schoolmaster. " Weel, Donald," answered the dominie, " I dinna mind the literal translation ; but it just means that ye canna tak' the breeks off a Highlandman."

Injured innocence : Parent (angrily) — " You have been in the water ! You were fishing ! " Son — " Yes, ma'am, I was in the water ; but I got a boy out who might have been drowned." Parent — " Indeed, who was it ? " Son — " Myself ! "

Reckless Dude (to burglar, whom he has discovered in closet) — " Oh, you nasty, saucy thing, to hide in my bedroom ! There ! I'll break your umbrella, so you can't go out without getting soaked, for its raining like anything outside." Burglar faints.

" Why are you late ? " asked an Austin school teacher of a little girl, who hung her head and said : " We have got a little baby at home." "Don't let it happen again," said the teacher fiercely; and the little girl said she would not, and took her seat.

Why there was an icy smile: "And so you have been to Europe? Did you go to Switzerland, and did you see the glaciers?" Mrs. Shoddy — "Oh, yes, we saw mechanics of all kinds; but then, you know, I don't take any interest in such vulgar persons."

Sweet innocence: "Ma, is it wrong to kiss a man you are engaged to?" Ma — "Certainly, my dear, very wrong." "There, now, that's just what I told them." "Told whom?" "Why, Dick and Jack and Tom and Charlie and Arthur and Will and Bob and Al and Gus and — " But ma had fainted.

A Maine skipper pointed out to an ancient darkey whose trick it was to steer at the helm, a certain star to steer by. In luffing to meet a squall, that came up rather suddenly, the old darkey lost sight of the star. He hurriedly roused the skipper, shouting, "Gimme anoder star, capting; Ise done sailed past dat that fust one."

A wit will have his joke, even at the expense of gallantry. Lord Houghton, noted in England because of his merry disposition, as well as because of his acquirements, was such a man. On one occasion, when a lady was boasting that she had brought hundreds of men to her feet, the witty lord remarked, in an undertone, "Chiropodists!"

"I want to present Augustus with a cane," said a young New York lady, "but I don't know what size he wears." "What do you mean by size?" was the question; "are canes of different sizes?" "Oh, yes; and one has to be very careful in selecting them. I shouldn't like to send dear Augustus a cane with a head big enough to choke him."

"Mary, here's an advertisement in the paper that I think I had better answer." "What is it, John?" "Why, it says 'a good setter dog for sale cheap by Edward Smith.'" "Well, what do you want of a setter dog, John?" "Oh, I dunno, only I thought it might do to watch the house at night, and as it's a setter we could use him on the eggs during the day."

"John, what is that peculiar smell?" The hour was late and he had just returned from the lodge. "This is the incense we use in the lodge room, my dear." "If that's all you go to the lodge room for, I don't see why you can't buy a few bottles of it and keep it in the house in case of sickness." He merely remarked that he thought she was incensed enough already.

" Here Crummy lies, enclosed in wood,
Full six feet one and better;
When tyrant Death grim o'er him stood,
He faced him like a hatter.
Now lies he low without a boot,
Free from a world of bustle,
And silent now is Crummy's flute,
And aweful dry his whustle."

A story of an actor: A Boston comedian, visiting New York lately, took a seat with a friend on top of one of the Broadway coaches to enjoy a drive down town. Being forced by a sudden shower to seek shelter in the interior of the vehicle, he gave expression to his feelings in Johnson's familiar line, slightly altered to suit the occasion: " Superfluous lags the wetter 'un on the stage."

She — I read in a fashion paper to-day that buttons are coming in again.

He — Is that so? Well, that suits me exactly. It's about time they did.

She — Why?

He — They've done nothing but come off ever since we were married.

An Austin school teacher, who is simultaneously an Irishman, has been very much annoyed by absentees. He created a slight flutter of excitement among the elder pupils by saying in a very impressive manner:

" Children, I want yez to understand that from now on the absentays must sit on the front binch so I can know right off who they are, and apply the corrective." — *Texas Siftings.*

The following epitaph from Banbury churchyard is a very unique specimen of funeral literature: To the memory of Ric. Richards, who by a Gangreen first lost a toe, and afterwards a leg, and lastly his life, on the 7th day of April, 1856.

" Ah, cruel death, to make three meals of one! To taste and eat, still all was gone. But know, thou tyrant! when the trump will call. He'll find his feet and stand where thou shalt fall."

" Do you know, George, I wish you would stay at home tomorrow." " Why, darling?" " Oh, because this afternoon a terrible looking tramp came here while you were away and ordered me to give him something to eat, so I had to give him that sponge cake I made last Saturday, and, George, he says he's coming back to-morrow." "Did he eat the cake darling?" "Yes; all of it. Yes, every bit." "Well, then set your mind at rest, dear, he will never come back."

"You're the belle of the town,"
The youug man said,
As he smoothed the curls
On her queenly head.
He took the hint, the young man did,
When she gave her head a little fling,
And murmered softly in his ear,
"What good is a bell withour a ring?"

An Austin boy kept on throwing his cap into the air and catching it after his father had told him to keep his cap on his head. Finally his father lost patience. After a brief, but painful interview the parent threw the strap and asked:

"Now, do you know where your cap should have been?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the boy, rubbing himself where he needed it most; "It should have been under my clothes."

A worthy man had lost two wives. After stating the name and age of the first, he added: —

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

In a few years his second wife died; and following her name and age is: —

"I called upon the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me out of my tronble."

### A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying,
That fain would die!

"When Jennie Meets Me at the Gate" is the title and burden of a new song. If the night is clear, When Stars are Twinkling, Love, keep your weather eye out for the old man, say about the time Our Grandfather's Clock strikes ten, for he may be Comin' Thro' the Rye from the village with Towser: in which case you had better get Over the Garden Wall, while she goes in and Pulls Down the Blinds to make pa believe she had said her little Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep at 9 o'clock.

A delayed wedding: "Papa, you will have to buy me a new silk dress very soon." "Why, it's not long ago that I bought you a new silk dress. What's the matter with that one, my dear?" "It is worn badly about the waist. It doesn't look fit to be seen." "H'm. Isn't this the second silk dress that young Mr. Featherly has worn for you — about the waist?" "I — I am afraid it is, papa," replied the blushing girl, "but we have one consolation, you and I. It must cost him a great deal for coat-sleeves."

A race "as was a race": "Yaas," said an old settler, "we ran hosses in Texas." "Then you take an interest in the noble sport?" asked the stranger. "I was engaged in a hoss race some years ago in which I took a right smart interest." "Running race?" "Hit war." "Mile or half track?" "Hit was a fifty mile track, stranger. Texas is a big State." "A fifty mile track! I never heard of such a thing. And did you win?" "You bet." "How much did you win?" "I won the hoss, stranger."

"What are you whipping that boy for?" asked a passer-by of an Irishman.

"Because his brother hit me with a sthone, sor."

"Well, but this boy is not to blame."

"Yes, but yez see sor, the two chaps are twins."

"That makes no difference."

"Yes, it does, sor, fur bain' so much aloik, it would be the one av thim as apt to hit me as the othr." — *Arkansaw Traveller.*

John gently rebuked: A young man had his girl out carriage riding the other evening, and the horse took fright and ran away. In turning a corner the vehicle was overturned and the young lady was pinned to the earth, the body of the carriage lying heavily across her waist. She was rendered unconscious. When she was released from her perilous position she slowly opened her eyes as consciousness returned and faintly gasped: "Don't — squeeze — me — quite — so — hard — next — time — John."

He was seated across the room. "George," she said, "if a fire were suddenly to break out in the house what would be your first impulse, do you think?" "Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety and then do what I could to extinguish the flames." "That would be very nice of you to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time reaching me from way across the room?" "I don't know but I would," said George, as he changed his seat.

### AT THE SHORE.

A little girl, a little curl,
A bonnet that half hided
A mass of hair a struggling there
To kiss her face — as I did.

A water-ice, a very nice
Moonlight perambulation
Along the beach, where sigh and speech
Relaxed in meditation.

Nay, I'll assert we did not flirt
Down where the ocean edge is;
We merely sat all day by that
Fair sea, and watched the sedges.

A little chill, a little thrill —
The fun at last is over;
Another miss I have to kiss,
And she — another lover.

Of two girls and a balky horse: The horse had stopped and refused to budge, seemingly aware that the two young lady tourists were novices at driving. "Jennie, what in the world shall we do? The outrageous brute refuses to budge." "Laura, there is an awful wicked word that I have heard men use, but —" "O my, we couldn't, but —" "O, say, I'll tell you what won't be wrong: I'll say one-half and you the other: "Gosh!" "Darnit!" "Gosh!" "Darnit!" "Gosh!" But the horse stood still. "He doesn't appear to understand us, Jennie," said Laura, despondently. "No, the horse doesn't, but the Devil does, Laura."

Sam Kalleton, a member of the Arkansas Legislature, was very fond of offering amendments to bills introduced. That was the limit of his legislative capacity. One morning, after a night's hilarity, he entered the legislative hall just as the chaplain was asking Divine aid. The old man took a chew of tobacco, and listened attentively until the chaplain had closed his petition with an effective recitation of the Lord's Prayer. "Mr. Speaker," said the old man, rising, "I move to strike out the words 'daily bread,' and insert 'as much bread as may be found necessary for twenty days.' We have already done enough for the food sufferers."

BEN BUTLER ON MAUD MULLER.

Ben Butler, on a summer's day,
Stood in a convention making hay;
The hay was sweet and the hay was dry,
But it wasn't as cocked as old Ben's eye,
For old Ben saw on a gelding gay
Judge Nomination ride that way.

When the Judge saw Ben in the hay at work
He stopped his horse with a sudden jerk,
And he rolled his eyes on the winsome face
And the buxom form and the airy grace
And the wealth of cheek and the mesh of hair
Of sweet Ben Butler a-working there.

"Oh," sighed the Judge, "that the fate were mine
To wed with a creature so divine!
With Ben for a mate, my life would seem
Like a poet's song or an artist's dream;
But when they heard of my marital pick
How like a steer my folks would kick!"

So, fearful of what his folks might say,
Judge Nomination rode away
And left Ben Butler standing there
With her wealth of cheek and her mesh of hair;
And of all sad words of tongue and pen
The saddest are these — "He wouldn't have Ben."

Visitor (at the Indian school) — "So all the children are Indians?"

Teacher — "Yes. Many of them are sons and daughters of great chiefs."

Visitor — "What are they doing now?"

Teacher — "This is the arithmetic hour, and they are doing their sums."

Visitor — "Ah! Yes, I have often heard about Indian summers."

The silence which followed was only broken by the whizz of tomahawks.

A traveller just from the South reports the following: On one of the Southern railroads there is a place called "Sawyer." Lately a newly married couple boarded the train and were very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about 200 times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lips, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted :

" Sawyer ! Sawyer ! "

" What's that ? " responded the groom, looking over his shoulder at the brakeman.

" Sawyer ! Sawyer ! "

" Well, I don't care a darn if you did ; she's my wife."

### THE FESTIVE WM. GOAT.

About a festive Wm. Goat
I sing this soulful song.
All shaggy was his hairy coat,
His horns were curved and long.

Upon the commons he had dwelt
For years continuously ;
Both rain and sunshine he had felt,
And sorrow sore, and glee.

Full many a circus poster bright
He gathered as he ran ;
Oft he had feasted with delight
On a tomato can.

Hoop skirts and broken crockery, too,
And rusty nails and files,
Oft filled him with a rare ragout,
And wreathed his face in smiles.

One day, like Rasselas, he yearned
To see some other place ;
Then to the city streets he turned
And ambled off with grace.

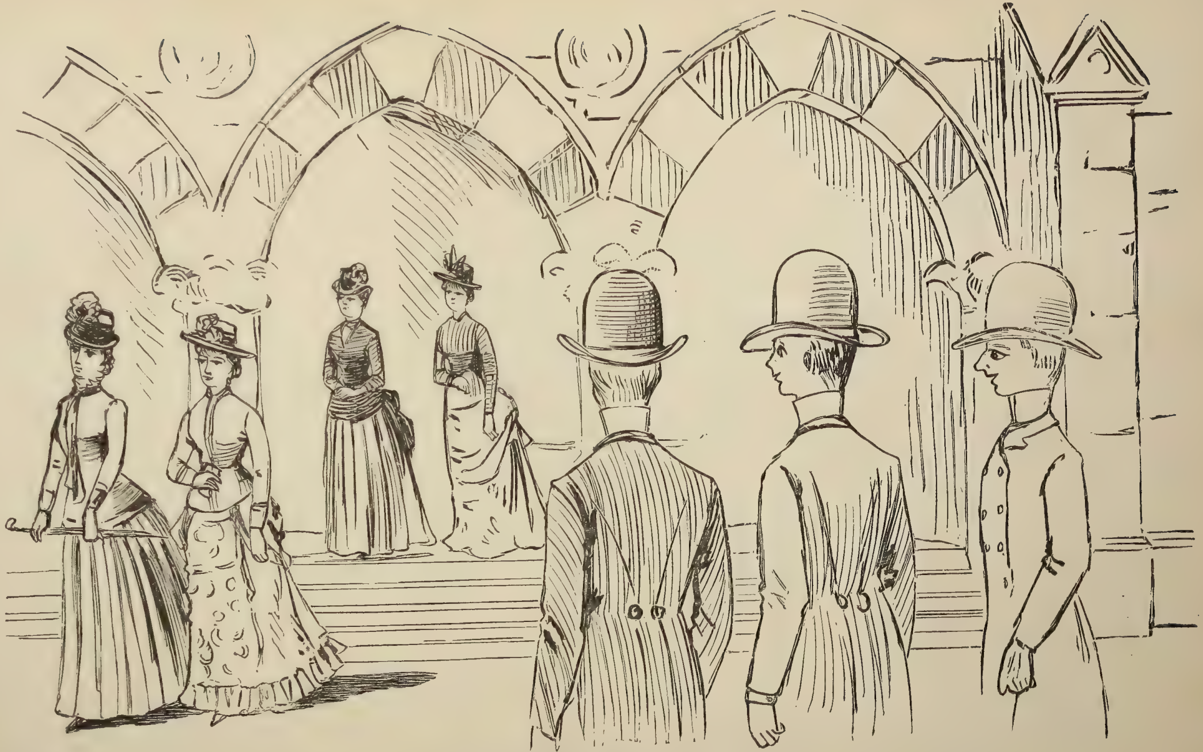
He splintered a piano box,
Knocked out a proud bull-pup,
He chased a teasing boy four blocks,
And broke a lamp-post up.

At last upon the sidewalk he
Preceived a silent keg ;
He went at it quite merrily,
And waved his right fore-leg.

He butted up, he butted down,
He butted fore and aft ;
He butted till an angry frown
Replaced his joyous laugh.

" What thing art thou ? " at last he cried,
That I cannot careen."
Softly the smiling keg replied :
" I'm oleomargarine."

One shriek the Capricornus gave,
Then sadly did he mutter,
" Come ! sweet death ! Yawn precious grave !
I've met a stronger butter ! "



“SURVEYING AT PHILLIPS.”

# THE PHILLIPS POT-POURRI.

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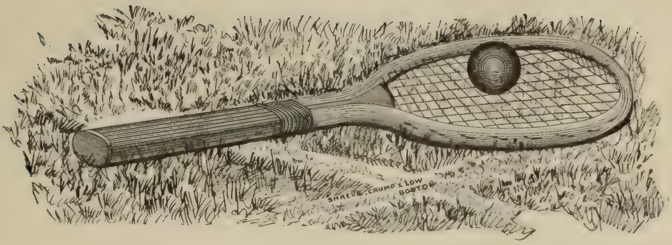

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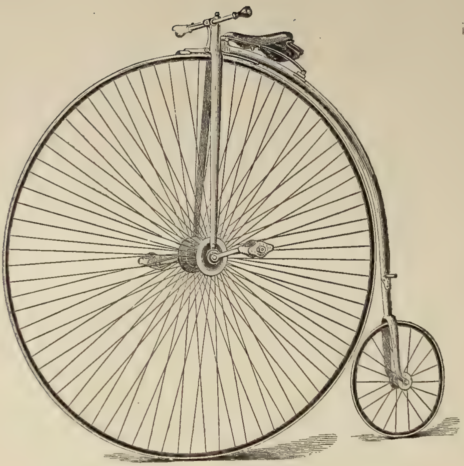

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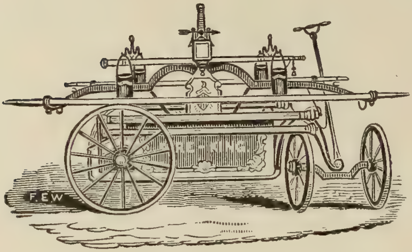

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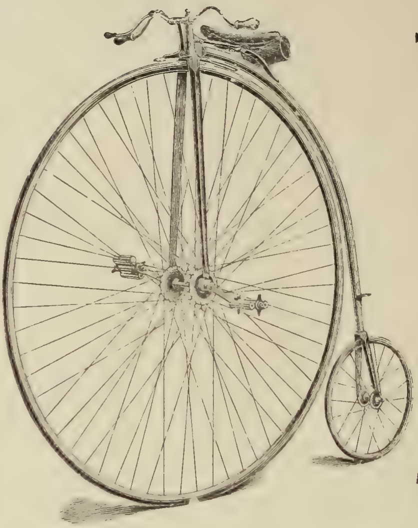

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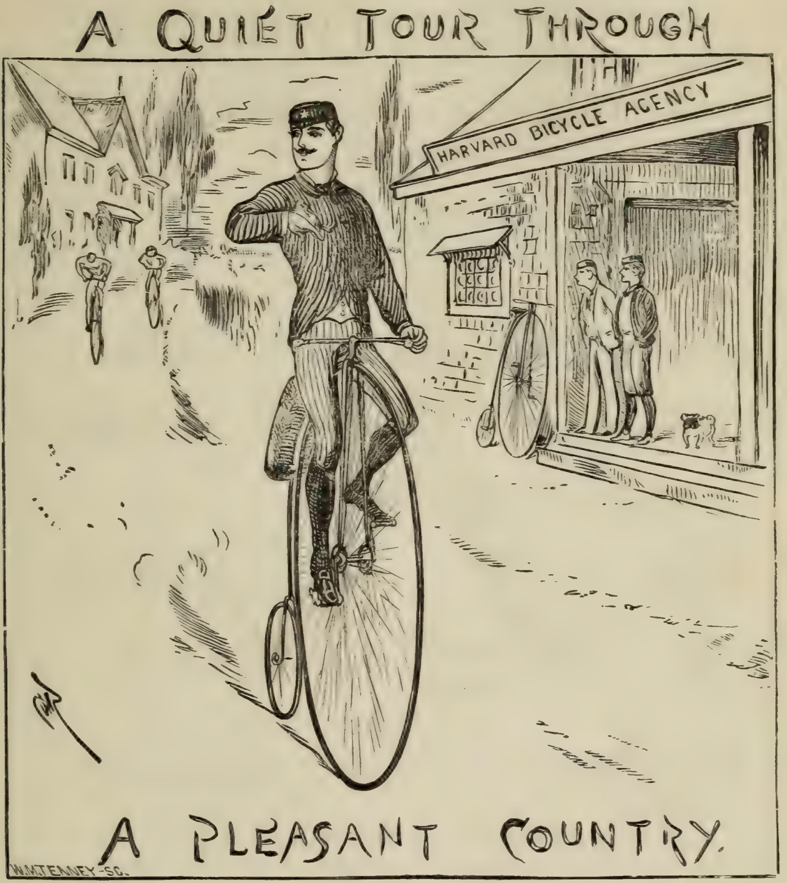
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# THE
# PHILO. MIRROR

SPRING TERM 1885

PUBLISHED BY THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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Vol. XXXI No. 2

SCIRE EST REGERE

# THE
# PHILO MIRROR

MARCH, 1885

*Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία*

Andover
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY

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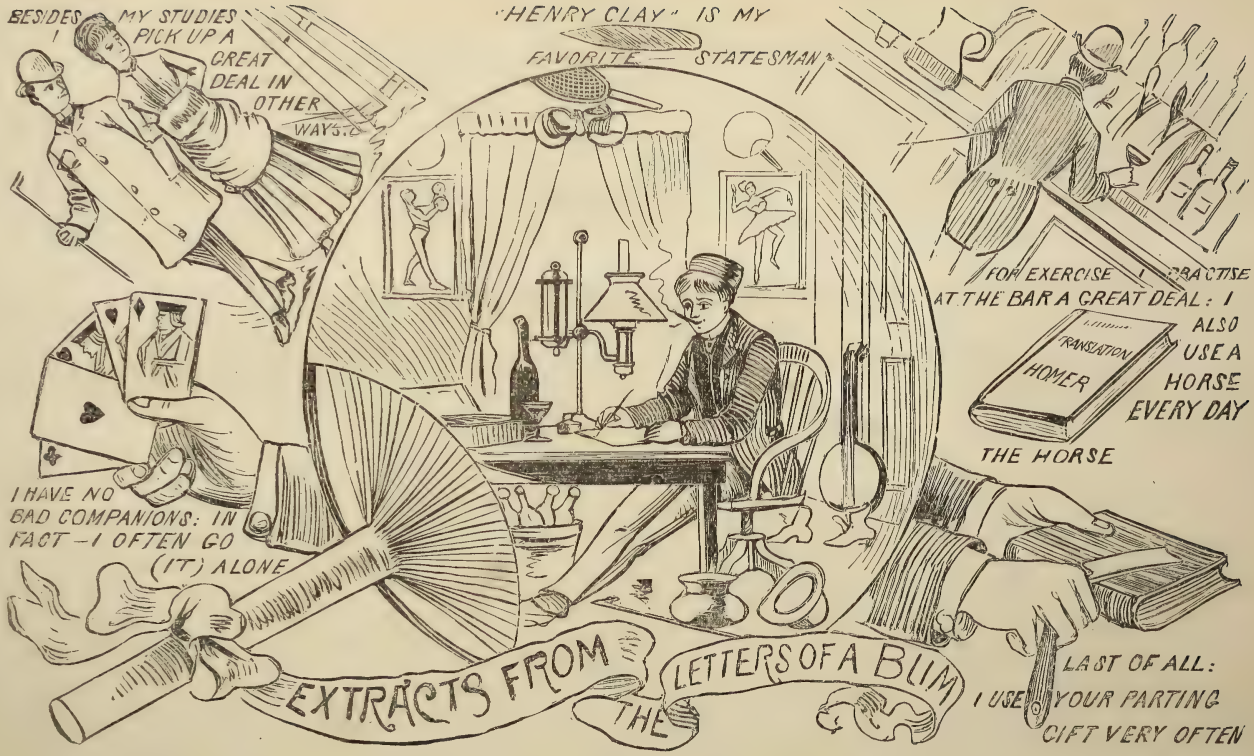
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HOMER
THE HORSE
I HAVE NO BAD COMPANIONS: IN FACT — I OFTEN GO (IT) ALONE
EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A BUM
LAST OF ALL: I USE YOUR PARTING GIFT VERY OFTEN

# THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXI.—MARCH, 1885.—NO. 2.

## THEON.

HAVE you ever heard this story,
  Told in legend quaint and old,
Of a lovely fairy maiden
  With her curling locks of gold;
How she blessed a poor old boatman
  Who upon a river's strand
Lived, and o'er its rushing waters
  Ferried people safe to land?
If you've not, then list to me:
I will tell it now to thee.

Many hundred years ago,
  In a land far o'er the sea,
In a pleasant land of sunshine,
  From all strife and warfare free,
Dwelt, beside an ancient river,
  With his wife and children four,
Theon — bold and skillful boatman —
  Plying to and from the shore.

And his humble, low-thatched cottage
  Many a stranger often found,
Wishing o'er the rushing river
  To be carried safe and sound.
Small his wage, but large his heart was;
  Theon's was a happy life,
With his trusty boat of beech-wood,
  Children dear, and loving wife.

One night, as outside it thundered,
  Lightnings flashed and rain did pour,
Theon seemed to hear a knocking
  As of some one at his door;
And a low and piteous moaning
  Broke upon his listening ear,
O'er the tumult of the tempest
  And the noisy stream so near.

Not a moment then delayed he,
  Open wide the door he flung,
And a poor old woman entering
  At his knees entreating clung:
"Oh, sir, I must cross the river,
  I must reach the other shore!
True, the night is wild and stormy,
  Yet — oh, wilt thou row me o'er?"

"Must thou cross to-night?" he answered;
  "Oh, *indeed* I must," said she;
"'Tis enough that thy heart needs it,
  I will row thee o'er," said he.
And, although the night was stormy,
  Though the swollen flood ran high,
Straightway then he led the woman
  To a sheltered cove hard by,

Placed her in his boat so trusty,
Seized the oars and pushed away.
"God care for and keep my dear ones
Should I ne'er return, I pray."
Thus he murmured — but he halted,
For, across his wondering sight
Burst a strange and glorious vision,
With its radiance so light.

O'er the woman, as she sat there,
Hung a halo golden bright,
And, instead of rags, he saw her
Clad in flowing robes of white;
While her face of wondrous beauty,
Seeming wrapped in glorious sheen,
O'er the dark and sullen waters
Cast a silvery light serene.

Speechless then with awe and wonder,
Gazing on that lovely form,
Theon rowed across the river,
Heeding not the drenching storm;
Till at length they gained the landing,
Felt the keel grate on the strand;
Then the lovely maiden, smiling,
Spake thus, as she stepped to land:

"Blessed art thou, henceforth, Theon,
For thy pity, so entire
That thou didst not stop to question
With a longing heart's desire.
Whosoe'er thy boat shall enter
Ne'er shall perish on the wave;
Many lives in times of shipwreck
It shall be thy lot to save."

Then she vanished in the distance ;
  Theon crossed the stream once more,
Told the story of the maiden
  To his wife and children four.
And for many years thereafter,
  Safe alike in storm and calm,
Theon rowed men o'er the river
  Without peril, without harm.

And one night, as he lay dying,
  Friends and dear ones bending o'er,
While without the storm was raging
  As it did that night before,
In the parting of his spirit
  From its earthly home of clay,
His old boat broke from its moorings
  And soon drifted far away.

And they say that still at evening,
  When a storm is raging high,
Theon and the lovely maiden
  May be seen to hover nigh ;
And the silvery light resplendent
  From her brow shines clear to view,
So that rowers in the darkness,
  Taking courage, pull anew.

Z. Y. X.

# BOOKS AND READING.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

The importance of this subject is not only great, but is constantly increasing. Books, as an element of influence, are becoming more and more important, and the range of reading is ever widening.

Books of all sorts are now brought within the reach of most persons who desire to read them. The time has gone by when the mass of the community were restricted to a score or two of volumes: the Bible, one or two works on religion, two or three standard histories, and half a dozen novels. Many a man can recollect the time when all the books to which he could have access were few, and were read and re-read till they were almost committed to memory. All the books for children, two generations ago, were not more than a dozen; whereas, at present, new "juveniles" are prepared by the hundred a year, and the library of a child ten years old is very often more numerous and costly than was that of many a substantial and intelligent household. Now we read when we sit, when we lie down, and when we ride. When we travel we find a moving library on every train, and a fixed library at every railroad station.

We read when we are well and when we are ill, when we are busy and when we are idle.

There is little use for the caution, "Beware of the man of one book." If it be true, as it may be, that a single book makes an impression less marked and decisive than formerly, so that a bad or inferior book may do less harm than it once did, it is also true that bad and inferior books are far more common than they once were.

If one goes into a bookstore he is bewildered by the number and the variety of books from which he is to select, and his chance selection is as likely to be as bad as good. The bookseller can tell them what books are popular and are having a good run, but the recommendation is of a doubtful character. The taste, as applied to books and reading, like the eye for color and form, may be educated, or rather taught to educate itself. Although a book may be read carelessly, yet it exerts an influence upon us which is far more powerful than we are apt to think. Our books — above all our favorite books — should be selected with as great a care as our friends and acquaintances. A truly useful book should yield genuine delight in reading, add power to the intellect, and impart grace and finish to one's character and life.

No one can read with profit that which he cannot learn to read with pleasure. A book to a great degree reflects the author, and many times not only reflects the author, but the best part of him — or it may be the worst. Hence, reading a man's book is often worth far more than listening to his conversation.

So, too, a good book may be of more value to the world than a good man, for it is the best part of a good man, the good without the evil.

Reading ought not to be aimless, even though its aim be to while away an hour, and one ought to read with attention. It was said of Edmund Burke that he read every book as if he were never to see it a second time, and thus gave his whole attention to it and made it his own. Daniel Webster was one of the most earnest and intelligent of readers all his life long. His favorite authors were read and re-read with a passionate fondness. How he became so successful and intelligent a reader is explained in his autobiography. Whatever he read he read so often and earnestly that he learned to repeat it.

He who would read with attention must learn to be instructed in what he reads. He must feel a want that must be satisfied. He must master and not be mastered by his increasing stock of knowledge. He must exercise great and still greater energy in judging and in applying the acquisition he has made, make them feed his memory, animate his principles, and guide his life.

# THE EARLY HISTORY OF LACE MANUFACTURE.

## *First Mirror Prize Essay.*

It is a Saturday evening in the late fall of 1809. The early twilight rapidly settles over the busy town of Nottingham, England, and one by one the tired workmen are seen joyfully turning their footsteps homeward, now that the long day's work is over. In a dingy little shop in an obscure quarter of the town, lighted only by the dull, flickering flame of what might once have deserved the name of a lamp, sits a young man of perhaps five and twenty, his brow contracted, his face haggard and careworn, an anxious expression in his youthful eyes, eagerly experimenting with a strange complication of bobbins, nets, meshes, and various machinery in an upright frame before him. And now with a sigh he ceases his labor, extinguishes the feeble lamp, and locking the door of the shop behind him, puts the key in his pocket, and with a heavy heart turns once more, as he has so often done before, to his humble home; on his lips those same sad words with which he has been wont to greet her, who, he knows, with anxious and expectant hopes is awaiting his return. As he raises the latch and enters the scantily furnished apartment a bright-eyed young woman of about his own age, who had been busying herself preparing their humble evening meal, runs to greet him, and her first words are, "Well, John, will it work?"

"No, not yet; I have had to take it all to pieces again."

"Oh, John," —— and sinking into the nearest chair the little woman gives way to a flood of tears, while he vainly tries to comfort her with the assurance that success is not far distant.

* * * * * * *

It is a Saturday evening, three weeks later, and along those same streets, but with a far lighter step, our young friend again makes his way homeward.

"Well, John, will it work?" and the tired, discouraged little face looks up to his own as he crosses the threshold and hears once more that inquiry so familiar to his ears.

"Yes, Anne, it *will* work! And see, I have brought you the first piece of machine-wrought traversed net ever made in this or any other country! You shall wear it in your bonnet, and I tell you, you are a woman to be envied by the noblest ladies in the land!"

"Oh, John,"—— and once more the little woman gives way to a hearty cry, but they are tears of joy, and she needs not to be comforted now; and while they two are rejoicing over their well-earned success, let us glance briefly at the life of this young genius, who, at the early age of twenty-four, stands forth the modest yet conscious inventor of one of the most intricate machines the world has ever seen.

John Heathcoat, the subject of my present sketch, was born in the little town of Duffield, near Derby, England, August 7, 1783. It would be impossible in this limited space to trace fully his early life, but we read of him as living at home on his father's farm and attending the village school, where he was especially noted for his quick perception, thoughtful intelligence and quiet manner. At an early age he was apprenticed to a frame-smith and stocking-maker in an adjoining town, where he soon learned to handle tools with surprising dexterity, and acquired an accurate knowledge of the stocking-frame and the more intricate warp-loom. Being a natural-born mechanic, this employment was much to his taste, and when but sixteen years old he is said to have conceived the idea of inventing a machine for the manufacture of lace.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship he sought employment at Nottingham, a busy manufacturing town, where, by means of his thorough practical knowledge of mechanical powers and contrivances, his services soon commanded high wages.

It was during this period, and soon after Mr. Heathcoat had attained the age of twenty-one, that he became acquainted with, and married, Anne, the daughter of Mr. William Caldwell, of Hathern. And probably no one of the world's great inventors, who have known what it is to struggle against poverty, discouragement and failure, was ever more fortunate in the selection of a partner of his labors than was he. Active, thoughtful, kind, patient with him in his discouraging tasks, cheering him up in times of failure, she was just the helpmate he needed, and in no small degree was the glorious success which he afterwards won due to her patient, self-denying economy, and firm faith in the ultimate accomplishment of the task he had set himself.

Mr. Heathcoat, during the whole of his busy life, was engaged in many inventions and improvements of machines for lace and other manufactures, but it is my purpose here to notice only his two most important ones.

During the time of his residence in Nottingham, Heathcoat had become much interested in some beautiful specimens of pillow lace made by a lady of his acquaintance, and the thought struck him, "Why cannot I make a machine to manufacture this article?" For three years he labored and toiled to perfect such a machine, and was at last successful; but finding that this was capable of producing lace of but a very limited breadth, he threw it entirely aside, and proceeded to construct another on an entirely different principle, with what success has already been seen in the preceding part of this paper.

John Heathcoat was by no means the *first* and *only* man who invented machines for the manufacture of lace, but he *did* invent the first *successful bobbin net* machine capable of producing this beautiful and intricate pillow mesh — an invention in quest of which many men before him had died in poverty, and not a few had gone insane. That his invention was a valuable one, is shown by the fact that it gave to Nottingham alone a trade which within fifty years mainly assisted to quadruple its population, giving employment, year by year, at fair wages, to probably 150,000 work people, and made an annual average addition of £4,000,000 sterling to the trade of the country.

Mr. Heathcoat's after life it would be impossible here to dwell upon. It was spent largely in perfecting and patenting his inventions, and in encouraging and prospering that busy trade he had been so instrumental in originating. He also ably represented his native borough in Parliament for several years; but in January, 1861, after two years of gradually declining strength, his long, useful and honorable life was brought to a close.

John Heathcoat was not only a great inventor, but a true philanthropist as well. Integrity and uprightness of conduct were allied in him to that delight in excellence which ever seems to be an attribute of true goodness and greatness. He had many friends, but no enemies. To the afflicted, weak, and necessitous, he freely held out a helping hand, and was universally beloved and admired by all with whom he came in contact. They cherish his memory and revere him for those qualities of head and heart which render his character so worthy of study and imitation.

PHAETHON.

# IAGO.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Of all the characters of Shakespeare's Othello, Iago bears a very prominent part, not only by his presence, but he is the direct occasion of all the actions of the other persons. In every scene may be traced the outline of his cunning and wicked face. Go where you will, to Venice, to Cyprus, or to any of these cities dramatized in the play, and you will find some of his works. He seems to hold all the characters under his control, and they do the bidding of his will. A perfect parallel to the character of Iago cannot be found either in the writings of Shakespeare or any other author. "A man without a touch of human goodness — a villain without a villain's weakness, a polished intellect without a ray of intellectual elevation — even

Shakespeare could not have created such another." Iago wishes for darkness to cover his deeds, and here in the guise of a friend commits his murderous desires.

Some people have compared him to the Mephistopheles of Goethe; "but the immeasurably higher power of Shakespeare is shown by discarding the supernatural, and by subjecting all human passions and weaknesses to the control of a totally corrupt *will*, while the bounds of nature are not for a moment transcended." How we all shudder and tremble until he is put out of existence.

His "motiveless malignity," as one of the writers styles him, is exhibited at every turn. What an insight Shakespeare must have had into the human mind to have produced such a character as Iago. Othello, on the other hand, was quite the opposite of Iago; but it was necessary that he should be, for had they been alike no such deep hatred could have existed as there did exist. So that Othello and Desdemona preserved their mutual affection for each other, and their purity was sufficient in itself to inflame the inmost passions of such a man. His entire selfishness, and his supreme hypocrisy are predominant, as is shown in his conversation with Roderigo, whom he despises, and in giving vent to some of his utterances he exposes somewhat his real character. He says: —

"Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago. In following him, I follow but myself." He has no master, so he must needs look out for himself, which he does in a manner that is wonderful to behold. In all his conversations with Roderigo, whom he despised, he has shown his hypocrisy. Othello calls him all through the play, "honest Iago," "my just friend." His confidence in him was something remarkable and hard to understand. He has, it seems, by his oily tongue and villanous means covered up his exterior self; this was one man, while his interior self was another, far different from the exterior one. How closely he has studied human character is shown by his well-planned attacks on the human character. If he started out to do something, his plans were well guarded, and all the little things were thought of beforehand, whereby he might gain an inroad on the ill-balanced and weak creatures who were not moved by earthquakes, but by the mere signs of power. The cautious but sure method in which he plies his vocation is something marvellous, and shows his deep sagacity in the study of man. "Love," he sneeringly exclaims, "is merely a lust of the blood, a permission of the will." This he seems to employ, and the effect is told upon all with whom he comes in contact. His love seems to be a "snare and a pit-fall, for all those who are in any ways moved by his passion inevitably fall."

Shakespeare has given much sound wisdom and shrewd judgment into this unadulterated villain. This whole character seems to be a warning to those who swerve from the paths of truth.

## HER ROCKING-CHAIR.

### RONDEL.

To and fro in her rocking-chair,
While twilight gathers on apace,
She lightly sways with queenly grace,
And hums a tune, my lady fair.

She's all alone, but does not care,
She's traveling to some far-off place,
To and fro in her rocking-chair,
While twilight gathers on apace.

Ah! would that I were only there,
To ride with her a life-long race,
And oft in the quiet twilight space
To travel with her,—oh, anywhere,—
To and fro in her rocking-chair.

S. T. L., P. A. '83.

# POWER OF SHRINES.

## *Second Mirror Prize Essay.*

THE clouds of doubt began to lift from the battle-field of Balaklava. The sun of victory shone upon the arms of the allied nations, as an old Russian peasant, standing without the shadow of war, shaded his eyes with his withered hand, to see with which side rolled the tide of victory. The old man had much at stake. Friends, land, money, property — all hung in the balance. Suddenly, a boy appeared, running at full speed to the old man, crying, "Flee, father, flee! The fatherland is lost." The old man neither turned nor wavered; but passing his hand over his furrowed brow, he cried, "The shrine! the shrine!" The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken.

Such is the power of the shrine of superstition. But we have a purer shrine, from which we take consolation in our grief, and council in our prosperity, a shrine stronger and nobler than that of the old Russian. It is the coffer of the world's poetry. We are aware that treading on such ground, we encroach upon territory which more worthy hands have turned; but the entrance to the shrine of music and song is no less free to us.

The growth of poetry is not prior to the growth of a nation, or a community, but co-extensive and parallel with it. No, "not parallel, because parallels never meet;" and poetry is always blended and intermingled with nations, customs, and men. The strength of poetry lies in its power over the imagination and the soul. It finds easy access to each by means of the other. This strength consists, not so much in its power to destroy, as in that to create; for by creating virtues greater than the vices of men, it seems to blot out the evil, while it only overshadows it with the good. This has been seldom more apparent than in the case of Tyrtaeus and the Spartans. Tyrtaeus, sent by the gods, did not destroy the baser motives of the inhabitants of fair Lacedaemon, but roused in them higher and nobler feelings — the love of country, the love of beauty. Perhaps this was due, not so much to the power of poetry, as to its novelty to the Spartans. It touched in them chords which their education had ignored. It aroused in them sensations which were new. Therein lay its influence. What of it? Was not novelty a quality to be measured in ascertaining the power of a thing which they had enshrined as their temporary idol, their transitory ideal?

Poetry is one of the first motives to influence man. In the breast of almost every savage the first feelings awakened are those of savage poetry. It is poetry which makes him rejoice at the freedom of the woods, poetry which teaches him the sermons of the mountains, the music of the rivers, the songs of the rills. It is poetry, while it is more, to have a religion; it is poetry to breathe, to think, to know, to feel, to live, to have a sky above us, an earth beneath our feet. Poetry is then not the sensation itself, but one of the most noble causes of the sensation — pleasure. It is not the chain, but the fire, the anvil and the tools which forged the chain between ourselves and nature. Purity and true poetry are locked, the one in the other's arms.

At first poetry, in its broader sense, was the exhibition of joy, the expression of thankfulness for friendship and love. Such were the songs of Moses and Miriam. They sang unto the Lord; for he had triumphed gloriously. Then from the lips of David came the expressions of love.

The Greeks frequently illustrated the power of poetry and music. The Spartans of Leonidas, whose fame shall ever travel the corridors of history, died with their pæons upon their lips. Who denies that the strength for such a death, the inspiration for such a sacrifice, came in part from the influence of poetry, since poetry is one exhibition of love? The pleasing mythology of the Argonautic expedition furnishes still again an illustration of how the ancients regarded music and poetry as related to nature. Orpheus enchants with his golden lyre the beasts, rocks and trees, showing their belief in the sympathetic bond between man and things. At the notes of the lyre of this prince of song, the sea received the Argo in its caressing arms. The Argonauts themselves abandoned the pleasures of Lemnos. The Symplegodes became still, and the Calebian dragon, lulled to sleep, was deprived of its charge, the fleece of gold, and the torments of the damned ceased at the sound of music, more pleasant than the roll of the Styx. This furnishes more instances of the power of music over the soul, and of its influence over moral and physical evil.

It is pleasant to regard poetry and music as blending into one pleasing whole. Almost every heart is influenced by the love of beauty; for "beauty is but the sensible image of the infinite." So almost every heart is influenced by poetry, which, by its connection with beauty, is liked to the infinite. It is a noble shrine. Let us venerate it more than the Russian did the shrine of his imagination; because it is worthy of all our veneration, of all our love. The poetry of the past which constitutes our shrine cannot be far behind that of the future, which will constitute the shrine of men to come. Poetry is hard to define. We can only say with Sir Topas: "Dost thou know what poetry is? Why, fool, poetry is as much as one should say, — poetry!"

ROBERT E. SPEER.

## GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

IN writing on this subject I do not intend to enter into a long and weighty account of the deeds of this soldier statesman, but wish to give an idea of Gen. Grant's present condition, both financial and physical; and to set this clearly before you I feel that some brief mention may be fitly made of his former life and career.

Hiram Ulysses Grant, or Ulysses S. Grant as he was entered at West Point, was born of Scottish descent, at Pt. Pleasant, Ohio, April 27th, 1822. He entered West Point in his seventeenth year, and graduated in 1843 as brevet second-lieutenant. He served for eleven years, taking part in all the principal battles of the Mexican war, with the exception of Buena Vista, receiving for his bravery two brevets. In the year 1848 he married Miss Julia Dent, the daughter of a leading merchant of St. Louis, and left the army to seek retirement from active service, taking a farm near St. Louis. Failing to succeed in this direction, together with his father he entered into the leather business at Galena, Ohio. And it is from this occupation that he has received the *soubriquet*, "The Tanner of Galena," so often applied to him during the Rebellion. When the civil war broke out he was comparatively unknown to the public, but when President Lincoln made his first call for troops we find him busily drilling a company in his native State. Shortly after this he was made Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment, and entered upon his command during the month of June.

We well know with what bravery he stormed and took Fort Donaldson, although against his orders and fighting against heavy odds, and what a stubborn siege he made made of Vicksburg, which finally resulted in its capitulation on March 4th, 1864. For his daring bravery and consummate generalship he was made Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army, a position which had been created for him. We well remember how he was elected President by a large majority, and with what judgment and decision he ruled this vast expanse of country, and if possible he might have been reëlected a third time. The late condition of the General's finances is a truly deplorable one,—left in reduced circumstances, occasioned not by his own mistakes but by his misplaced confidence in his partner, Mr. Ward. Himself not much of a business man, he trusted too implicitly to Mr. Ward's business ability, and with what result? He was made almost a pauper, and would have even been compelled to sell his medals and tokens of regard and estimation which he has received from almost every nation on the globe.

Some of his friends tried to pass a bill for his retirement, but failed; and by the merest coincidence the failure occurred on the very day on which he took Fort Donaldson, twenty years before. Look upon these two pictures, — the one, a brave General, who has thrown himself into the breach to save his country, and by one supreme effort has captured the enemy's stronghold, standing crowned with the laurel wreath of victory and with the nation's praise ringing in his ear, ever eager to help on his country to conquest and to victory; the other, just twenty-one years later, in the Senate Chamber of our National Congress, we see the very men for whom he risked his life debating on the question of his retirement,— some, perhaps, who had fought on the Southern side, but yet out of the largeness of their hearts were advocating his cause, while others, opposing them, who had fought for the Union under Grant himself, but who did not desire the feeble and ruined General to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet. At last they have taken the vote of decision, and we listen with interest to hear its result. What is that murmur of disapproval which we hear running through the ranks of his defenders? It shows that they have lost their cause, and that the Senate of the United States disapprove the retirement of one of her ablest Generals, who, through "fickle fortune's handiwork," has lost his fortune, thereby hastening the decline in his health. In looking over the circumstances of his failure, we find that just before the final catastrophe he had borrowed $100,000 from Mr. Vanderbilt, and when his failure was made public Mr. Vanderbilt, from his regard and respect to the General, returned to him the deeds on the property, etc., which Mr. Grant, immediately after his failure, had sent to him. There is now $100,000 subscribed to the Grant fund, and I am sure that he deserves it and a great deal more at the hands of the people whose cause he so ably supported all through the Rebellion, and over whom he so judiciously ruled for his term of eight years. In looking at his physical condition, we now find him an invalid, confined to his bed, suffering from an ulcer in the back of his mouth, with but little chance of surviving; and had it not been for the generous way in which a few private individuals subscribed to the fund for his benefit, we would find him in a still worse condition. Let us hope for the best that this great general, soldier and statesman may survive his trouble and live to enjoy a ripe and pleasant old age. We have since learned with pleasure that the last act of the Republican administration was the passing of the Grant Retirement Bill by a large majority.

W. H. K.

## A POET MISERIER.

(*How he wrote it.*)

From out the garland on her breast
The brightest flower she chose,
And underneath the fairy stars
I kissed the ruby rose.

(*As copied by a Northern paper.*)

From out the *garment* on her breast
The brightest flower she chose,
And underneath the *airy* stars
I kissed her *ruddy nose.*

(*As copied from the foregoing by a Southern paper.*)

From out the *garden* on her *waist*
The *lightest* flower she chose,
And underneath the *hairy* stars
I kissed her *muddy nose.*

(*As copied from the foregoing by a Western paper.*)

From out the *garden* on her *vest*
The *tightest bower* she chose,
And underneath the *dairy stairs*
*I kicked her bloody nose.*

# ASPECTS OF SUCCESS.

*Third Mirror Prize Essay.*

It is without question true that men who succeed in their undertakings win from their fellows greater respect than those who fail. "Nothing succeeds like success," has long since passed into a proverb, and in a certain sense nothing can be truer. The successful man has both the results of his former success and increased confidence in his method of operations, while the unfortunate, who has met with reverses, is likely to be debarred from further effort, both by the failure of his previous ventures and the loss of that self-confidence so indispensable to any degree of success.

But it is ever characteristic of the world to judge by appearances only, and in applauding success to overlook the means by which it has been gained, so much so in fact, that we have another worldly maxim, to the effect that "The end justifies the means;" and following this reasoning men have been led into crimes and cruelties of the darkest description, thinking that they were on the very highway to success. Read the story of the Spanish Inquisition, a record stained with blood and suffering from beginning to end, and you will see how the actors in that terrible tragedy sincerely expected that good would result from the evil they were working, and thought their success could not fail to be both honorable and enduring.

History is full of instances in which opportunities for gaining dishonest success have been offered, and oftentimes accepted, less often refused. But then the question arises as to whether success won by unfair advantages is truly success or only failure, and whether an honest failure is not more of a success than a dishonest so-called success.

Henry Clay once said, "I had rather be right than to be President." President he certainly never was, but the generation of to-day honors his unbending integrity far more than the temporary triumph of his rivals. As a presidential aspirant he was a failure, as a true man and a profound statesman how grand a success! This temptation to gaining fame or fortune through a way which seems shorter and just as certain in its results as the legitimate and honorable path, is one of the crucial tests of human character. To meet such a temptation, knowing at the same time that the risk of discovery is slight, is an experience which only those who have passed through it can fully realize; but to meet and overcome it, is a success in itself, and a guarantee of future success invaluable in shaping the career of the individual.

Again, it often seems strange that success is denied one of two men apparently equally deserving, who are both striving to attain a noble object,—let us say the freeing of a race or nation from oppression. The one who gains his end is thereafter famous, and his name is handed down to posterity as the saviour of his country or liberator of his race, while he who fails too often loses friends, happiness, and even life; and his name is either tarnished and defamed by jealous enemies or utterly shrouded in oblivion. In the latter case is not the one who failed entitled to as much credit for a noble attempt as the other who succeeded, and yet does he ever receive it?

Our present age is hard and practical in its demands. Sentiment is at a discount, and the motto of "Every man for himself" never had more followers than to-day. But is this idea the just and right one? Can men be satisfied to rise by climbing over the failures of their fellows, and by pulling down, if necessary, those above themselves? Does our boasted practicality really benefit us when it blunts our nobler aspirations, dulls our finer feelings toward our fellows, and makes our aims sordid and narrow, instead of quickening our impulses to justice and humanity, and elevating our whole lives to that ideal we are capable of reaching? That is, are the elements of practicality necessarily those of true success?

In summing up, it seems as if a life must be broad and generous in its intents, that it must be founded on principles of honor as on a rock, and that it must use only the noblest means for the accomplishment of noble ends; and it will generally be observed that where these elements exist they prove in themselves to be conditions of true success, and that a life thus constituted will be a success in the highest sense, and endure the test, "even as of fire, which shall try every man's work."

CRUDUS.

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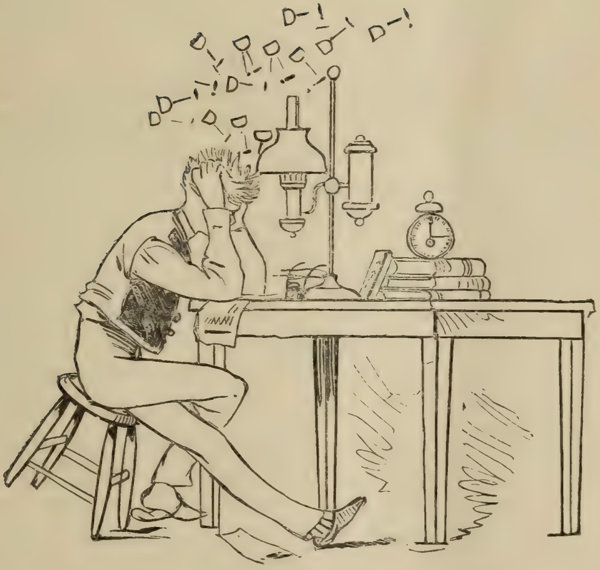

EXAMINATIONS.

# EDITORS' REVIEW.

William Howard King, '85,
Lorenzo Dudley Dodge, '85,
Willard Blossom Segur, '85,
Board of Editors.

Again the Board of Editors place the results of their work before the eyes of Philo and the school at large, hoping that every one may find in the Mirror something that will please or gratify him. We have introduced no innovations, but have strictly conformed in our issue to the precedent established by the former Editors. In looking over the Mirror we would ask that no one be harsh in his criticism, as we are "but mortal, and are addicted to mistakes."

Philo is still the large and flourishing society she should be, and is as essential to any one in his course through "Phillips" as any of the prescribed curriculum. The society has progressed this term in a very favorable manner, and the literary exercises have been up to the usual standard, and there are but one or two objections to the "form" of the society as a whole. The first of these is, the order has not been of the first, but may be remedied by more stringent means being taken for its suppression. In the second place, and we should hardly mention it here, is the custom that a few of the fellows have of bringing their school-books into the society room for the purpose of studying them while the exercises are proceeding. Either their time is so valuable that they cannot afford to lose a moment of it, even while listening to a well-argued debate, &c., or they merely come to answer their names, and get the help of others, who attend this society, for learning their lessons. Then, too, there is the practice of voting on the merits of a debate or question for debate, not from the weight of argument put forth or the real merits of the question, but merely from caprice or favoritism. This may seem to be more of a "critique" on the management of Philo during the past term, but I do not wish that any one should so regard it, for I have written it from my desire for the best welfare of Philo, and hope that it may have the desired effect.

In speaking of the *Phillipian*, we would say that, on the whole, it has been managed with its usual success, although laboring under the loss of the former Editor-in-Chief, whose place has been filled by one sadly deficient in experience; yet, as I have said, with the exception of a few typographical errors here and there, it has been fully up to its former standard.

Now that almost the whole of our gymnasium practice has culminated in the Tournament, it is proper for us to turn our attention to base-ball. In looking over the list of the men who were to practice in the gymnasium, we noticed that it contained only three of last year's very successful team, and, with the exception of the short-stop, we shall have to form our in-field entirely from the new element in the school. We have an excellent catcher in the person of Mr. Knowlton, and if we could only find a good pitcher we would have the first essential to a successful nine, — viz., a good batting. We have in school two or three men who give promise, with a good deal of hard practice, of developing a pitcher of fair ability. On the whole, I think that we have material enough in school to form a first-rate nine, and one which should give Exeter a "hard pull" for the ascendency. But, of course, we cannot have a successful team, although the material may be of the best order, without the strictest training and hardest practice.

Little or no patriotism was exhibited here on Washington's birthday. Most all large cities celebrated it Monday, but we did not even so much as unfurl a flag. In both of the services at church no mention was made of it. Verily we are growing patriotic.

It is our pleasant duty to chronicle for Inquiry a term of uninterrupted success. The earnestness taken in the work the past term has been perhaps unequaled, certainly unsurpassed, by any term's work within our recollection. The winter term is apt to lag in almost everything, but Inquiry's activity has proven that the true spirit of manhood in the school lags not. It was a fortunate thing for the Academy when the Society of Inquiry devoted itself wholly to Christian work.

Mrs. Joseph Cook gave the young ladies of Abbott Academy a delightful entertainment Thursday evening, Feb. 26, exhibiting a choice series of pictures, which she brought home from India, and accompanying them with an interesting account of the tombs, temples, and other striking features of that fascinating land. Mr. Taylor had charge of the stereopticon, and the pictures were thrown almost faultlessly upon the screen. Not only the young ladies, but (by Mrs. Cook's kind consent,) as many others as the hall could accommodate, were admitted by ticket, and a handsome little sum was realized for the school, Mrs. Cook declining any compensation. The running commentary on the subjects illustrated was a model of simple, vivid, and instructive conversation, so that, apart from interest in Mrs. Cook herself, the listeners were pleased as much as profited, and profited as much as pleased.

There has appeared from time to time, in the columns of the *Phillipian*, articles bearing on the School Cheer. Some have been original, but not suited for the school as a whole; others have been purloined from other schools and colleges. Now what we want is some cheer which shall not be too long, or one that has not been used by other schools and colleges. It seems very strange that an institution like Phillips Academy should be outdone by other schools in the cheering department. We have shown our superiority to our sister school in athletic sports,—viz., base-ball, foot-ball, tennis, and in the tournaments,—but we are sorry to say that they have the better cheer, yet this is the truth. As we have been first in all athletic sports, so let us be in our cheer.

Thusday, January 29, was the day of prayer for colleges. It was commemorated here by a joint service in our chapel. The day was exceptionally fine, which invited many people to attend who otherwise would not have attended. The service was under the charge of Prof. J. P. Taylor, who very ably conducted it. The following was the order of the exercises: Hymn by the Phillips Choir, followed with a prayer by Dr. Bancroft; addresses were next in order by Messrs. Mills, Sheldon, and Wells of the Theological Seminary, and closed by a short address by Prof. Taylor. Heretofore the meetings have been long and tedious, but this one was short and interesting. It was a noticeable fact that all the principal speakers were graduates of Phillips Academy.

Mr. McCormick made his appearance the other day in Andover, and took some fine coasting views. Nearly every year the boys have tried to get him to come up here, but have not succeeded. This speaks well for '85.

The ice has been the resort of quite a numher of "Fem. Sems." and "Cads" this term, who have enjoyed the sport hugely, for the ice has been comparatively good; but how much more we would enjoy it could we but skim over the sparkling ice with the young ladies of Abbot Academy. But, no! the Fates will not permit it.

The coasting this term has been exceptionally good, beginning with January 15th. The hill has been employed almost every afternoon and evening, with one or two exceptions, when it was too cold to enjoy anything but a fire. Friday evening (January 23d) the boys iced the road for the next day, but the gods frowned upon our work and covered it with snow, spoiling the coasting for a while; but forty boys, with brooms and shovels, soon cleared the way, repaying them for their trouble. One more bob has been added this term. This is the longest on the hill. But now the coasting has passed away, and the bare ground is exposed to view, leaving very little room for imagination as to the fun we have enjoyed in coasting.

The concert of the Andover Choral Society was a pleasant social event, and a gratifying evidence of the desire to maintain a musical proficiency among the chorus singers of the town. The assistance of some string instruments and concerted pieces, with violin, 'cello, flute, piano, and organ, added variety to a pleasant programme. Solos by Miss Brown, Mr. Tyler, and instrumental performance by Miss French, Mr. Shaw, and the violoncellist, Mr. A. B. Stockbridge, made up the intervals between the chorus work. Perhaps the most interesting, as well as the longest work performed, was by Rheinberger, one of the masters among modern composers. The Toggenberg is an elaborate and somewhat dramatic work, dealing with a medieval scene, in which love, warlike adventure, revenge, passion, and bitter repentance for the hasty and mistaken rage of Count Henry, the pure constancy of Lady Etha, and her tragic death, are set to stirring, sympathetic, and sometimes thrilling music. We are pleased to learn that several of the students took part in the exercises.

The French play, as given by the young ladies of French Hall some time this term, was a grand success. By the kindness of Miss McKeene and Miss Merrill, invitations were sent to the French class of the Academy and to a few outsiders. Prof. Henri Mourand made a few remarks about the play, in a very pleasing manner, for the benefit of those not thoroughly acquainted with the French language, and would have made more but for the drawing of the curtain, which practically ended his speech. He was recalled, however, by the applause of the audience, and after a few words concluded his remarks by giving his best bow *a la Francaise.*

A charade, *Facilite*, was first given, and in the five scenes the vocabulary of those not up in French was as severely tested as that of Miss Timmers (*dame Anglaise*), whose troubles in this direction were very laughable. The *te* scene set forth as pretty a *tête-a-tête* as is often seen. All the characters in the charade were very well taken and admirably portrayed. Miss Thwing sustained the principal *rôle*, and as the *dame Anglaise* did exceptionally well. After the charade came an intermission of a few minutes, during which Miss Pitts and Miss Carleton played

Beethoven's Turkish March, much to the pleasure of the audience. The comedy, *Un Quartier Tranquille*, was next given, and a more enjoyable comedy we never have seen. It was full of fun and wit from beginning to end, and *Anastasie's* "*Oui Madame*," did not fail to call forth repeated applause. It is difficult to mention any one as superior to the others, but Miss Raymond and Miss Page, taking the principal *rôles*, are deserving of especial mention. Every part in the play was very vividly brought out, and the interpretation of each one's part was done in a manner which reflects credit on the personator. Both the charade and the comedy passed off very smoothly, and evidently considerable time had been spent in the preparation of them, so finished were all the parts. We would compliment the young ladies of French Hall for their proficiency in speaking French, and thank them for their highly interesting entertainment. Miss Newton and Miss Carleton added much to the pleasure of the evening by their duet on the piano before the charade.

Miss Burnham's complimentary concert, on the eve of March 6, was without doubt the musical event of the season in Andover. Miss Burnham was assisted by Mr. George A. Tyler, the well-known Andover basso, and by the Beethoven Club of Boston. Miss Burnham sung the aria, "In Questo Simplici," *Donizetti*, and "The Surprise," *Gabriel*. Both were well rendered, the latter receiving an encore. The song "La Benedizione," *Gordigiani*, and the aria, "O, Ruddier than the Cherry," *Handel*, were given by Mr. Tyler in an excellent manner. Mr. William Schade's concertstuck for flute took the house by storm. The fantasia for violin, from "Lombardi," was very skillfully performed by Mr. C. N. Allen. His encore was an excellent imitation of the bagpipe. The orchestral selections, as rendered by the entire club, were strong proofs of its excellence as a musical organization.

The first piano recital of the annual series was given by Miss Cheney, assisted by the violinist, Mr. Loeffler. Miss Cheney is a very pleasing young player. Her style and expression showed perfect understanding of the pieces she performed.

The second recital was by Mr. Ernst Perabo. Mr. Perabo is too well known in Andover to need any comment or word of approval. It is sufficient to say that his playing was fully up to his high standard.

The Phillips Orchestra has come, we hope, to stay. A school of this size, in which there are so many good musicians, should have a permanent orchestra. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Clifford, the orchestra has reached an excellence which we hardly dared to hope. It has been thoroughly drilled by Mr. Collins, of Lawrence, who is a superior teacher, and its improvement during the past term has been very great. There seems to be no reason why it will not become a fixture at the Academy, and one of which we shall be justly proud.

A large number of the fellows have availed themselves of the privileges of the gymnasium during the past winter, and the good results of constant practice and training were clearly shown at the winter tournament. Mr. Howland, the "gym" instructor, has proved himself a competent teacher of athletics in all its branches. The "cage" for base ball practice has been enlarged, making it twice as broad as formerly, and lockers have been put in the dressing-room. These have proved to be great improvements, and every little helps. Nevertheless, the gymnasium sadly needs larger and more convenient dressing-rooms, more lockers, suitable bathing privileges, proper heating and ventilation, and a change and addition of apparatus. Let us hope that the next generation will see some, at least, of these improvements.

In a very short time the season will be fully opened, and outdoor service actively begun. Of course base ball will be the chief attraction, but the small number that can play will find enough to take an active part. The only game that seems to demand the attention of the mass of students is Lacrosse. Let not this take away any interest from the game which the school supports, — base ball, — but let it attract only those who want a game in which a large or small number can take part, and a game that furnishes vigorous exercise without excessive roughness. Lacrosse was played here three and four years ago with great success, but as those who played then have left the school, the interest gradually died out. A game that combines the best qualities of almost all the outdoor sports should be popular, and an annual game with Exeter and Harvard would be a most interesting contest. Brace, ye La Crosse men!

For years past it has been the custom for the senior and middle classes to have a class sleigh ride, but this year the record has been broken, as neither class has had a ride. One wouldn't, and the other couldn't. The climate in the vicinity of Haverhill has been altogether too cold to allow the seniors to go there this year, while for the middlers, the Fates did not permit them to think of going anywhere. It certainly looks as if this pleasant custom was to be dropped from the list of school events.

### THE TOURNAMENT.

The annual winter tournament of the Phillips Athletic Association occurred Saturday, January 7, in the Gymnasium. The weather, being fine, brought out a large number of people who otherwise would have stayed at home had it not been pleasant. By two o'clock the room was filled, except the gallery, which was reserved for the young ladies of Abbot Academy, who came in shortly after the tournament opened. Promptly at half-past two the Phillips Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Clifford, opened the entertainment by choice selections, which were well encored by the appreciative audience. The first exhibition on the programme was the middle-weight wrestling between F. G. Story and B. S. Color. Their appearance, in fact all the contestants, drew forth applause upon their introduction to the audience. In the first bout a good deal of fooling and cat-playing was indulged in, but in the second and third bouts they settled down to work, at least Story did, for he had little trouble in throwing Color twice, thereby winning the prize, which was very neat, and appropriately engraved. Next in order was the heavy weight sparring. In this Gates proved his superiority by far, easily winning the medal. Heavy-weight wrestling, with B.

L. Winters and H. E. Benoit as contestants, came next. In this every one thought that Winters had a sure thing of it; but such was not the case, for in the first bout Benoit downed Winters in a very neat manner. In the next two bouts Winters had very hard work to throw Benoit, but finally Winters put three points down and was declared victor. D. R. Hanna and A. G. Dickens were the next candidates for the middle-weight sparring. This was a very neat exhibition of the art, but Hanna proved to be the superior and was awarded the trophy. Pierce proved to be quicker than Dilworth at rope climbing, which entitled him to a medal. The sixth performance on the programme was the light-weight wrestling between F. O. Johnson and A. C. Macfarlane. We all expected that Johnson was sure of a medal here, but Mac. proved to be a "dark horse," compelling Johnson to buckle down to work. In falling Johnson dislocated his left shoulder, necessitating his withdrawal. On the merits of the wrestling the judges awarded the badge to Macfarlane. The last of the first part was the feather-weight sparring between C. P. Davis and S. F. du Pont. These two were well skilled in the art of defence, and gave the audience a *tra bon* impression of their abilities as knights of the glove. An intermission followed, during which the orchestra favored the audience with some very fine music, after which the programme was resumed with Story, W. Odlin and T. Washburn as competitors on the rings. In this they did some very difficult acts, but we do not think they came up to last year's ring contest; however, the judges declared Odlin the winner of the first and Story the second prize. In the club swinging W. P. Graves and W. S. Wadsworth entered. Both gave very good exhibitions, but Graves proved to be the more expert and was accordingly dealt with. This exhibition went far ahead of last year's club swinging. Of the three contestants in the hitch and kick only two entered, C. Weyerhaeuser and E. L. Hamilton, both of whom were good kickers, but Hamilton could not kick as high as Weyerhaenser, so consequently lost the prize. The next on the card was the light-weight sparring between P. Clagstone and A. J. Shaw, who were pretty evenly matched.

In the contest Clagstone showed a little more science than Shaw, but the latter's blows told the most, and he was accordingly awarded the medal.

The horizontal bar did not come up to last year's, although T. D. Gorham, E. H. Gilson and J. B. Martin did some very difficult acts. According to the judges Gilson took the first prize. W. H. King, Macfarlane and H. C. Whiting participated on the parallel bars. This event was very closely contested, but King proved to be the best, with Mac. a good second. In the tumbling that ensued Story, Gilson and Odlin took a hand. After some difficult acts the judges awarded the palm to Story first, and Odlin second. The last thing on the programme was the final heat of the tug of war between the two classes, P. A. '86 and P. A. '88. This heat was won by P. A. '86. The orchestra struck up and discoursed sweet music, which was was enjoyed by all. The judges then awarded the medals, after which the tournament ended.

The Editors, in pursuance of the usual custom, offered prizes for essays, cuts and poems. The number of essays has been unusually large, necessitating a good deal of careful examination on the part of the committee before the prizes could be awarded. We think ourselves very fortunate in securing the services of Messrs. Coy, Graves and Sheldon as the judges, who have made the following awards: The first prize to the essay entitled "The Early History of Lace Manufacture," by S. N. Pond; the second to an essay on "The Power of Shrines," by R. E. Speer; and the third was obtained by J. H. Mason, who wrote on "Aspects of Success." The first prize for cuts was given to E. Applegat, whose drawing is styled "Extracts from the Letters of a Bum." Mr. Harding's cut on "Coasting" obtained the second prize. And we have also printed two cuts by Mr. A. L. Clark. The prize for the best poem was awarded to Mr. S. N. Pond, whose production is entitled Theon.

At the usual "Andover hour" on Monday night, March 9th, we saw the accustomed gathering assemble to hear the Draper Speaking. Everybody was there, the "beauteous Fem.

Sem.," the "festive cad," the "townie," and every one else for whom the occasion had any interest. There was a slight delay at first, caused by the non-appearance of the programmes, which, on their arrival were soon distributed. After the Phillips Orchestra had rendered a selection in a very creditable manner, the first speaker of the evening was introduced by Dr. Bancroft. When the speaking had concluded, and the judges retired to make their awards, the interval which of necessity ensued was occupied by a short address by Dr. Bancroft, in which he referred to the portrait of Mr. John A. Phillips, lately deceased, which had been appropriately draped in black and placed on the rear of the platform. After the doctor had concluded, the orchestra played a few selections. The Committee of Award, represented by Rev. Nelson Millard, of Norwich, Conn., presented the prizes amidst storms of applause. The first prize was given to W. F. Richards, the second was obtained by E. Frohock, and the third presented to N. R. Shepherd. Each of the speakers received huge baskets or bouquets of flowers, presented by their classmates and friends. After the Committee had made their presentations the assemblage dispersed, with the "Phillips" cheer ringing in their ears. The following is the programme:

1. Grit. *Whipple.* Sylvanus W. Frohock, North Reading.
2. The Hero of the Tower. *Carleton.* Will Everett Eaton, Wakefield.
3. The Minute-man of the Revolution. *Curtis.* Alfred Holmes Peabody, Laramie, Wyo.
4. That Royal Bowman. *Maurice Thompson.* William Francis Richards, Newport, N. H.
5. The Puritan Idea. *Phillips.* Willlam Andrew Perrin, Titusville, Pa.
6. The Immolation of Constance de Beverly. *Scott.* William Irving Finch, Scranton, Pa.
7. Wendell Phillips, the Great Anti-Slavery Orator. *Curtis.* James Hardy Ropes, Andover.
8. A Strange Duel. *Victor Hugo.* Fred Robinson Shepherd, Minneapolis, Minn.
9. The Closet Scene from Hamlet. *Shakespeare.* John Mills Wilson, Boston.

10. Pericles before the Areopagus. *Kellogg.* Albert Spencer Wood, Northampton.

Music by the Phillips Orchestra, Nathan James Clifford, Portland, Me., Conductor.

My Queen Waltzes, *Buccalossi;* Forget Me Not Gavotte, *Th. Giese;* Fedora Waltzes, *Buccalossi;* Jubilee Schottische, *Finnerothi.*

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

Rev. Nelson Millard, D. D., Norwich, Ct.; Rev. Joseph Ward, D.D., Yankton, Dak.; Rev. Leverett Bradley, Andover.

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Mr. John Charles Phillips, who died in Boston on the 28th of February, was a graduate of Phillips Academy, Andover, in the class of 1854. He was the son of Rev. John C. Phillips, formerly pastor at Methuen, who was the son of Hon. John Phillips, first Mayor of the city of Boston. The latter was a pupil in the Academy at the very beginning in 1778, and a son of Col. John Phillips, who was a brother of Rev. Samuel Phillips, the father of the founders of the Andover and Exeter academies, they being sons of Rev. Samuel, of Rowley, who was the son of Rev. George, of Watertown, the founder of the family in this country. Mr. John C. Phillips was a nephew of the late Wendell Phillips and the executor of his estate. Among his classmates here were John Albee, the litterateur, Hon. Robert R. Bishop, Rev. Dr. E. W. Clark, Gen. Claude Gibson of La., William T. Harris, LL.D., Rev. Edward G. Porter, Edward Payson Hammond, Rev. Dr. Jos. B. Clark, Col. Wm. N. Armstrong, William A. Mowry, Ph.D., Geo. W. W. Dove. After leaving college he taught school a short time in Bolton, but soon turned to business, and went to India as agent of a Boston house, remaining two years. After a brief residence in England and France he engaged in a general commission business in New York, under the firm name of William Mackay & Co. In 1873 he retired from business and took up his residence in Boston, building a handsome house on Marlboro Street, and an elegant summer residence in North Beverly. He had married a daughter of Hon. Alanson Tucker, a prosperous merchant in Boston, and she with five children survive him. Mr. Phillips had been prosperous in business, and he also received a large property from his kinsman, Mr. William Phillips, a bachelor, with whom he had travelled in Europe. Mr. Phillips used his property in a very liberal manner. In 1878 he was one of the general committee for the celebration of the centennial of his old school, and on the finance committee. He gave great impulse to the endowment effort by a gift of $25,000, which was, at his instance, used for the endowment of the Latin chair. At the request of the trustees he sat for his portrait to Frederick Vinton, and the academy has therefore an admirable likeness of this valued son and benefactor. He also gave $25,000 to the Exeter School in 1883, of which academy he was a trustee from 1881, taking the place of his distinguished relative, Dr. Phillips Brooks. It is not possible to give any enumeration of the objects of Mr. Phillips's benevolence, but it is sufficient to say that he was always ready to help institutions of learning and of charity, and also individuals, with the liberality of a rich man, and with the modesty and courtesy of an educated gentleman. He was very properly proud of the family name, and his kindness to his own family friends was habitual and generous. He was respected by all who knew him, was called to many responsible trusts, and did a large share of that benevolent committee-work which is so often unrecognized, and yet is so valuable. The loss of such a man to his family, to his acquaintances, to the societies and boards to which he belonged, to the community at large, and, we can add with much feeling, to our school, is irreparable. Such mention as seemed suitable was made to the academy by the principal at prayers on the morning of the funeral. Mr. Phillips's portrait was simply draped in black. The principal and the John C. Phillips professor attended the funeral in Boston. The sympathies of the entire school go forth to the family in their affliction.

## SMILES.

An American reporter once transformed the quotation, "Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed major veritas," into, "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritas." The next morning's feelings of the orator to whose words this extraordinary rendering was given may be more easily imagined than described.

Latin class. Professor to student (slightly absent-minded): "*Instruxit triplicem aciem.*" Student: "He drew three aces." Slight sensation in class.

A lady not far from this place, who is clever with the brush, not long ago painted a tapestry of Tannhäuser and Venus. "Well, my dear," she said to a female friend, "how do you like it? Do you think I've got Venus Venusy enough?" "Well, I don't know what you think, of course," was the reply; "but if she were any more Venusy you couldn't show it."

We never knew till now that a kiss has strong resemblance to a sermon. They are alike, however, in their particulars. They both require, first, an introduction; second, two heads, and last, an application.

### CAUSE OF DEATH.

First coroner's juryman: "This body was fished out of the river, wasn't it?"

Second juryman: "Yes; and look! there is a big bullet hole in his head."

Third juryman: "That's so. A big hole like that would let in a good deal of water, wouldn't it?"

Fourth juryman: "Yes, it would let in a pint easily."

Fifth juryman; "The case is clear, gentlemen, the man died of water on the brain."

Verdict in accordance.

Two well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda, labeled, "Executed in terra cotta." Says one, "Where is that?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied the other; "but I pity the poor girl wherever she was."

Prof. in Moral Philosophy: "Mr. R., what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child?" Mr. R. blushes and sits down.

"Stranger, I take it?" observed an elderly resident of a Jersey town the other day, as I stopped him and asked if there were any blackberry trees around his way. "I judged so. I was a stranger myself when I kim here. That was the summer of '49. Hottest summer ever known in these parts."

"Any warmer than this?" I asked him.

"Summit, summit! That summer of '49 the cedar trees melted and run right along the ground! You notice how red that 'ere dust is?"

"Pretty warm," I ventured.

"Why, sir, durin' the summer of '49 we kept meat right on the ice to keep it from cooking too fast, and we had to put the chickens in the refrigerators to get raw eggs!"

"Where did you get the ice?"

"We had it left over, and kept it in biling water! Yes, sir. The temperature of the biling water was so much lower than the temperature of the atmosphere that it kept the ice so cold you couldn't touch it with your finger!"

"Anything else startling that season?"

"That summer of '49? Well, I guess! The Hackensack River began to bile airly in June, and we didn't see the sky until October for the steam in the air! And fish! fish! they were droppin' all over town cooked just as you wanted 'em! There wasn't anything but fish until the river dried up!"

"What did you have then!"

"The finest oysters and clams you ever heard of. They walked right ashore for water, and they'd drink applejack right out of the demijohn! Yes, sir. Call this hot? I feel like an overcoat!"

"What is your business?" I asked him.

"I'm a preacher," he replied. "By the way, you wanted blackberry trees. Just keep up the thumbhand side of this road until you come to the pig pasture, and there you will find the trees. Climb up on my goose roost and you can knock down all the berries you want, if you can find a pole long enough."

A gentleman who was driving with a young married couple in Kansas asked abruptly, "Ever had a cyclone here?" The young people looked guiltily at each other, blushed, and changed the subject.

The Fem. Sem. base ball club this spring is to be called the Femi-nine.

"Piscatorial spheroids" are what the Vassar girls call fish-balls.

An old German preacher in Fairfield chapel, at the close of a protracted service, thus apologized: "Te room is dark, mine eyes is tim, I cannot see to read te hymn." The choir mistaking it for the usual first two lines, at once sang it, when the surprised minister offered this explanation: "I said te room is dark, mine eyes is tim; I did not mean it for te hymn." On went the singers with that also. The bewildered pastor, as soon as he could, fiercely remonstrated: "Te berry debel, how you pawl, for this is not the hymn at all." This had the desired effect, and no more singing was heard that evening.

No matter how fast your pen may fly, your paper is stationery.

Harvard boasts of 23 Smiths and Yale of 15. We have thought for a long time that something would have to be done to check the alarming growth of the Smith family. And now a man has just patented a "Smith roller and crusher."

"If he refuses to pay for it, I will," said a bystander in a saloon. The first man refused to pay and so did the second — as he said he would.

"You needn't stretch your mouth any more," said a dentist to a young lady; "I intend to stand outside while I draw the tooth."

"I held her tiny hand in mine,
  And clasped her fairy form,
And told my state of ardent love
  In language sweet and warm.
And when I paused for want of breath
She raised her dimpled chin and whispered low,
I don't catch on, please sing your song agin."

A piece of sponge cake make by a Smith College girl has been presented to President Cleveland. It is said that he prizes it highly, and will use it for a paper weight in the White House.

### BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Young wife: "My dear, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?" Young husband: "Yes, love." "And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?" "I was the leader." "And quite a hand at all athletic contests?" "Quite a hand? My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying! why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and —" "Well, love, just please carry the baby a couple of hours; I'm tired." — *Philadelphia Call.*

A good minister of one of our N. E. Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five persons had expressed a desire on the next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves. After its performance, however, he was somewhat chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor. A few Sundays after the same worthy elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion. "And how many of them will join the society?" asked the minister. "Two, I regret to say, are all which we can depend upon," was the elder's reply. "Very well," said the good old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

"Of what does that remind you?" said a young lady to de Brown, as a daintily slippered foot stole out from the voluminous folds of her summer silk. De Brown's face assumed the roseate hue of a summer sunset, and his eyes sparkled like the early dews of morn upon a cabbage leaf, as he quickly replied, "A fairy leg-end."

Clergyman: "No, my dear; it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of asses."

Young lady: "And is that why you call them 'Dear Brethren'?"

A young bachelor who had been appointed deputy sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said: "Madam, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed and said she was happy to inform him that his attachment was reciprocated. "You do not understand me. You must proceed to court." I know it is leap-year, sir, but I prefer you would do the courting." "This is no time for trifling: the justice is waiting." "The justice! why, I should prefer a parson." He left.

Her father's footfall made them start,
She gently murmured, "Dust thou, Art!"
And Arthur dusted.

"Yes, I'm learning crockery painting, it's all the rage," she gently informed him.

"Yes," he said, "it seems to be. Do you paint anything besides your mug?"

They never speak as they pass by.

They are shipping apples from Boston to Rotterdam, Holland. They pack them so that they won't Rotterdam bit on the way.

### CERTAINLY, SIR.

"Might I ask who lives here?" asked a polite gentleman of a stranger he met in front of a handsome mansion.

"Certainly sir," as politely replied the other.

"Who is it, sir?"

"Darned if I know," replied the stranger. — *Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Waiter, I saw your thumb in this soup as you were bringing it to me!" "Oh, you're kind, I'm sure, sir, but it's of no consequence. It wasn't hot enough to hurt much, sir."

### ON THE CAR.

"You've got my seat, sir," said a man on a Texas railroad, who had left his seat for a moment.

"There is nothing to show that you have retained this seat."

"Look up there! There is my hatbox on the rack right over this seat."

"Well, then sit up there on your hatbox, if that's where you have retained your seat."— *Siftiugs.*

A fair maiden of Keokuk, Iowa, jilted by the head waiter of a hotel, went to shoot him, whereupon, in the most ungallant manner possible, he knocked her down with a most skillfully aimed plate. He was a gay dish heaver.

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss is as good as a smile;
  But an ace and four kings
  Are very good things
To scoop in the other man's pile.

A fashion paper says: "Gathered waists are still very much in favor with young ladies." They are with young gentlemen also.

A malicious story is afloat to the effect that a Meriden girl went back on her lover because he was so bow-legged that she could not sit in his lap.

### STARTLING A CONGREGATION.

Some of the travelling preachers of the past have delivered sermons more startling than edifying, and condescended to tricks to arrest and take the attention of the hearers. Lorenzo Dow, who was one of those preachers, it is said, was on his way to preach in South Carolina, under a large pine tree, when he overtook a colored lad who was blowing a long tin horn, and could send forth a blast, with rise and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him.

"What's your name, sir?"

"My name — Gabriel, sir," said the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa, I'se been there many a time."

"Do you remember the big pine tree on the top of the hill?"

"Oh yes, massa; I knows dat pine."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow is to preach there to-morrow?"

"Yes, massa, everybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow; and if you will take your horn and go to-morrow morning before the people begin to come, and climb up into the tree and wait there till I call your name, and then blow a blast like the one I heard just now, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa, I takes that dollar."

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree in due time. An immense concourse of persons assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of the resurrection and the last grand assize at the call of the trumpet peals which are to wake the sleeping nations. "Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose at this moment you should hear the sound of Gabriel's trumpet." And, sure enough, at that moment the trump of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran, fell and cried for mercy; and all felt that the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the colored angel who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on the limb of the old tree, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying: "I forbid all persons present from touching that boy up there. If a colored boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will you do when you shall hear the trumpet thunder of the archangel?"

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Well, between you and me and the town pump, I'm
Going to the skating rink, sir," she said.

"And what do you do there, my pretty maid?"
"Fall down on my bustle, probably, and
Wave both heels in the air, sir, I'm afraid."

"Then I won't go with you, my pretty maid."
"Well, not this present evening, my lord,
Not if I know myself, sir," she said.

### IT KILLED THE CLERK.

"Will those colors run?" asked a customer of a purple-and-fine-linen-trimmed clerk, in Smith's gents' furnishing store, on Fourth Street, as he picked up a pretty pair of rainbow socks.

"No, sir; they are warranted," replied the clerk, with an affidavit-like emphasis.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, sir. They are guaranteed fast colors."

"Oh, they are, are they? Well, how the dickens can they be fast, if they won't run?"

The clerk pulled a show-case off the counter trying to keep from falling. — *Merchant-Traveller.*

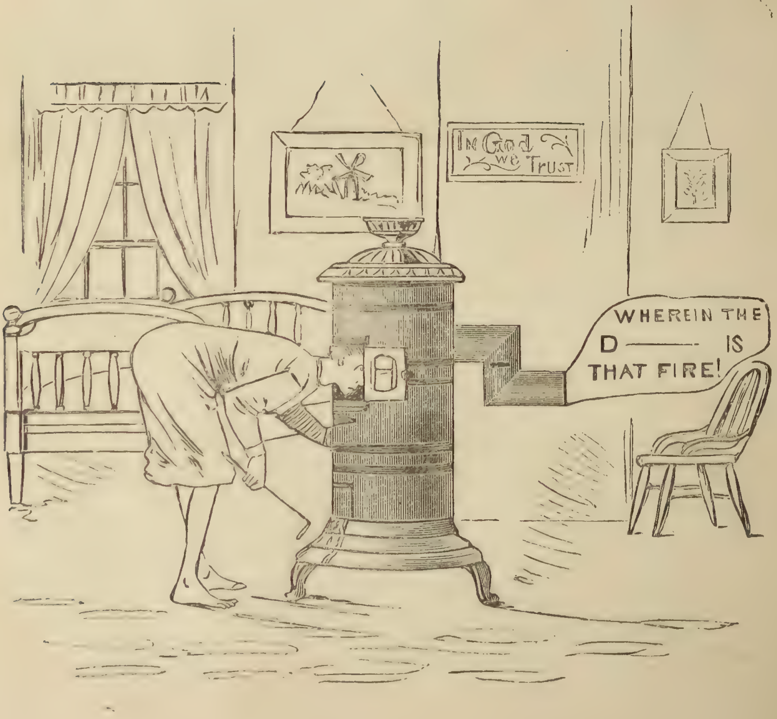
"Who is the most finished orator?" asks a correspondent. Well, Demosthenes has been finished about as long as any of them.

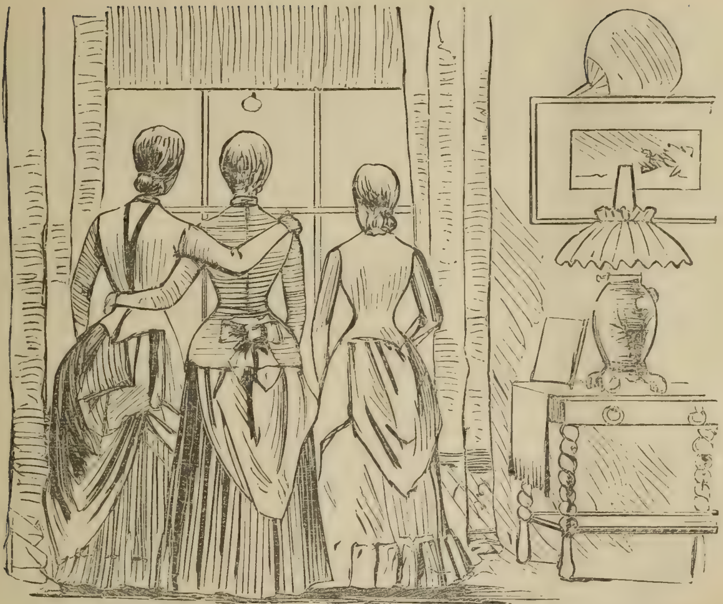
She danced with me!
Ah! ecstacy!
What rapture thrilled my pulsing blood,
As with her on the floor I stood.
And daintily
She danced with me.

She danced with me,
And certainly,
She seemed the fairest, sweetest born;
Until she stepped upon my corn,
Oh, jimminy!
She danced on me!

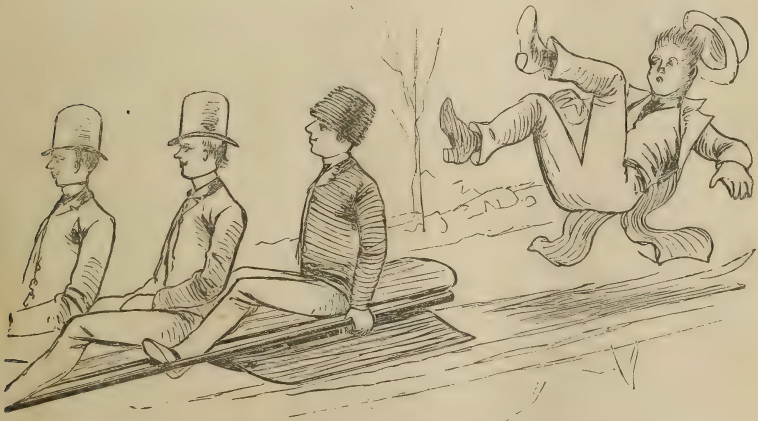
The following may be appreciated at this season of the year:

Oh, the mud! the beautiful mud!
It covers the earth like the olden flood.
It's thin, but it's deep, so keep your head level,
For if you fall in you'll go to the —— bottom.


In God we Trust
WHEREIN THE D——— IS THAT FIRE!



The Fem. Sems. have not been able to coast, but they are said to enjoy watching it from their windows, and—



We should think they would!

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### “THREE OF A KIND BEAT TWO PAIR.”

ODLIN, GERMER, FLEMMING.

{ O'Neill, Lucas, } { Bradford, J. M. Bradford, J. T. }

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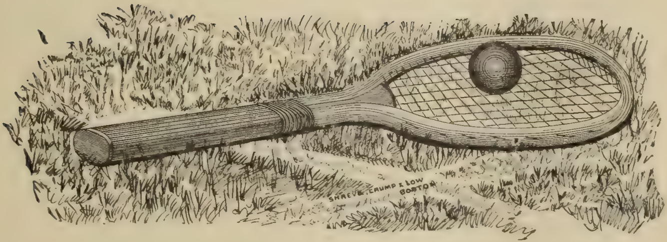

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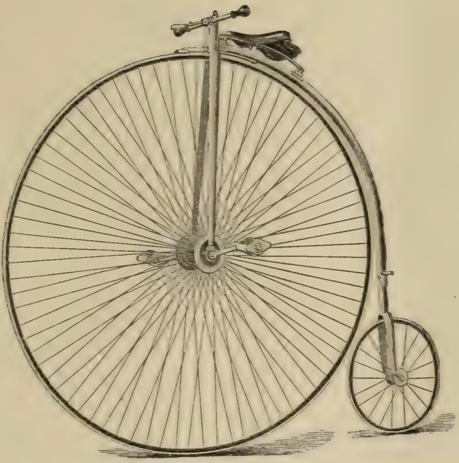

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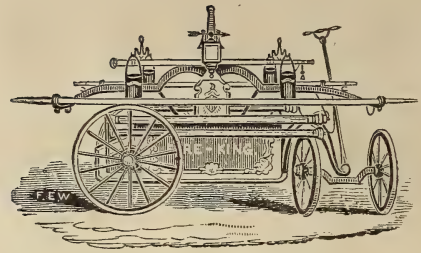

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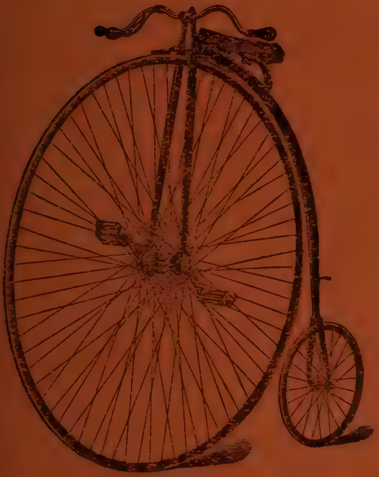

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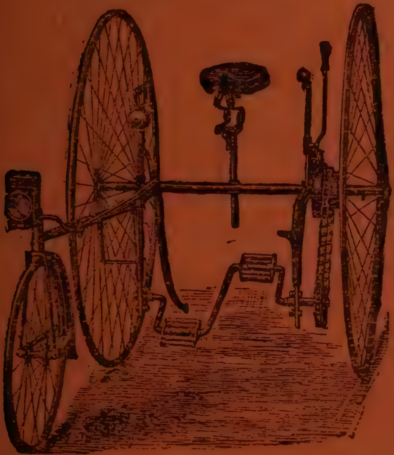

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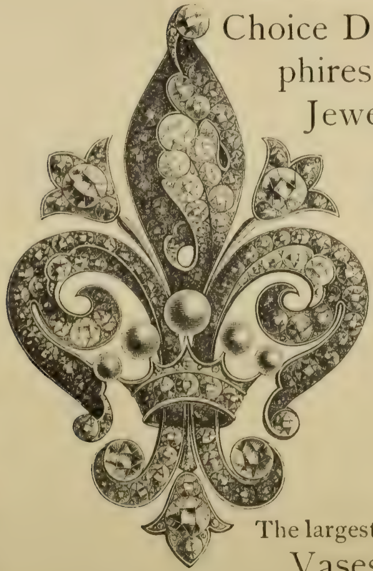

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Vol. XXXI No. 3

SCIRE EST REGERE

THE

# PHILO MIRROR

JUNE, 1885

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία

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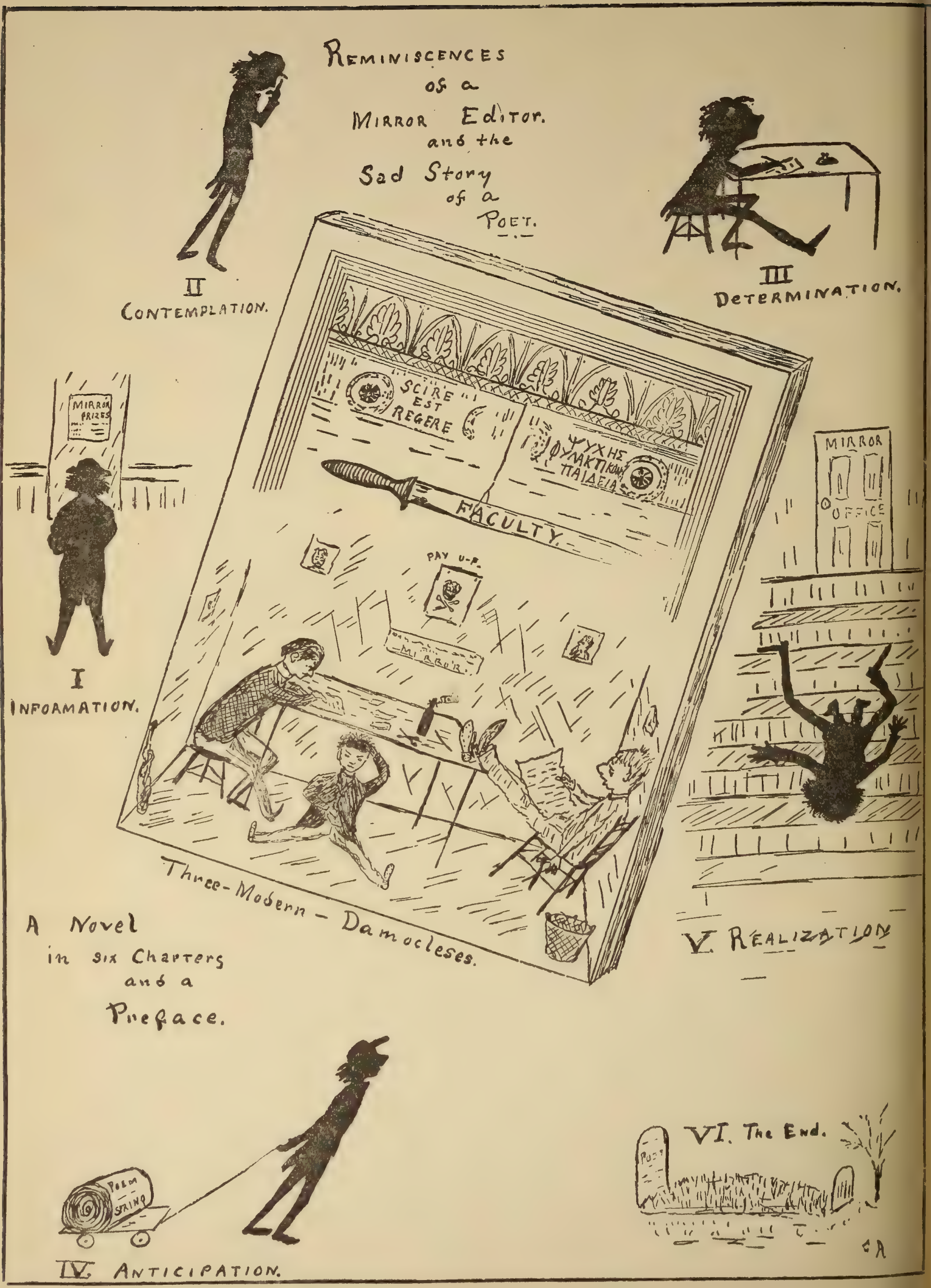
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# THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXI.—JUNE, 1885.—NO. 3.

## LIFE AND DEATH

[In the possession of a wealthy family in Florence is a picture of a child's head, which tradition says was painted by a young artist who was found sitting by the side of his canvas dead. The picture is in an unfinished condition, but shows evidence of wonderful power and skill.]

THE artist sat by the beach one day,
Watching a laughing child at play
Down by the waves in the sun;
And the artist sighed as he mused, and said,
"If I could but paint that curly head,
With its locks of clustering brown,
Paint it just as it looks to me,
It would bring me immortality."

The child's dark eyes had a tint of blue
Like the sky above, when the morning dew
Reflects the sunlight from the plain;
And he tossed the pebbles and shells with glee,
As he watched the big waves threateningly
Run up the beach and back again,
Dashing upon the sounding shore
With a tiger's leap and a lion's roar.

And the child's fair face, with its crown of hair,
Was pure as a saint's at the hour of prayer,
In a moment of content;
And the artist thought, "I may surely try,
For the sake of immortality,
To paint that face so innocent,
Breathing into it living breath;
For such a power I would suffer death."

So the artist drew the bonny face,
And the childish head with its saintly grace,
And its crown of clustering hair;
And faster and faster the picture grew,
More marvellous seemed each tint and hue
Of the face so young and fair,
Lighting the canvas till it shone
With a living splendor not its own.

But why does the painter stop, and stare
At the head of curling, clustering hair
On the canvas, nearly done?
His brush has almost created breath,
But the awful hand of mighty Death
Has smitten him there alone;
While the child at play by the sea
Laughs at the waves in his childish glee.
C. M. S.

## WAR.

No two words in language convey to the mind more contrast than "peace" and "war."

War! It spreads a scene before the imagination, in which every phase and extent of human pain, suffering, and woe are mingled. Clouds hang over the earth. From the midst of ruin, desolation, and chaos come the groans of wounded and dying men, or the moans of widows and orphans weeping for their dead. National progress is paralyzed. All energy, thought, resource, are massed for the destruction of life and property.

But Peace! How the picture has changed! The clouds have vanished. Among the broad fields of heavy, golden harvest are seen the happy faces of busy men and women, of blushing boys and girls, of romping children. The grinding mill mingles its music with the reaper's song, while white-winged commerce waits near by to bear these products to less happy lands. Odorous flowers, humming bees, lowing cattle, prancing steeds, seem to inspire the birds with new melody and song; and everywhere glad Nature sends up one universal prayer of thanks for peace.

But while war thus becomes more deplorable from contrast, let the world not forget the boundless debt she owes to this dread agency. War has been the mainspring of the world's progress, as well as its greatest source of suffering. No industry, trade, or profession, no advancement in science, civilization, or Christianization, can be found which does not, directly or indirectly, trace back its origin or success to the impulse of war. Centuries ago the best knowledge of the world was garnered, and confined to a few small lands. It was the great hand of Mars which scattered these precious, fruitful, life-giving seeds over the earth. Alexander invaded Asia, planted the Greek language, constructed roads, and unconsciously prepared the means of spreading and preserving the Christian religion. Rome conquered Greece, but caught the inspiration of her oratory, literature, and art. Hastening down the centuries, we see the crusades — great waves of barbarous superstition and ignorance — moving towards the East, but bearing back upon the ebb rich cargoes of experience, new ideas, and higher ideals. England to-day rules India from the right of conquest; but with it she has undertaken to, and will ultimately succeed in, civilizing and Christianizing these millions of her barbarous subjects.

Turning from the distribution of knowledge to its creation, we will find upon every branch the stamp of war. Take literature. The ancient languages — and upon these all other languages and literature is founded — have come down to us, crystallized in the stories of their warriors' valorous deeds. The ten-years' siege and defence of Troy, and its results, inspired the two epics from the pens of Homer and Virgil. The third — our own "Paradise Lost," the faults of which Addison has declared can only be compared to the spots upon the sun — would never have been written, if about the very throne of God the battling hosts of heaven had not met in deadly combat.

In oratory, war has been the supreme theme of eloquence. Without it, the world would doubtless have been deprived of the perfect models of fearless invective and burning appeal from Pericles, Cicero, Burke, and Phillips.

War alone could have furnished a stage vast enough for such giants of genius as Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington to play their heavy parts in the great drama of history. The influence of such powerful intellects is beyond computation, as they show to men the boundlessness of man's ability, thus urging them to greater activity, to higher and broader aims. War has extended commerce, stimulated new industries and resources, and, by its sudden demands, has created necessity, the mother of inventions.

Can future wars bestow so much upon the world? Assuredly, no. We live in a new era. Civilization, with all its attributes, has reached that point where it needs no force more potent than its own weight to carry it forward. The telegraph and steam have united the East and West, and have placed the knowledge of the world at the feet of all who wish to learn. An almost universal education has infused into the nations a mutual respect and a higher sense of justice. Right is taking the place of might, and hastening the day when arbitration will perform the work of war. Men are preferring production to destruction, peace to war. Ideal chivalry is changing from physical to moral courage. The future patriot is a man who looks upon corruption, falsehood, selfishness as his nation's enemies, and brands them with his righteous scorn; who willing withstands the slings and arrows of public opinion, while the champion of truth, and ever full of intelligent public spirit and enterprise.

The triumphs of such a nation would be worthy of a Homer's song, would inspire the eloquence of a Burke, and compliment the leadership of a Washington.

ORANGE JUDD HILL.

## THE LITTLE CHORISTER

### "MIRROR" PRIZE STORY.

IT is a cold, rainy day in the latter part of March; and, as two little figures start out from the shadows of St. George's Church, they wrap their thin clothes about them, and brace themselves against the cutting east wind. Directly opposite is Stuyvesant Square, and here and there are hurrying pedestrians; while near the gate stands the tall policeman, quite protected from the weather by his long rubber coat. Easter is almost over, for it is Saturday in Easter week; and the little fellows have been practising hard for the morrow's service.

Of the two little boys Ned appears to be the older; he has dark hair and eyes, and looks able to stand any weather. Dick is thin and pale; his hair is brown, and his eyes are deep blue; his nature is of a very different sort from Ned's; he does not stand up against the storm so well. They are talking in low tones as they go down Sixteenth Street, and Ned says, —

"You sang your *Te Deum* solo beautifully, Dick. How glad Mr. Myrton will be to-morrow!"

"Yes," answered Dick slowly; "he says that I am the best boy-soprano in the city, and that I only need sing in the *Te Deum* and *Offertory*." Then he brightened as he continued, "He will give me fifteen dollars for to-morrow's work."

His countenance changed again, for he was thinking of his father whom he left only half sober, and who now was probably playing the violin in one of the city theatres. Shortly they reached Avenue A, and Ned disappeared up a dark stairway. Dick went on alone down the fast darkening street, past the lighted saloons, till he reached the vicinity of Tompkins Square. He stopped before a tall tenement-house, gave a glance upward, and then entered the dark hall.

As Dick was slowly climbing the stairs to his garret, Mr. Myrton the organist sat and meditated while he played over the different parts of the morning service. "Dick is not strong," he thought to himself, "but he is the best boy-singer in the city; and if he can only hold out in the *Te Deum* he will do great things for me. But I am glad I took the precaution to have Ned learn his part also, for, if Dick fails, Ned will go right on." He finished at last, dismissed the organ-blowers, and went home. Every thing was quiet in the great church. The brightly painted pipes were still. The large organ looked down on the empty church below; and in the darkness the chancel seemed to be far away.

Poor little Dick! He and his father lived quite alone. The father had once been a talented musician; but now he had a hard time to find work, for he was unsteady in habits. In the theatre where he played he was kept out of kindness; and little had "old Bob" and Dick to live on, for "Bob" drank up nearly all his earnings. He had managed to secure a fine violin, however, in his younger days, and on it he carefully taught his son to play. But on this day, of all days when Dick wanted comforting most, his violin was gone. Poor Dick! he did not know that his father had pawned it for a small sum, and was now in a drunken brawl. Dick cowered alone in the room, without supper or violin to cheer him. How he passed the night he never knew, only he realized after a time that it was morning. He hastily washed his face and hands, brushed his clothes, and went out. In the fresh air he felt better, but he was very hungry. It was cold and clear. The streets were washed clean by the rain. Down behind him were the tall masts of the ships in the East River, with the sun rising behind them.

Slowly crossing Tompkins Square, he soon turned into Second Avenue. He looked at the large, old houses, and wished that he might have a nice breakfast in one of them. Nobody noticed the little chorister as he hurried along. The cars seemed to pass swiftly, for he was very weak. How he longed for food! There was no time to stop and ask, for had he not promised to be at the sunrise service? As he reached the square, he saw the large church before him. He had never seen it look so big before. He was glad to sing there, for it was his greatest joy to sing. He seemed to forget earth, and the troubles his father made. The organ had already begun, but Ned was waiting for him on the stairs. When Ned saw him, he called out, "O Dick, I'm so glad you have come! hurry for the processional!"

They hurried as fast as they were able. Mr. Myrton gave them a kindly glance from his organ-seat: there was no time for more. At a peculiar change from a minor to a major key, the song burst forth, —

"Allelulia, allelulia, Jesus Christ is risen to-day!"

Dick forgot his sorrows. Before him was a great light. He seemed to see his Saviour in white robes, and on either side great masses of lilies. He was holding out his hands when the grand "Amen" closed the song; and poor Dick saw before him only the minister beginning the service between two great banks of lilies. The morning song was soon over. The crowd that came to see the decorations was gone. The last chord on the great organ slowly died away. The organist quite missed the young chorister, whom he had intended to take home to breakfast. After a hurried glance around, he went out, leaving the two little friends in the farther corner of the gallery, where they were quietly eating the breakfast that Ned's mother had prepared for him. After that they talked earnestly for some time; then they turned to the music for the morning service. They found it arranged on the racks before them; but, although Dick tried hard to fix his attention on the *Te Deum*, that little line of the *Magnificat*, —

> "He hath filled the hungry with good things,"

kept running in his head; and, no matter what he looked at, the music seemed to suit itself to the words.

At last they heard a noise below. The sexton had opened the great doors, and the people began to come in. One after another of the choristers arrived, and at last Mr. Myrton, who spoke kindly to Dick, saying, "You are to go to dinner with me; now, don't forget." And then Dick thought of the *Magnificat*, and the risen Saviour who had appeared to him. With a parting word about the *Te Deum*, the organist turned away, and the prelude immediately began. Mr. Myrton was improvising, Dick could tell, and he turned to look. The organist's face was turned upward; he seemed searching among the great pipes and spreading trumpets that towered above him, for an inspiration. Suddenly, changing from the great organ to the solo organ, Dick heard his *Te Deum* solo coming like a faint echo from the roof of the church. Another change, and Charles Wesley's hymn, —

> "Christ the Lord is risen to-day,"

filled the entire church; and, as it died away, Dick thought, "Will I ever see Him again as I did this morning?" He sat down with tears in his eyes, thinking deeply, "Will the great Christ come to me? Will he exalt the humble and meek?" Time passed rapidly, though it seemed an age to Dick. The first lesson had come to an end; Ned's hand was on his shoulder, for they had all risen for the *Te Deum*. Joyfully it burst forth, Dick singing with the others. The crowded church below seemed lost in the mist before him. Suddenly a great light filled the chancel, and while he sang he seemed to hear heavenly music accompanying him. Higher and higher his little voice went. Ned looked at him earnestly, while many of the congregation looked up in wonder. Mr. Myrton was not nervous, for Dick sang with inspiration. He was in the midst of that phrase, "Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father," when before him he saw his Saviour. With a burst of sudden joy he took his high notes, and — broke down.

Poor little Dick! the excitement had been too much for his feverish brain. His overwork had reached its climax: he had fainted. Those who looked up only saw the boy sink backward with outstretched arms; while another lad took up the same strain without missing a note. A carriage was summoned, and Dick was sent to the home of the organist. As soon as the service was over, Mr. Myrton and Ned followed. Consciousness had returned to the boy, but a high fever had set in, during which Dick constantly called for the violin. With Ned's help and advice, Mr. Myrton searched all the shops in the vicinity of Dick's home, and eventually succeeded in finding it. When Dick awoke one bright afternoon, he found the violin on the bed beside him; but he was too weak to play: he could only feast his eyes on it. His constitution had not been able to stand the strain put upon it, for he slowly faded away. Not many days after this, while Mr. Myrton and Ned were in the room, he suddenly cried out, —

"There He is again; he has come for me!"

He grasped the violin with one hand, and feebly stretched out the other.

"Hear the music," he said softly.

Ned was crying now, and the good organist's eyes were dim with tears; while a strangely beautiful light filled the boy's blue eyes, and a peaceful smile passed over the wan face. "Oh, my Saviour!" he murmured faintly; then his head fell back on the pillow.

Ned buried his face in his hands, while the organist prayed silently.

. . . . . . . . . . . .

Many years have passed since then. Ned has become the city's favorite tenor. Mr. Myrton kept the violin, for the father never returned. He is not at St. George's now, but is following the profession of composer and teacher. Once every year he plays on the great organ. Ned is always with him then; and the full, round minor chords of the *Te Deum* bring to each of them the picture of the little chorister's death.

H. S. KELLOGG.

---

## CRISES.

AT some time or other in every man's life there comes a supreme moment, a time when he is called upon to make a decision the consequences of which will live on and on long after he has ceased to exist. Such a period is commonly and properly denominated a crisis or hinge in a man's career, — a turning-point or pivot around which one swings, carried on by the influence of strong passion or calm reasoning, mad impulse or mildly asserting preference.

The question of how to best meet, and how to best pass through, such exigencies is by no means one of the least important problems in the great study of life. The power of deciding questions of the highest personal importance, without admitting as factors to the discussion our own weaknesses of like and dislike to the crowding out of those considerations which ought to have a direct influence in clearing foresight, and, above all, showing plain the path of duty, is a quality bestowed on few persons, and exercised by even fewer.

One of the attributes of great men seems to be this quality of meeting squarely, face to face, *every* emergency as it arises; never shirking the responsibility of decision; and following out their decisions with the whole energy of mind and body. In fact, mere decision of any sort plays so important a part in the every-day life of every one that to pass over in a hurried or heedless manner the smallest matters of choice is to utterly unfit a person for competent and candid examination of causes and their probable outcome as regards himself.

As in personal life, so in universal history, come crises, — when a nation's fate hangs trembling in the balance, when the future existence and prosperity of a whole people await with bated breath the issues of a conflict, or the result of a stated line of action. Here also the underlying principle is the same.

State policy is so shaped and controlled by individual decision, that we often forget the nation in watching its administration as carried on by a single man on whom devolves the supreme executive power. Thus Cæsar and Napoleon seem to stand out as characteristic national types, and, as such, to represent the embodiment of governing sway, to the almost utter exclusion of the masses for whose benefit their efforts were directed.

The doctrine of fatalism shows its greatest weakness and defect when it relieves man of the responsibility of choice and decision, and forces upon him, as inevitable, situations which might either be avoided entirely, or met and overcome. The mind is so constituted that it naturally contrasts varying views, and seeks to derive from opposing arguments their correct solution. Where discussion is eliminated, the field of reasoning must necessarily be narrowed and cramped in its scope; and under such circumstances a crisis is much more dangerous in its tendencies, as its importance will not be fully appreciated, or, if it is, the mind will be ill-prepared to meet the strain brought upon it.

Fatalism has a beneficial influence so far as it teaches men to endure, without shrinking, an unavoidable misfortune; but when it encourages submission to a state of things which might be improved, then its theory becomes absolutely pernicious.

A crisis often has a wonderful educating effect on character; not so much from the preparation before mentioned, as from the practical experiences of some great event in a person's life, whether that be a success or a failure. "Great men sometimes make great mistakes," is a common proverb, and owes its truth to the fact that, in great characters, perfection is too much expected, and that a flaw which passes unnoticed in common clay becomes strikingly evident when placed under the magnifying lens of fame. As a matter of fact, a few mistakes, if they are not ruinous, become an invaluable corrective and guide to future action. A false estimate in one instance generally causes closer attention to details in the next venture, and from error arises a warning to guard carefully against its repetition. And if from *mistakes* can come aid in shaping the courses of future conduct, how much greater the assistance when the wisdom of a decision has been thoroughly tested by its consequences, and proven sound and stable! With what genuine pride and satisfaction do we turn backward at times to review the scenes of crises safely passed through; and how the memory of such noble decisions brightens and sends an encouraging beam of light along the path of our whole lives, illumining the darkness and despair which often gather deep and discouraging about us!

The saints and martyrs of the early Christian Church loved to cherish the idea that every trial and persecution of the earthly life, if faithfully endured, added a gem to increase the lustre of their heavenly crown.

So the crises in every human career, if rightly met and conquered, leave an enduring impress on the character which has been ennobled and uplifted through their contact. For it is through the discipline of crises alone that the perfection towards which our highest endeavors are to be directed can be hoped for, reached, and finally secured.

JOSEPH HENRY MASON.

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## HYPATIA.

### FIRST MEANS PRIZE ESSAY (POEM).

THE world has many a hero
  Unsung in martial strain.
Christ's cause has many a martyr,
  The butt of man's disdain.
At the shrine of Science, many
  Have noble lives given o'er.
Philosophy's sage precepts
  Have claimed as many more.

But as long as the world endureth,
  Ay, till the rising sun
No more shall set in the crimson west
  When his day's work is done,
Shall the story of Hypatia
  Live on the lips of men;
Her noble life, her cruel death, —
  Would you hear it once again?

---

Fair in the morning sunlight
  Stood Alexandria old
(Since then full fourteen centuries
  Their various tales have told);
And through its busy thoroughfares
  The tides of life swept on,
Unconscious of the sickening sight,
The dark display of hellish might,
Which, ere the ushering in of night,
  Their eyes would look upon.

For those were times of discord,
  When the hearts of men waxed bold
To deeds of crime. And many a time,
  In ways that can't be told,
Had bitter strife and bloodshed
  Deep-stained its streets so fair, —
'Twixt Cyril's slaves, and heathen knaves,
  And Rome's troops stationed there.

There stood the Cæsareum,
  The holy church of God,
Reflecting back the sunlight
  From lofty roofs and broad;
But what can mean that gathering
  About its massive door,
Of dark-faced monks with greedy eyes,
Watching as if to snatch some prize,
While ever and anon its size
  Increases more and more?

And now they seem to vanish,
  And disappear from view,
As mists before a summer sun
  Or early morning's dew;
Now skulking through the by-ways
  With hurried words and low,
E'en as some stealthy beast of prey,
  We see them onward go.

And soon the house of Theon
  They silent throng around,
Noiselessly as the snowflakes
  Fall on the frozen ground;
But most they scan with eager search
  The heavy bronze front-door.
O Heaven! to what dire purpose now
  Has fury given them o'er?

But see! the door is opened,
  And o'er its threshold wide,
The fair Hypatia lightly steps,
  A slave-girl at her side.
A sad sweet smile is on her face,
  With tears her eyes are dim,
For all that night rose doubts and fears,
And eager longings, anxious tears, —
The gods, or Christ? her faith of years
  Should she still hold, or him?

And whether to gods or Christ above
  Her anguished prayers have risen;
Whether the gods or God himself
  Knows how her soul has striven,
Seeking the Truth, — *she* knoweth not,
  But she can wait and see;
For, whether the gods or Christ be Truth,
  The *Truth* must set men free!

But once more forth to lecture
  Her purpose is to go:
At least a word of parting
  Her pupils gay shall know.
They whisper her of danger,
  Of secret plottings too;
But craven fear was something
  Hypatia never knew.

Meanwhile, a glittering curricle
  Is waiting for her, near;
In it, with firm and dauntless step,
  And never a stain of fear,
The fair philosopher takes her seat;
  Nor dreams she, on her way,
How soon forever from her sight
  Shall fade the light of day.

No sooner has she started,
  Than up, and all around
On every side, in stemless tide,
  Springing as from the ground,
A dark black wave of angry monks
  Surges about the car;
Of *Christian* monks, — nay, hounds of hell!
For everywhere that frenzied yell,
"Down with the heathen Jezebel!"
  Is heard both near and far.

Then, as some helpless vessel
  By stormy billows tossed
On the dark wave, with none to save,
  In its wild embrace is lost;
So fares it with Hypatia,
  As the stern, resistless tide
Of surging, struggling, frenzied men
  Crowds close on every side.

They drag her from her carriage
  With curses loud and long :
" On to the Cæsareum ! "
  Re-echoes through the throng.
Yes, to the very church of God
  They drag their helpless prey ;
And from her dress the fragments torn
  Too plainly mark the way.

On, up the steps they hasten,
  Into the cool, dim shade,
Mid the lofty, fretted pillars,
  'Neath lowering domes, that made
The deed seem far more dreadful, —
  As athwart the gorgeous gloom
The pictures of the martyrs gazed ;
And o'er the altar, as though amazed,
The great Christ stood, his right hand raised
  As to pronounce their doom.

Straight up the aisle they drag her,
  Before the altars tall, —
Oh, why does not the avenging wrath
  Of Heaven upon them fall !
At length, from their fierce clutches,
  Ghastly with many a stain
Of blood, and bruised, she springs, and stands,
Raising in mute appeal her hands
To the great Christ, mid those fierce bands,
  And who shall say in vain ?

They pause, but for a moment,
  For with a cruel blow,
Just as she opens her lips to speak,
  Old Peter lays her low ;
And the whispered word, which none there heard,
  Has reached God's ear alone,
As o'er her prostrate form they close,
  Mid many a shriek and moan.

O God, who reign'st above us,
  O Christ, who for us died,
On history's page, of that dark age,
  Must *such* a stain abide?
For see! they tear her piecemeal;
  While echoing o'er the walls
And vaulted roofs, those shrieks and groans,
And frenzied yells, and piteous moans,
It seems would rouse the very stones
  To hear her dying calls!

But soon their hellish purpose
  Her murderers have done;
And fainter, fainter, fainter,
  Those dying moans still come;
And now, they can be heard no more:
  But another piercing cry
Arises: "To the Cinaron!
And burn the bones, yes every one!
Scatter them in the sea! Let none
  Remain beneath God's sky!"

We'll follow them no farther,
  Our eyes enough have seen.
'Twas thus the fair Hypatia died,
  Nor ever since, I ween,
Was such an end to one who hath
  The paths of virtue trod;
But whither her soul departed, we
  Can only leave with God.

SAMUEL N. POND.

## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY, JUNE 12.

ALL history has tended to the demonstration of one striking fact, although, of course, it has tended to the demonstration of many more. This one fact is that there is in man a sensibility which demands the recognition of the man as a *man*, and not as a *factor* in a society. Together with the individual go the individual's rights. Parallel to the world's advancement this thought has grown. It is intangible, as sensibilities must be; but it is assuredly not chimerical. In correspondence to its growth, means have been found to mould it to the world, or, if the spirit of the time demanded it, to repress it. From the first records of history we see men appealed to on this side of their characters. We can most nearly understand it as a love in man to maintain his personal rights, and to uphold a strict personality. But should means be sought for the development of such a spirit? Let us see. Each man is endowed with certain unalienable rights. Perhaps the cultivation of this feeling will force the individual beyond his rights, necessarily ending in the encroachment upon the rights of others. "A society of the whole world, where each man is his own ruler," comes to us like the breathing of sweet music from some fabled Utopia. The hallowed vision of the inspired poesy of the ancients caught glimpses of a mythical Atlantis, which, in the eye of their imagination, was perfect beauty. Such a glimpse can we catch of a perfection of a personal government upon earth, but there it ends. Government *is* necessary, and not an individual government, but a government of individuals. Then is it right to subordinate the rights of the individual to the government? The government must stand. But if it cannot endure without the oppression of the man, let it fall.

On the island of Delos, where the soft waves of the Ægean Sea, and the softer light of the Eastern sun, meet in delightful harmony, in a temple of the gods, before an altar of horns intwined inseparably together, there was formed a mighty confederacy. You wonder not that with such a propitious birth the union flourished. But why? Its inexpressed but tacitly understood tenet was that the individual was paramount to the corporation. Of course the confederacy of Delos fell. What government has not? Not many years later a new connection of allies arose. The waves of the Southern sea beat on as softly as ever, and the Orient sun shone as brightly. The earth seemed to rejoice. A new nation was born. What was its tenet? That individuals were but stepping-stones to the government's supremacy. And does it still exist? The irresistible passions of man, guided by a power we see not, but feel, shattered the foundations of Sparta; and the body of gold, on feet of clay, mingled with the dust.

Perhaps, in the latter case, the feelings of men rushed in the wrong channel, and Omnipotence did not restrain them. But it cannot be. The feelings of the past and the present have sympathized, and ever shall sympathize, with Athens. Experience certainly stands on the side of the individual. When we perish, shall we not emulate rather the end of Athens than that of Lacedæmon?

I trust that you now believe with me, if you did not before, that the rights of the individual are supreme. We must seek, then, the means which will cultivate and give us a clearer idea of our own rights, and those which we call personal, — in literature, politics, war, and art. I have spoken thus far of the proof of the necessity of this in politics and war. If we grant it there, we must assume it as true in literature and art. We can use no means for the cultivation of this feeling of personality which are hostile to it. Granting, then, that literature is friendly to it, of what could we better avail ourselves than of it? In the wide vista of the past there appears no glory brighter than that of literature. Within the memory of the present generation, no gifts have been laid at the shrine of the warrior which can compare with those offered to the hero of literature; not because the warriors have not deserved them, but because the authors of all times deserve them more.

Perhaps some of us have never comprehended or suspected our own rights. To him who has not, the revelation may bring a new sense of freedom. "The only cure for the evils which that freedom may produce is freedom." Having discovered this liberty, loath as the Greeks of old will he be to surrender it. Rather will he cry in the words of Sumner, "Give me the centralism of liberty; give me the imperialism of equal rights." It is more probable that a young man will overstep the strict bounds of justice, in the search for more immunity, more independence.

The ancient philosophers were fond of applying the principles of geometric law to the relations of beauty, and, above all, to the relation of the soul and the sensuous life. "Influenced by a dim mysticism which eluded all rules of human duty as it eluded all argument," in their love for the dialectic they lost sight of the application. A life made nobler by their doctrine they easily comprehended; but they failed to ever show one. To them the circle typified the universal, omnipresent, all-prevading soul. The triangle inscribed within was the tri-cornered sensuous life, touching the circle only at those places where life possessed virtues, innate, inherent. To round this triangle until it blended in the circle of the soul, was their aim. As dreamers, they succeeded: as living examples, they failed.

Imagine for a moment our sense of personal freedom and liberty of man as the triangle. To bring the triangle nearer to the idea of Him who died that all might live *free*, we must round out our irregular life, broaden and expand it, until with one rush of joyous triumph it merges in the universal soul, the perfection of nature.

ROBERT E. SPEER.

## A REVERY.

Last night, when I'd finished my Latin, —
I'd been plugging two hours or more,
Till my brain was all tired and muddled
With constructions and rules by the score, —

I put up the book with its fellows,
A long gloomy row on the shelf,
Then settled myself in my rocker,
As you would take comfort yourself.

My mind wandered over the present,
And then drifted back to the past,
And lingered mid scenes of my boyhood,
When fled the bright hours so fast.

I thought of my mother, — God bless her !
Now laid in her grave by the sea,
And wondered I'd never known it,
What the love of a mother could be.

I thought of my brother, the rascal !
The five-year-old king of us all ;
The sunshine, the plague of the household,
Who holds us as slaves to his call.

And then I thought of a maiden,
And wondered if she thought of me,
Or guessed how I longed but to see her,
Once more in her presence to be.

Yet sometimes vague fears would oppress me,
I can't give the first reason why,
Unless 'twas because I was dreading
Lest all our fond hopes were to die.

And thus I sat lost in my dreaming,
My chair drawn up close to the fire,
Till harshly brought back to my senses
By midnight struck out from the spire.

I rose from my chair with reluctance;
The fire I fixed for the night,
Then laid myself down to sweet slumbers,
And soon was in dreamland's soft light.

G. B. H.

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## MULTUM IN PARVO.

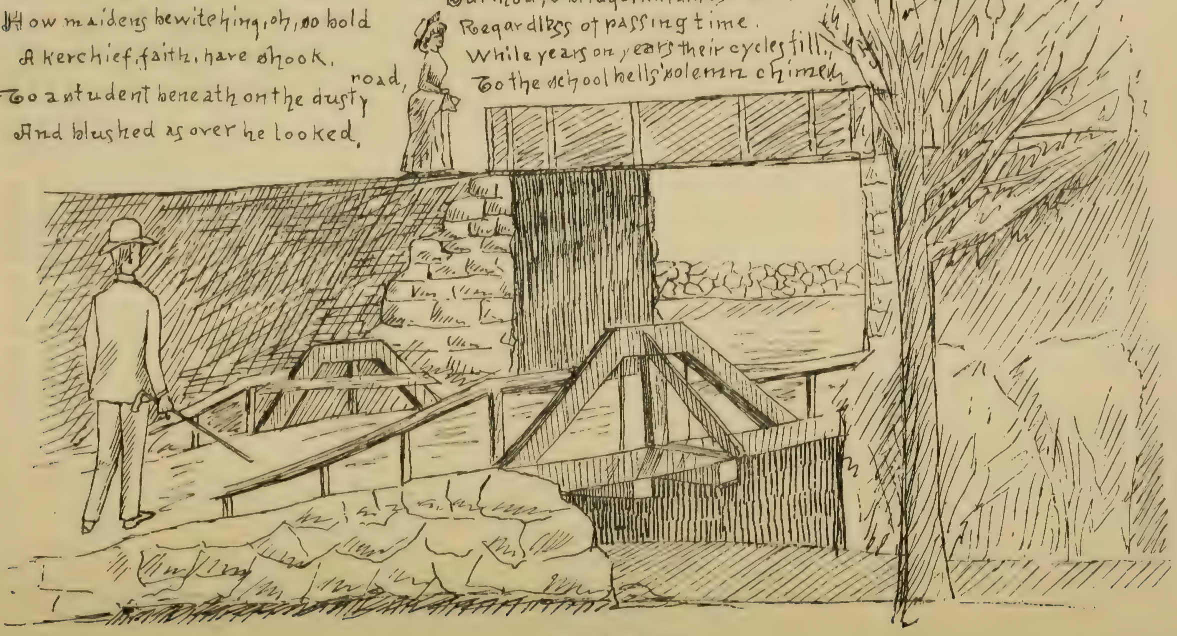
"ROLLER skates,
Pretty girls;
Crack in floor,
Giddy whirls;
Dull thud,
Broken arm;
Anxious parents,
Much alarm;
Bones set,
Many hollers;
Doctor bill,
$20."

ANON.

A bridge is a bridge, perhaps, perhaps,
And serves an end for all:
But here is a bridge, a double bridge,
That doth some scenes recall.

How maidens bewitching, oh, so bold
A kerchief, faith, have shook,
To a student beneath on the dusty road,
And blushed as over he looked.

How over that bridge as Preps we passed,
When coming to enter school.
How over it Seniors speed at last
Released from restrictive rule.
But thou, o bridge, remainest still.
Regardless of passing time.
While years on years their cycles fill,
To the school bell's solemn chime.



THE BRIDGE.

## THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE ON CHARITY.

### SECOND MEANS PRIZE ESSAY.

Every age in literature has been distinguished by its own peculiar aims and characteristics; but those books alone have stood the test of centuries, whose themes, wrought out with a master's hand, have sought to raise humanity from ignoble to nobler life and thought. The literature of the nineteenth century appears to be directed mainly toward charity, — charity in its truest and broadest sense; charity not alone to make us regard the external needs of others, but to bring us into sympathy with their lives, their thoughts, and their feelings.

There may be, indeed, some in every age who maintain that the true art of writing consists in imparting their ideas to the world in the most attractive manner. At first thought, this would seem to be true; and so it is to a certain extent. For a time, graceful phrases and beautiful figures are pleasing; but after a while even these must grow monotonous, and we feel that something is wanting. We see no great truth, no lofty purpose, flashing from the lines, however perfect the rhetoric. One must see behind the lines not only a mind of genius, but also the promptings of a noble nature, yearning to do good to all mankind. These are the magic threads which bind the heart of the reader and writer in mutual sympathy.

Bulwer-Lytton's style as a novelist is hardly surpassed, yet his success is circumscribed by the lack of truth and earnestness. For the beautiful in nature he has a deep admiration; still, it is this very admiration that betrays him: all his characters, both good and bad, are overdrawn. They are ideal, and nothing more, and therefore untrue to nature; and man cannot sympathize with characters that have nothing in common with himself.

Dickens's style, undoubtedly, is neither so fine nor so polished as Bulwer's; but Dickens is never untrue to nature, never does he neglect the heart to please the fancy. All his writings exhibit the deepest sympathy with man and his wants, and to the charm of his style we irresistibly yield. Weeping have we knelt beside the dying bedside of poor Joe, with trembling hearts have we followed little Oliver Twist in all his wanderings, and with indignation have we witnessed the cruel treatment that the poor, homeless boys suffered in "Dotheboys' Hall" at the hands of Squeers. By this charm the great-hearted novelist has led us through the hovels of wretched, outcast London; with him have we visited the dreary cell of the abandoned debtor, and passed through the fearful days of the French revolution. To a world grown selfish with thinking of itself, he showed the beauty of Christian love and charity.

Far different is the work that George Eliot has done. Dickens taught us to regard the external needs of others, while George Eliot has brought us into sympathy with their interior life, — their thoughts and feelings. Like Dickens, she deals with the lives of the humble, — people whose humdrum existence we are apt to overlook as scarcely worth noticing. Again have we listened to the sweet, fervent notes of Dinah Morris's voice; or heard the burning words of Savonarola, which he hurled with such terrible effect against a corrupt church. By all other writers the Jew has been taken as the incarnation of all that is low and mean in human nature; but George Eliot, rising superior to her contemporaries, presents in the person of Mordecai a character of surpassing loveliness, and finally finds the supreme realization of her ideal in a Jew, — Jesus of Nazareth! From her we see that in every one's life — be it never so lowly — there is something pure and noble and good.

Through the pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a race in all its ignorance and pain stretched forth its shackled arms, begging for mercy and justice. Beside this piteous tale of woe, our boasted liberties, our declaration that all men were created equal, sounded like hollow mockery. It aroused in the hearts of fathers a burning sense of shame and a diviner sense of justice; it melted the hearts of mothers until they willingly yielded their noble sons that their blood might cleanse the nation's sin. To-day our land is free, standing proudly in all the beauty and symmetry of its universal freedom; but no sword in that mighty struggle did more valiant service than the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

But, in regarding the influence of literature upon charity, the Bible must be uppermost in mind. It was penned by the Divine Father, out of his boundless sympathy for suffering, sin-sick humanity; and, amidst its thousands of lessons, above all it teaches charity.

Thus are the world's noblest books the sweet chords of that grand harp, which, touched by the Divine hand, arouses in the hearts of men faith, hope, and charity, — but the greatest of these is CHARITY.

GEORGE HENRY HOTALING.

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## GRANDPA'S STORY.

### "MIRROR" PRIZE POEM.

GRANDPA GREY sat in his chair,
And slowly stroked his long white hair;
While at his knees sat Bess and Fred,
With baby Dick and little Ned.
They wanted him a tale to tell, —
He knew all sorts, could talk so well;
And this is what he chanced to say
To the children on that summer day.

"Slowly sank the setting sun.
The herdsmen, ere the day was done,
Gathered wood on the village side
Of a mountain tall. In the valley wide
A hamlet lay; and herds and flocks,
That browsed by day 'round barren rocks,
Were turned head homeward. From afar
Slowly rose the evening star.

The lights in the hamlet down below
Grew brighter in the evening glow.
And gray old Caspar turned his head
As he spoke to his little son, and said,
'Now, Wilhelm, mind your fire to-night,
Should Heinrich come, don't fail to light!'
As thus he spoke, he turned away,
Nor had he thought as much that day
Of robber Heinrich and his band,
Who robbed and killed throughout the land
Of Tyrol.

"All day long the men
Were watching down the narrow glen
With long and steadfast earnest gaze.
That night, should Heinrich come, a blaze
Would warn the folk; and Wilhelm young
The signal give, the bell be rung,
That each might watch his home. And now
The boy looked sad at all below.
He thought of home, his mother dear,
And all beneath that seemed so near.
He watched the path on either side,
To see that Heinrich did not ride,
With band of fierce and warlike men,
From out the woods or darksome fen.
He cowered 'neath a large gray stone,
Thought of himself, who, quite alone,
Must guard the people, young and old,
From robber Heinrich's band so bold.

"But soon he heard a steady tread;
Then quickly to the wood he sped,
And to the spot where powder lay, —
His father placed it there that day, —
And pouring some on a flat rock,
He seized his father's fire-lock,

And then a backward glance to see
Who the advancing foe might be.
He sees them come, they onward move,
This band of men who freely rove
Through field and forest, hill and glen.
He sees them come, full twenty men ;
Then swiftly he, without a sound,
The wood and tinder placed around
The stone. He quickly takes the gun,
For now the work is almost done.
Snap ! went the lock, and made a light ;
It blazes up, makes his face bright.
He gently piles the wood around,
Then takes the gun, — with sudden bound,
Out into the path he goes,
And stands upright before his foes.
But Heinrich bold has seen the fire,
And rising up, his blood in ire,
He cries, 'Shoot down the dog !' Not so,
For Wilhelm young escapes the foe.
He quickly seeks the tall black rocks
That day by day had sheltered flocks.
Down in the vale he hears a shout,
The men and boys are 'round about
The path. They've seen his flame,
For now he hears them call his name.
Bold Heinrich gloomy turns away,
He vows he'll come another day.
And Wilhelm, safe hid by the rocks,
Has saved the hamlet and the flocks."

H. S. KELLOGG.

# SEALED ORDERS.

## A Story.

It was over two hundred years ago, during the course of one of those periodical struggles between the English and French which have so strikingly marked the histories of these nations, that the events which I am about to relate took place. We are all familiar with anecdotes of personal heroism in times of danger, especially in war. The instances on record are many, in which men have, in obedience to what they believed to be their duty, willingly and unselfishly laid down their lives. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" has formed the watchword of many a dying patriot on the field of battle; yet all the annals of history present but few, if any, examples of unselfish devotion to duty, and strict obedience to the stern mandates of a higher authority, which can surpass, or even equal, the instance here recorded.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning in the early spring of 1641. The city of Portsmouth, one of the chief naval stations of the English government at that time, as it is to-day, was all astir with some unusual excitement. A sudden and unexpected message had arrived from the naval headquarters ordering the immediate departure of one of the largest vessels of war, assigning no reason, but directing the commander, one of the most distinguished and popular of the officers in the naval service of England, to sail under sealed orders to a certain point of latitude and longitude, and there, breaking the seal, to act in accordance with his instructions. No immediate naval engagement was apprehended, as there was at that time a lull in the long continued strife; both sides being content to withdraw, and assume the defensive, until financial resources could be brought into a better condition. But, at all events, the order must be obeyed: and it was a sad party that gathered about the wharf that bright, spring morning, to say farewell to friends and dear ones they might never see again; and as the majestic vessel sailed slowly out from the dock with its gay lines of soldiery on board, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, lusty cheers, and the pealing of cannon, there were two hearts in all that throng that felt the pangs of parting more deeply than all the others. Standing somewhat apart from the rest, the wife and little six-year-old daughter of the commanding officer watched with strained eyes till the last sail, dipping slowly behind the horizon, gradually faded out of sight; and then, with a sense of loneliness which only those can feel who have said farewell, perhaps forever in this world, to a loved one, they turned back to the cheerful home whence they had started, all too dreary and lonesome now that the husband and father had left a vacant spot in their midst. A strange presentiment filled the mind of the mother, that that sudden and unexpected order boded no good to her or hers, that perhaps she would never again see her husband's face, which, try as she would, she could not dispel, — a presentiment too soon, alas, to be realized.

But fair weather and favoring breezes sped the stout vessel swiftly to her destination. Six days already had she steadily held her course without intermission or delay. No ships of the enemy had appeared in sight; and gradually they were nearing the point at which the fateful seal was to be broken, and the further movements of the vessel to be ascertained. Steering in a south-westerly direction, the pilot had directed the ship's course to a point but a few miles south of the Azores Islands; and early on the morning of the seventh day, through the misty haze that almost hid the horizon from view, a long dark stretch of coast could be clearly descried. Two hours later, and they have reached the precise spot designated in that strange and unexpected order. But what can all this mean? Why this long voyage, so far out of any natural or reasonable course? And why this concealment of the real purport of it all? Is this to be the scene of a great struggle for the naval supremacy between the two conflicting powers? Not a soul on board can tell us; but let us follow the commander as he enters his private cabin alone an hour after sunrise, and, unlocking his drawer, takes from it that mysterious package with the great red seal of England stamped so prominently upon it. And now he opens it, and reads, —

SIR WILLIAM FELTON, *Commander H. M. S.* "*Lennox*."

For criminal carelessness and neglect in the battle of Lake Trevia, fought May 12, 1638, you are hereby ordered to be shot within two hours after the breaking of this seal; the command of the vessel, after your execution, to devolve upon the first mate.

(Signed) SIR JOHN TAUNTON, K.C.B.

Shot! Good God! what does all this mean? Shot! can he believe his own eyes? Nay, is it not rather some horrible, deceitful nightmare? Shot! and for what? Ah, yes; now he knows. How vividly that scene is pictured before his eyes! 'Twas just three years ago that very day, at the close of a long and hard-fought battle with the French, just as the shadows of evening were gathering on, that he stood proudly on the deck of his gallant vessel guarding a narrow strait which formed the only outlet of a broad sheet of water, on which the battle, resulting disastrously to the French, had been fought. "Hold your post; let not a ship of the enemy escape!" were his orders. Suddenly from out the gathering darkness a white sail loomed up before him, displaying the French flag at her mast-head. She was trying to run the gauntlet and escape. An instant, and every inch of canvas is stretched to intercept the fugitive. For a moment the result was doubtful, but for a moment only; for the French cruiser, finding escape impossible, suddenly veered about, and disappeared into the darkness whence she had come. Now was his chance! With every yard of sail taut with the stiffening breeze, he started in pursuit, regardless of his orders to *hold his post*. A gallant prize would he capture, and take back in triumph. One, two three miles are soon behind him, and still the fugitive leads; four, five, six, and now like a ravenous eagle he hovers above his prey; another mile, and he is alongside the hapless vessel, his troops have boarded her; a short, sharp, and decisive struggle, and the prize is his. But now for the first time he bethinks himself of his deserted post. How many ships of the enemy have escaped during his absence? Hastily and anxiously he retraces his course. All is calm and still; not a vessel is in sight. Have any escaped? To-morrow he will know; and will not his brilliant exploit atone for his carelessness?

The morrow's sun shone bright and clear over the scene of battle. The captured fleet was all there; not a ship had escaped. But four miles outside the bay, a fleet of twelve French men-of-war had lain for thirty-six hours, eagerly watching for an opportunity to pass the strait, and turn the tide of battle. Why they had failed to take advantage of his absence the night before, when pursuing that would-be run-away, he had never known; but often had he shuddered as he called to mind the disastrous consequences that must have followed a discovery, on the part of the French re-enforcement, of that mad movement.

And now this was his punishment! Way off here, hundreds of miles at sea, far from home and his helpless loved ones, with life and its bright prospects just opening before him, to be shot down like a dog by those very soldiers, who, with unshrinking devotion, had weathered so many storms and conflicts at his side. Was not his punishment greater than he could bear? Nay, was it not harsh and unjust? Had a single soul suffered in consequence of his carelessness? Not one. "Stay!" a voice within whispered, "fling to the flames that unjust order: you're all alone. Keep it locked a deep secret within your breast. Steer your vessel to some remote foreign port. Flee! Escape! Save your life; for life is sweet!"

"Nay," came the answer, after a struggle that but few men are ever called upon to endure, "*do your duty!* Be a man! and if, in the judgment of your superiors, you are guilty of a crime worthy of death, *die* like a man!"

It was over: duty and honor had conquered.

"John," said he, opening a door, and summoning the first mate, "order twelve men, armed with rifles, to be drawn up in double line on the quarter-deck. I myself will be there presently, and will give them further orders."

Puzzled and perplexed, the mate withdrew to do as bidden; while the commander, locking the door once more, kneeled reverently in the presence of Him he expected so soon to meet, and prayed fervently for strength to endure the trying ordeal he was called upon to pass through. Then, with an earnest petition that He would care for the helpless ones whom he must leave behind, he arose from his knees, and, taking in his hand the warrant for his execution, walked with a firm and steady step to a position about ten yards directly in front of the troops who were drawn up before him ready to do his bidding. Not a sign of fear was visible in those calm and resolute features. There was no blanching of the cheek, no shrinking of the eye, as in a clear, distinct voice he read aloud to them the death-warrant. Then, binding his handkerchief firmly over his eyes, he advanced a single step with these words on his lips, —

"Soldiers, comrades, an hour has come I never thought to see. Life to all is uncertain. We may not tell what to-morrow will bring forth. Yesterday my life was full of joy and hope; to-day my eyes must close forever on this world. The charge against me is just. I am guilty, and worthy of punishment. You have heard the order; yours it is to execute it. Do your duty: I am ready now to die."

But who were to be his executioners? Not they! Strong men who had faced the foe in the white heat of conflict; who, with him at their head, had hewn their way through blood and fire and smoke; who had spilled human life with as little thought as a child kills a fly, — now threw down their rifles, and, with tears moistening every eye, refused to obey his order.

But bold and strong rang out that voice again, —

"Soldiers, I am still your commander. Never yet have you refused to obey my orders. You've always done your duty; do it *now!*"

That was enough. Twelve long, polished rifle-barrels glittered in the morning sunlight. There was a flash, a deafening report, — and all was over.

. . . . . . . . . . .

"And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a home in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die."

That night settled down stormy and dark over the city of Portsmouth. Before a cheerful fire in a cosey sitting-room, a mother and her little daughter were sitting, with far-away thoughts of an absent, yet ever-present one.

"Jennie," said the mother, "I have a strange feeling to-night that we shall see papa to-morrow."

"Oh, mamma," replied the child, "I do hope so. I've grown so lonesome. I want him to come home."

That night the mother had a dream. She saw her husband's face indeed; but 'twas not an earthly vision. And this word only spake he, "Come." And she could only answer, "Yes, I come."

"Mamma," said a childish voice next morning, "why don't you come to breakfast?" Then drawing closer, "Mamma, wake up! Why, what is the matter?"

But the sleep was the sleep of death. The calm, white face lying there so still seemed lighted up by a joyful smile of recognition. She was once more with her husband; but this time she had gone to him.

SAMUEL N. POND.

## THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE ON CHARITY.

### THIRD MEANS PRIZE ESSAY.

CHARITY, in its broadest sense, is that virtue that lifts man up, and makes him forgetful of self. Without charity, says St. Paul, language, power, and knowledge are nothing. Though a man could move nations, and have unlimited wisdom, his power and knowledge would avail him nothing in the sight of God, if in him were wanting the power of self-control and love for his fellow-men. The charitable man is contented with his own humble talents. He does not forget others, though he struggles to advance himself. St. Paul had the true conception of charity when he wrote that he would rather speak five words to do others good, than to speak ten thousand for himself. Charity is active; it is not content till it moulds human nature: it is, in essence, the golden rule.

Now let us see what literature is. Literature is the positive element of civilization. It consists of the *living* expressions of great men. Primarily, literature consists of books; but it is more than books. These vital expressions could not have lived unless they were full of truth; but truths would have been lost if not recorded: hence, literature is the record of the expression of truth and conviction.

Personality has made literature what it is. Personality, therefore, has a permanent place in literature. The products of great minds are distinctly peculiar; they are recognizable everywhere. Such a mind was Shakspeare's, such was Chaucer's and Milton's. These men have given an impetus to the later writers of our language that is immeasurable. As long as our language lasts, the noble and beautiful thoughts embodied in the works of these men will be spread abroad.

Literature is one of the great media of good in the world. It records noble deeds; the printed page makes the power of good actions permanent. Not the least among the many offices of literature is her service in preserving the efforts of man to help his fellow-man. In our generation, Charles Kingsley poured his fiery thought into the printed page, and his "Alton Locke" brought the facts of the evil condition of the London work-rooms before the London public. He made many friends and many enemies, but he felt it to be his duty to remedy the evils. He saw the large audience to be reached by the printed page. Dickens and Thackeray also clothed their great morals in the form of fiction. In publishing the "Liberator," William Lloyd Garrison showed his appreciation of literature as a medium of good.

Literature and personality work together upon charity. They form character, create a right spirit in man. Not literature for itself, not fine thoughts, splendid imagery, or polished style; but that by such media the mind and conduct of man may be broadened and improved. Thus the Book of all books is the best example of literature that stirs men to action. It breathes love, truth, honor, and power into them, and lifts them upward. Men who face great danger rely only on this book. The Psalms of David even in this day interpret man's deepest and most mysterious longings. The Bible is suited to every mood. Coleridge says, "The Bible, more than any other book, finds a man."

If literature has not made men more Christ-like, what has? Literature has affected charity, or character, for good. It has benefited this personal constituent in the life of man. It has broadened and improved his nature, made him sympathetic and thoughtful, and removed bombast and inward conceit. With Christ came charity. As literature has spread Christianity, so it has kept up the standard of charity. And until Christianity dies out — and it never will die — literature and charity will go hand in hand.

HERBERT SPENCER KELLOGG.

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## THE THEOLOGUE.

THE theologue may justly be called a characteristic specimen of the American student; that is, he has many characteristics peculiar to himself, besides the few he has in common with the other inhabitants of the mundane sphere. It is very difficult to contemplate him in the abstract, though he generally wears an air of utter abstraction, and, we might add, absorption; by which we mean that it looks as if he had been absorbed about three sizes, and his clothing, left hanging on the outside, had failed to share the absorption. Difficult as it is to contemplate him in the abstract, effort fails to form a conception of him in the concrete, because concrete is used for sidewalks; and it is impossible to reconcile the lofty status and still loftier aspirations of the theologue with what is trodden under foot of men.

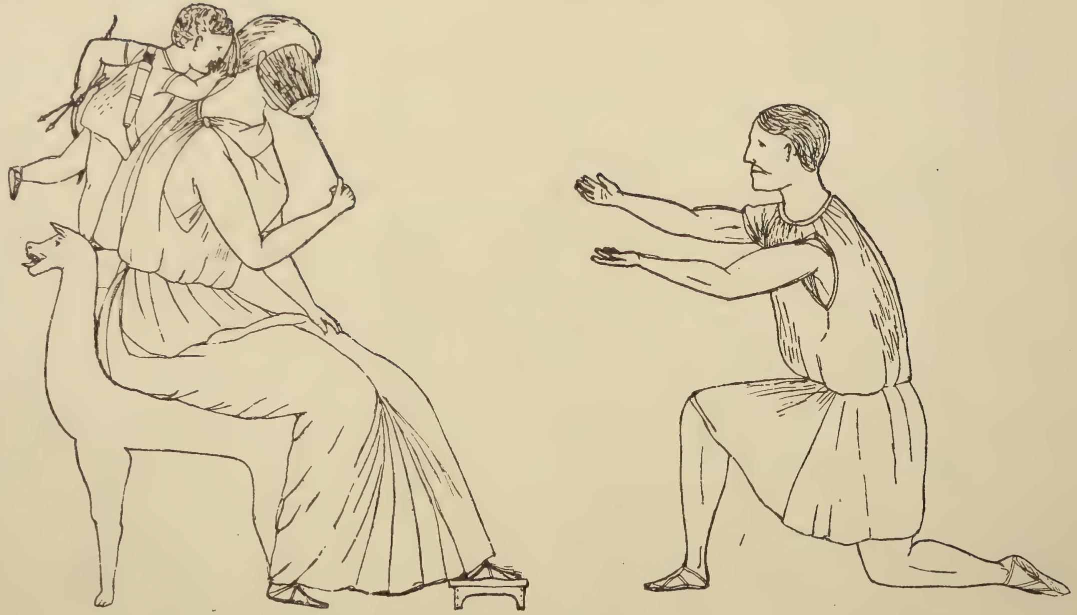
These are minor characteristics, however important they may appear to us; but we must not forget the mine'er intellect concealed under his old last year's Derby hat.

The theologue does not devote himself to athletics with that absorbing interest the 'cad. takes in such pursuits. His preference is for the gently invigorating tennis, and the quiet, soul-inspiring communion with Nature found in long walks. But his stronghold is on the Fem. Sem. When he wishes to make the acquaintance of a fascinating Fem., he bethinks himself that a friend of his second cousin once saw in the contributors' list of the "American Missionary" the name of a maiden aunt of the young lady in question; and armed with this strong evidence of familiarity with the family, he passes triumphantly those portals which are closed to many a deserving Phillipian, into the haven of bliss, which only the theologue may enjoy. On this point "comparisons are odious," and discussion vain, — for the 'cad., — and we may only extract a sort of dog-out-of-the-manger consolation from the fact that with all his advantages the theologue sometimes "fails to score" in the esteem of the fair sex; but even such feelings cannot arouse in us the unmixed enthusiasm which might naturally be expected.

Many a 'cad. has probably become a pulpit-pounder and gospel expounder through the inducements offered to theologues in good and regular standing, and through hope of revenging himself for the neglect he suffered at the hands of the powers that were, are, and ever shall be.

After a candid examination of many specimen types, we feel that we cannot conscientiously pronounce the theologue worthy of imitation; not so much from preponderance of vice, as lack of positive virtue, and from the presence of those indefinite atoms of negative excellence, which sadly mar the peculiar and extensive symmetry of mental vigor for which the theologue has always been distinguished.

J. H. M.



MAID OF ABBOT.

## MAID OF ABBOT.

MAID of Abbot, ere I go,
Wilt thou please say "yes" or "no"?
May it not the latter be!
'Twould much sorrow bring to me.
Hear my vow; oh! be not slow:
*Mea Fem. Sem., te amo.*

By those locks which gently curl
O'er thy forehead, charming girl;
By those eyes of beauteous hue,
Most bewitching to my view;
By thy sweet voice, soft and low,
*Mea Fem. Sem., te amo.*

By thy fair, unblemished cheek,
By thy ruby lips so sweet,
By thy every graceful move,
Thou the more to me dost prove.
And I swear by Cupid's bow,
*Mea Fem. Sem., te amo.*

Maid of Abbott, wilt thou be
Mine forever, true to me?
Answer this with one short "yes,"
And thus ever my life bless;
For I love thee thou dost know,
*Mea Fem. Sem., te amo.*

J. S. E.

## ATHLETICS.

THE spring term is always a welcome one to the lovers of athletic sports, after the long, dull winter term, when nearly every thing of that nature must be carried on in the gym., — a place which the large majority of fellows know too little about. Now that the time has come when more out-of-door exercise can be indulged in, we gladly turn our attention to the many manly sports free to all who will share in them, and in which old Phillips has always held so high a position.

Among the various sports of school-life, "the wheel" remains as popular as ever. The Phillips Bicycle Association continues in a prosperous and flourishing condition; and one of the prettiest sights to be seen on the streets of this classic retreat is that of the numerous bicyclers skimming so lightly over the sidewalks on their graceful machines. It is a truly noble sport; and every fellow who can possibly afford it should own a machine. Bicycling has been defined as "poetry on wheels." It certainly comes about as near that as any thing; and we can only give it our heartiest wishes for continued success in the future.

To any one who takes an interest in the game, the constant growth in popularity of tennis here is really quite remarkable. The fellow who does not play is now the exception, instead of being in a large majority as was the case two or three years ago. Through the tournaments, the school has had a chance of witnessing the best playing the experts in the game could furnish; the hope of beating Exeter being the strongest possible incentive for steady practice and hard work in this department of our athletics.

The number of entries for both singles and doubles was less than last fall, but the playing has been much better; and the results have been in every way satisfactory to the school, who may feel that they have their best players to represent them against Exeter, and that, whatever may be the issue of the tournament with her, it cannot fail to be creditable to the players themselves, and the academy as a whole.

We add below the scores for both singles and doubles, believing that many will be interested in having them together in this form, for easy reference.

### SINGLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corliss *vs.* Myer | 4—6, 7—5, 6—4 |
| Carter *vs.* Emans | 6—3, 6—2 |
| Strong *vs.* Weed | 6—0, 6—0 |
| Rogers *vs.* Goadby | 6—4, 6—3 |
| Odlin *vs.* Woodruff | 5—7, 6—1, 6—4 |
| Breed *vs.* Wood | 6—2, 6—3 |
| Strong *vs.* Carter | 6—2, 6—1 |
| Corliss *vs.* Rogers | 6—1, 6—4 |
| Breed *vs.* Odlin | 6—4, 7—5 |
| Corliss *vs.* Breed | 6—4, 6—4 |
| Corliss *vs.* Strong | 7—5, 2—6, 6—4 |

### DOUBLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Odlin and Bancroft *vs.* Myer and Goadby | 7—5, 6—4 |
| Carter and Speer *vs.* Congar and Peabody | 6—3, 3—6, 6—2 |
| Breed and Shaw *vs.* Rogers and Wood | 7—5, 10—8 |
| Corliss and Graves *vs.* Carter and Speer | 2—6, 6—2, 6—4 |
| Corliss and Graves *vs.* Emans and Woodruff | 6—1, 6—2 |
| Breed and Shaw *vs.* Segur and Sawyer | 6—0, 6—2 |
| Breed and Shaw *vs.* Myer and Goadby | 6—4, 3—6, 6—3 |
| Breed and Shaw *vs.* Corliss and Graves | 6—4, 1—6, 6—4 |

For the Base-ball Nine this spring, we are pleased to be able to record, thus far, a season of not *unusual* (for P. A. has always been "way up"), but at least *unexpected*, success. Every one seemed to be of the opinion, that, having lost Vinton, our glory and renown in base-ball would have to decline; but time has proved that such fears were ungrounded. Messrs. Noyes, Merrill, and Knowlton were chosen last fall to serve as a base-ball committee, and for the manner in which they have performed their duties we have only words of praise. We think that in the selection of the present school nine they have made the best and wisest possible choice, and deserve the hearty thanks of the school for the good judgment they have displayed. Of each individual member of the nine, time and space forbid us to speak critically; but we think the entire school has been pleased by the acceptable manner in which Weyerhaeuser has filled the pitcher's box. He has certainly done far better than it was expected he would do. His support by Knowlton has been almost perfect; and the latter has also led the batting thus far. Third base has been finely covered by McNeil, while "Puss" Noyes is always *just where he is wanted.*

The other positions have been well filled; and, while our team has shown its weakest point to be in batting, we feel sure that practice will readily overcome this defect. Altogether, we have a nine of which the school may justly be proud; and, while we greatly regret that we go to press too early to record the Exeter game, we can say, with confidence, that we have no fears as to the result. Thinking it may prove of interest to some, we give below the full score of the games played thus far: —

### ANDOVER.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| King, *c. f.* | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Johnson, *l. f.* | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Noyes, *s. s.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 |
| Germer, *r. f.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Perry, *c.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 9 |
| McBrier, *2 b.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Weyerhaeuser, *p.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 5 |
| Merrill, *1 b.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 21 | 1 | 1 |
| McNeill, *3 b.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals | 35 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 27 | 24 | 21 |

### SOMERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mack, *3 b.* | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Bailey, *c* | 5 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 9 | 5 |
| Wescott, *p.* | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 19 | 8 |
| Crookes, *s. s.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Ayer, *2 b.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Barrows, *1 b.* | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 0 | 1 |
| Stone, *l. f.* | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Foster, *c. f.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McAdams, *r. f.*, | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 43 | 12 | 7 | 9 | 27 | 30 | 16 |

### ANDOVER.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Knowlton, *c.* | 5 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 1 |
| King, *c. f.* | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Johnson, *l. f.* | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, *s. s.* | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 0 |
| Perry, *r. f.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Weyerhaeuser, *p.* | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 1 |
| McBrier, *2 b.* | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Merrill, *1 b.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 | 2 |
| McNeill, *3 b.* | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 42 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 28 | 18 | 8 |

### BOSTON COLLEGE.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Byron, *1 b.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 5 |
| Sullivan, *s. s.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Kelley, *3 b.* | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Corbett, *c. f.* | 5 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Falvey, *c.* | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 1 | 4 |
| Kelleher, *l. f.* | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Flaherty, *2 b.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Quirk, *r. f.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Murphy, *p.* | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 12 | 1 |
| Totals | 42 | 7 | 11 | 14 | 27 | 22 | 16 |

### ANDOVER.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Knowlton, *c.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 3 |
| King, *c. f.* | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Johnson, *l. f.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, *s. s.* | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 1 |
| McNeill, *3 b.* | 5 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Perry, *r. f.* | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Weyerhaeuser, *p.* | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 1 |
| McBrier, *2 b.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Merrill, *1 b.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 11 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 43 | 8 | 12 | 13 | 27 | 17 | 12 |

### HARVARD, '88.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Holden, *3 b.* | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 |
| Hallowell, *l. f.* | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Fargo, *1 b.* | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Foss, *2 b.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Ingersoll, *c. f.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Austin, *r. f.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Choate, *c.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 1 |
| Palmer, *p.* | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 11 | 1 |
| Gallivan, *s. s.* | 5 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Totals | 39 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 27 | 18 | 10 |

### ANDOVER.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Knowlton, *c.* | 4 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 12 | 3 | 1 |
| King, *c. f.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Johnson, *l. f.* | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, *s. s.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| McNeill, *3 b.* | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Perry, *r. f.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Weyerhaeuser, *p.* | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 2 |
| McBrier, *2 b.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 5 | 1 |
| Merrill, *1 b.* | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals | 33 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 26 | 22 | 7 |

### CHAUNCY HALL.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chase, *1 b.* | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Tuttle, *p.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 16 | 0 |
| Warren, *s. s.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Gurney, *c.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 1 | 6 |
| Chatman, *l. f.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wilson, *3 b.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Moore, *r. f.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Austin, *2 b.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Folsom, *c. f.* | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 33 | 1 | 6 | 6 | 24 | 17 | 10 |

### ANDOVER.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Knowlton, *c.* | 6 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 13 | 0 | 0 |
| King, *c. f.* | 6 | 3 | 4 | 8 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Johnson, *l. f.* | 6 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Noyes, *s. s.* | 6 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| McNeill, *3 b.* | 6 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Perry, *r. f.* | 6 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Weyerhaeuser, *p.* | 6 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 12 | 5 |
| McBrier, *2 b.* | 6 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Merrill, *1 b.* | 5 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 53 | 18 | 19 | 26 | 27 | 18 | 9 |

### BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL.

| | A.B. | R. | B.H. | T.B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pons, c. *f.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Bowker, *p.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Sabine, *r. f.* | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Pratt, *2 b.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| Powers, *c.* | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Vila, *1 b.* | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 10 |
| Wells, *3 b.* | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| Nash, *l. f.* | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Seaman, *s. s.* | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 |
| Totals | 31 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 27 | 13 | 17 |

# Editors' Review.

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1st, SAMUEL NEWMAN POND, '85,
2d, ORANGE JUDD HILL, '86,
3d, JOSEPH HENRY MASON, '85,
BOARD OF EDITORS.

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ONCE more would the editors of the MIRROR crave the indulgence of Philo and the school, as they appear to make their little bow, and place in your hands the result of their work this term. And it is with some hesitation that we place the MIRROR before you. We cannot say that we have held firmly to the "*Mos Majorum.*" While the fall and winter editions have both been excellent, we felt that in changing a little the general style of the magazine, we might introduce a few harmless innovations not altogether displeasing to our readers. As will be noticed, we have changed printers, which fact of itself necessarily includes several changes in the general style of publication. We have ventured to have the MIRROR bound in blue covers, the school color, and the covers printed in gilt, a change which we trust will prove an acceptable one. And so, hoping that this edition of the MIRROR may fully meet the expectations of our readers, and that they will pardon whatever errors they may find in its columns, we leave the result of our labors with you, only asking that whatever criticism is passed upon it may be mild.

PHILO generally expects to ease up, and take in some of its sails, during the spring term. The Muses must not take it to heart if boys, hot with tennis, or wild with excitement over successive baseball victories, do not seem eager to soar away on the wings of eloquence, or dig deep to the roots of the momentous debates. But to say that the attendance has not been average, and the work excellent, would be far from the truth. Philo has made several changes in her constitution which are positive advances on her old methods.

The most conspicuous of these is the new plan of appointing six extemporaneous speakers from the house, three of whom assist the affirmative, and three the negative, of the debate. It has had the desired effect of drawing out the fellows who, like Webster and other famous orators in their youth, were too timid to face the society for the first few times, till their knees became less shaky. It curtailed the bombastic exuberance of those fellows who were wont to have very long and loud opinions on all questions for debates. More interest than usual has been shown in parliamentary law. Several times points have been in long and hot dispute, which have been not only instructive, but interesting and often laughable. A man can hardly get into a more ludicrous position than to be utterly "caswizelled" on his parliamentary law before the society, while motions and questions are being fired at him from all quarters. It is a tough lesson, worth learning, but best taught by experience. The printing of the president's address in the MIRROR for the term of which he is presiding officer seems a good scheme of giving to future generations some idea of the character and ability of the men who have had that honor. The two excellent entertainments which Philo has given the school and Andover show her enterprising spirit.

There is no reason why the society should not feel proud of her year's work. She has added much to what has been done in former years, and has prepared the way for greater advancement. The men who have taken and used all the advantages which she offers will not soon forget, nor cease to feel grateful for, her great help in the days of our youth.

THE interest shown in Inquiry this term has been unusually good, considering the fact that heretofore the work during the spring term has been very apt to lag more or less, and lose interest. The meetings have been large, and the average attendance very good; though perhaps some of them have lacked a little that earnestness, and readiness to take part, by which they should be characterized. That Inquiry is a great power for good in the school, none will deny; and long may she live and prosper to continue the good work in which for many years she has been so successfully engaged!

In speaking of the "Phillipian" we hardly feel like pronouncing judgment on it at this early date, before the new management has had time to get fairly settled down to its duties. As a matter of course, we could not expect, and have not received, the finished results which follow from a year's experience in the editorial chair; and, while in most respects the work has been very creditable to the editors, there is a feeling that the course outlined at present is somewhat radical on certain questions, and that the general opinion of the school is at variance with the position sustained by the "Phillipian."

The typographical errors have been far more numerous than formerly, and the issues have been delayed longer than they ought. It is to be hoped that the experience of the present term will go far to improve the character and make-up of the "Phillipian," and render the work of the coming year as successful as was that of the year just past.

The last piano recital of the tenth series was given Saturday, April 25, by Mr. William H. Sherwood, assisted by the Philomela Quartette. While the high character of these recitals renders praise entirely needless, and criticism almost impossible, yet this entertainment was even above the ordinary standard. Mr. Sherwood's playing was very fine, especially the rendering of "Idylle," one of his own compositions. The quartette was a novelty and a decided success. Their voices blended perfectly; the first soprano was very pure, and the second alto wonderfully rich and full. The "German Shepherd's Song" was quite unique in style, and deserves special mention for excellence of execution, as well as "Lady-Bird" and "Fidelia."

Though a quartette of female voices can hardly have the power of male voices, yet in this case the combination was very pleasing, and the effect above criticism. May the management always be as fortunate in its selection of performers as it has been in the series just finished!

In spite of the rain, the lecture by Mr. Roberts on "Alaska," accompanied by stereopticon illustrations, was very well attended. The pictures, as Mr. Roberts himself remarked, were not all that might be desired. They sufficed, however, to give us a considerably better idea of the extent and resources of that vast territory of ours, concerning which most people are in woeful ignorance. Mr. Roberts asked nothing for his very entertaining and instructive lecture, but gave it from his interest in education in general, and in this his old school in particular. He may be sure, however, of our full appreciation of his kindness.

It is natural, in comparing similar entertainments, to think the last to be the best; but it seems universally acknowledged, among the fellows, that the Means speaking this year was superior to that of any former year in the memory of students now in school. The justice and good judgment of the committee were questioned as little as we have ever known. They awarded the three prizes to S. N. Pond, G. H. Hotaling, and H. S. Kellogg, respectively, who received their honors, along with the "more substantial," amid storms of applause. The flowers were abundant and beautiful. The little speech by the Rev. Mr. Boynton was the happiest, wittiest, most original of the season. Dr. Bancroft's remarks on the new portrait of Mr. Willis filled up the time very pleasantly while the judges were deciding. It was a great success throughout, and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Means may be sure his kindly benefaction is doing a good work, and is heartily appreciated, not only by the officers, but also the students of Phillips.

The following is the programme: —

1. Jugurtha in the Roman Forum.
   FRED BURNELL APPLEGET, Hightstown, N.J.
2. Restricted Immigration.
   FRANKLIN ELBRIDGE LIBBY WATSON, Manchester, N.H.
3. The Independent in Politics.
   EDWARD JOHN HALL, Bennington, Vt.
4. The Independent in Politics.
   JAMES WILSON OSBORNE, Calumet, Mich.
5. Jugurtha in the Roman Forum.
   JOSEPH HENRY MASON, Marlborough, N.H.
6. The Influence of Literature on Charity.
   HERBERT SPENCER KELLOGG, New York, N.Y.
7. Jugurtha in the Roman Forum.
   ARTHUR MCMASTER GOADBY, New York, N.Y.

8. The Influence of Literature on Charity.
GEORGE HENRY HOTALING, San Francisco, Cal.
9. Hypatia: a Poem.
SAMUEL NEWMAN POND, Falls Church, Va.
10. The Morality of Tact.
EDWARD ALLEN APPLETON, Springfield.

*Committee of Award:* Rev. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON, M.A., CHARLES SMITH MILLS, B.A., DAVID KINLAY, Jun., B.A.

IN connection with the Means speaking, the following, though coming from an outside reader of the "Phillipian" and MIRROR, we have thought deserving of a place in our columns.

"The 'Phillipian's' announcement of the Means speakers was sufficiently startling, and not more so on account of the speakers named, than the subject-matter which promised to be developed. Four of the writers offered to uncover a Roman tragedy hidden hitherto. They did it with the broken and sphinx-like utterance (so the editors said), '"Jug-with-her" in the Roman Forum.' ('Jugwith*a*' was plainly a printer's error.) Surely, thought we, a tragedy is coming. Virginius and his noble daughter are to be paralleled again in the annals of that degenerate age; for through the gaps of that singular announcement we could but read the tragic story of woman's wrongs, and of the cup resorted to, to drown her grief, — the whole story to the dire end of it.

"But at the public exercises, — not a word of it! What the 'Phillipian' means by Delphic utterances of this kind, and in connection with the Means announcement, is hard to tell. A jest? Impossible. And the question is further complicated by the fact that the 'jug' and its normal contents are of comparatively modern origin. The noble Roman knew it not. All this but deepens the mystery in the 'Phillipian's' utterance. It points to modern times, and places perhaps near home, as scene of the tragedy.

"For clearly a tragedy is here. 'Jug-with-her'! What mean our 'Phillipian' magnates by this half-concealment, half-disclosure? 'Jug-with-her'! Of course there was a woman in it. And her jug! Little boots it to discuss if it were a demijohn or perfumery. Perfumery in a *jug!* Plainly it was other than musk, and something stronger than 'jockey club.' And what voices call out in our sorrowful, mystified fancy! Who was she? whence came she? with what hopes elate? what disappointments befell? The bright sunlight of youth early overcast and quenched in dark disaster! driven for consolation to the jug! beauty, smiles, and early hopes extinguished in the jug! — for so only can be read that dark announcement, that she had her 'jug-with-her.'

"And what hidden relation to the 'Means' or the 'Phillipian' had she? Shade of Means! and has it come to this, that under the *ægis* of thy fair name a tragedy lies concealed?

"Surely the time and occasion are come for a most searching investigation, — investigation by the 'Phillipian' editors of their spelling-books and proof columns."

THE editors of the MIRROR, as has been customary for some time past, again offered prizes for original contributions. Varying a little from the usual custom, the editors offered prizes this term for the best original *story*, *essay*, and *poem*, together with two other prizes offered as an inducement to the artistic talent in school. Messrs. Show, Torrey, and Wilson of the seminary, the two latter being old Phillips men, very kindly and acceptably served as a committee. In accordance with their decision, the awards are made as follows: Prize for best story, to "The Little Chorister," by H. S. Kellogg; prize for best poem, to "Grandpa's Story," also by H. S. Kellogg. Of the limited number of essays handed in, the committee informed us that they could recommend none for publication. That award has accordingly been omitted. Of the several cuts handed in, "Reminiscences of a MIRROR Editor, and the Sad Story of a Poet," drawn by F. B. Appleget, deserves, in the opinion of the editors, the first prize; while the second is awarded for "Ye Modern Scylla and Charybdis," drawn by A. L. Clark. We have also made use of two other cuts kindly contributed by Messrs. Harding and Clark.

ON April 23 the Brown University Glee Club favored Andover with a concert in the town hall. A large and respectable audience gathered to enjoy the entertainment, which, we are happy to say, proved a perfect success. The Glee Club is known as one of the best, if not *the* best, in this country, and well has it earned that distinction. A very pleasing and varied programme was presented;

and all the selections were so well rendered that nearly every one was encored, some of them two or three times. While the support was admirable throughout, we would notice especially the second basses and first tenors; among the latter Mr. Alexander deserving special mention. Mr. Nicholson in his whistling obligatos did very well, while the warbling was only fair. Altogether, the performance was a very entertaining one, and the audience seemed well pleased. For the Brown Glee Club we have only words of praise and a hearty "come again."

THE Faculty kindly, and with more than their usual patriotism on such occasions, gave us the 30th of May as a holiday. It was variously enjoyed. Only a few heard the eloquent address by Mr. Bradley in the town hall. Several of the bicyclers rode over to Beverly, where the Essex County Association had a re-union, dinner, and a general good time. Tennis went begging, and the ball game in the afternoon was too uneven to be interesting. The day made a very pleasant break in the work of the term, and was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all; and we extend to the Faculty our hearty thanks for their kindness.

# In Memoriam.

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## William Carrington Macfarlane,

P. S. '85.

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DIED APRIL 4, 1885.

## FACETIAE.

"On the Point of Attack" is the title of a new novel. If the heading means any thing, it is probably the experience of a man walking round at two A.M. in his bare feet.

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of his teacher. "No, my boy," replied the latter, "it was Juliet that was found dead by Romeo."

An exchange says, "Mountains have no eyes," but we've seen a mountaineer. If without eyes, how can a mountain peak? We should like to see all such references to mountains top.

"I tell you, Sarah," observed John Grab to his better-half a few evenings ago, "them college text-books is awful expensive." — "Why?" remarked that lady. "Well, I just got a letter from John when I was down to the store, and he says as he wants a dollar and a half for a 'geometry,' and eight dollars for a 'cyclometer.' I don't think a cyclometer ought to cost more than a geometry; do you, Sarah?" — "I don't know, John, but I reckon it must be a little harder study."

### A RE-ASSURING LICK.

Sam. V. Harris lives in Fort Worth. Neither he nor his wife is very smart, as will be seen by the following incident. Last night Sam heard a noise under his bed.

"There is somebody under the bed," said Sam to his wife.

"It's Fido, I guess."

"No: I think it's a burglar," replied Sam.

"Just reach your hand down, and if it is Fido he will lick it."

The burglar, for it was one after all, overheard the conversation; and, when Sam reached his hand down, the burglar licked it all over very affectionately. This was entirely satisfactory, and they both went to sleep; but, when they woke up next morning, there was not much left in the house that was worth carrying off. — *Texas Siftings.*

SOME one has punctured the absurdities of the "Concord philosophers," as the Emersonians of New England style themselves, with these spear-points of verse: —

"Across the moorlands of the Not
We chase the gruesome When,
And hunt the Itness of the What
Through forests of the Then.
Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty Where;
We spear the Ergo tough, and beard
The Ego in his lair.

"With lassoes of the brain we catch
The Isness of the Was,
And in the copses of the Whence
We hear the Think bees buzz.
We climb the slippery Which bark tree
To watch the Thusness roll,
And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes
To woo the Over-Soul."

A TALL Western girl, named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little; while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which cause Little in a short time to marry Long. Query: Did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long.

THE author of the following evidently favored cremation: —

"Don't lay me on the river bank,
Amid the fragrant flowers,
Nor where the grass is watered by
The early summer showers;
But put me in the kitchen range,
And open wide the damper,
And then my vaporous remains
Can up the chimney scamper."

"WANT to sell your Homer?" inquired the festive Middler a day or two ago.

"Well, no, I guess not," answered the Senior; "the Boise have been Bohning me hard for it, but I think I shall Keep it."

"Pretty clever; but what's the use of keeping it?" asked the Middler again.

"Oh, just for the sake of old times here."

"That's not so good a reason as the other Senior had."

"Why, what reason did he give?"

"He said his was too musical to part with."

"Too musical!"

"Yes: it was a Harper." And with this he got outside the door just in time to miss the "Liddell and Scott's Abridged" the Senior sent flying after him; for he was not in the proper mood and tense to discuss longer, since the fellow across the way affirmed that his remarks had a foreign and almost classical mixture of assorted swear-words.

"SACRED to the memory of Miss Martha Gwynn,
Who was so very pure within,
She burst the outer shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim."

WHAT is majesty deprived of its externals? (M) a jest (y).

## EACH TO HER TASTE.

"I DON'T see how I'd get along without Mary, nohow," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features, and put another ladle of soft-soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating out from the adjoining parlor. "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, nohow. Al'ays on these days, when I hav the tiringest work, she just picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet Rest by and by,' and 'Mother's growing Old,' and sings 'em fur me afore she goes out on the lawn to play croquet with the other young folks. Tain't every gal as ud be so thoughtful, I kin tell you. Now, most of 'm ud jest bang away with 'Jorden is a hard Road to travel,' or 'Whoop 'em up, Eliza Jane,' but she ain't none o' that sort; she's a pile o' comfort to me, a pile o' comfort." And Mrs. Blucher fanned herself vigorously with her soiled apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water.

### WAS CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS RIGHT?

It was September, 1878. The train that bore Bode Hawkins to college caught him away from the arms of his mother and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode Hawkins, and very reluctant he to go to school. "Aw, pshaw!" he growled; I donkare to go, nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the collidge! it don't do no good, and I won't know no more w'en I come back than I do w'en I go away. I'd ruther drive team, 'r learn a trade, 'r somethin.' Dod fetch the thing, anyhow!" June, 1882. Ambrose Hawkins returns to his ancestral halls on the farm. His family weep for joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly at them through the oriel window that includes one eye; and, delicately extending two fingers for them to grasp, he murmurs, "Aw, fathaw! gently, my deah fellah, gently; easy on the rings, ye knaw. Bless you, me mothaw. How? no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye knaw. How do, brothaw — brothaw — Well, bless me soul, but, aw, I've forgotton the boy's name! Sistah deah, will you kindly hand these brawses faw me boxes to the luggage-mawstah? Aw — is this — this the vehicle?" And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he just drove and thought, and thought and drove; and nearly all that night he sat up twisting hickories, and laying them to soak in the watering-trough down by the cow-barn. And he told a neighbor next morning that Charles Francis Adams was right, and that "he had about four years of college larnin' to unlarn fer Bode afore the boy could holler at a yoke of steers like he used to; but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do by 'n by." — *The Burlington Hawkeye.*

## LINES TO A CAT.

[*From "The Burlington Hawkeye."*]

I love thee, cat ; I love thy pleasant ways :
  I love to see thee dozing round the house ;
I love, through all these dreamy summer days,
  To watch thee circumvent the bashful mouse ;
I love to hear thy calm, contented purr,
And stroke thy coat, — so near and yet so fur.

But I love not, when starry night is come,
  To hear thee, cat, with velvet-padded hoof,
Rapid as taps upon the startled drum,
  Or summer raindrops pattering on the roof ;
For, when thy claws slip from their velvet jacket,
Thou art a wild Niagara cat, — a cat-a-racket.

Sweet warbler, when the radiant moonlight falls
  In mellow splendor on the haunted shed,
Oft have I listened to thy plaintive wauls,
  And cursed thee from my sleep-deserted bed ;
How have I wept to hear thy long-drawn shout,
"Maria ! oh-h Ma-ri-a ! Comin' ou-out ?"

O cat ambitious ! thou wert born to lead ;
  Thou art the first in peace, in war the furs ; [1]
And, to provide for each and every need,
  Thou never goest out without thy purrs ;
And, like most human vocalists who sing,
You get your back up, cat, at every thing.

Why dost thou rage, vain cat, when sable night
  With "dewy freshness fills the silent air" ?
Why dost thou climb the roof to yell, and fight,
  And rip, and spit, and snort, and claw, and swear ?
Dost thou not blush, sweet cat, when rosy dawn
Sees half thy fur clawed out, and one eye gone ?

---

[1] It is also first on the woodshed.

O cat ! thou wouldst not thus disturb the moon,
If to the temperance club thou wouldst but stick ;
Thou would'st not fight unless at some saloon
Thou did'st get tighter, cat, than any brick.
I know you, cat ; I see it in your eye :
Full oft you take your catnips on the sly.

Go, gentle cat, go from my lap, and prowl
Upon the dizzy woodshed's beetling height ;
On lofty dormer-window sit and howl,
And every thing that weareth cat-hair fight.
And I will love thee still for all of that,
Because I would not have thee less a cat.

Yet hear ! When midnight pauses in the sky,
I will arise from sleepless couch of mine,
And guided by thy animated cry,
And by thine eyes so brilliantly that shine,
I will take down my trusty culverin,
And with six pounds of buckshot fill thy skin.

In some parts of Africa it is said that no women under six feet in height are allowed to marry. This may seem strange ; but why, pray, shouldn't Hymen desire high women for wives?

A spring poet sends us the following : —

"A shady tree, a mossy bank,
There May and I sat down.
We talked about our summer joys
When I would come from town.

I held her little hand in mine,
The moving leaves did rustle ;
When suddenly she cried aloud,
'I've spoiled my nice new bustle !'"

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A PRETTY deer is dear to me,
  A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
  But barely bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
  To pare a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
  To tear away the tares.
All rays raise thyme, time raises all;
  And through the whole, hole wears.
A writ in writing "right" may write
  It "wright," and still be wrong;
For "wright" and "rite" are neither "right,"
  And don't to "write" belong.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
  Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail,
  As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
  When he is but reclining;
And when consumptive folks recline,
  They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm,
  A bough don't bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
  No earthly powers reign o'er it.
A dyer dyes a while, then dies;
  To dye he's always trying,
Until, upon his dying bed,
  He thinks no more of dyeing.
The son of Mars mars many a sun.
  All deys must have their days.
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
  To feed misfortune's son.
The fair should fare on love alone,
  Else one cannot be won.

The spring springs forth in spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale:
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

HE lay in the hammock, racket in hand, when she approached and said, "What is the difference between this lawn and yourself." — "Communicate the variance," said he. "Why, one is a daisy level, and you're a lazy d——." He gave up the hammock.

## WE FEEL OBLIGED TO STATE

That the Juniors have no sand;
That "Toot" Bradford is taking oral Latin;
That petitioning the Faculty is a regular farce;
That it is a breach of church etiquette to make up a pool on the length of the sermon;
That there are no legal holidays in the school year;
That the Senior Latin hour has sixty-seven minutes;
That Skeedy Peirce is "all broke up;"
That hare and hounds is a failure, — for the hounds;
That the Commons regulations are a dead letter;
That Rogers has a mustache;
That Whipple is said to be engaged;
That the Senior Snap is lost, strayed, or stolen: a liberal reward is offered for its recovery;
That these facts are strictly confidential.

## SENIOR SNAPS.

"He was never known to be in a hurry." BABBITT.

"Who keeps the little paper store,
And charges retail price and more?
Who's deeply versed in classic lore?"
SQUIRE BENTLEY.

"Oh! 'tis a parlous boy; bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable. He's all activity from top to toe." E. D. BLANCHARD.

"A good deal of *skin*, with plenty of BOHN." DAILEY AND MERRILL.

"Get thee gone, vile punster, speak no more:
Thy wretched jokes do make one very sore." EMERSON.

"You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord." FROHOCK.

"Whose face is ever on the smole,
Whose room is a disordered (w)hole,
Who never owned a ton of coal?"
"JACKO" HARDING.

"Who muttered mumbling and low, as though his mouth were full of dough?" ROGERS.

"A fellow of no mark nor likelihood." ROPES.

"That galoot that bobs up and down like a well-sweep when he walks."
SAWYER.

"Every one is as he is made, and oftentimes a great deal worse."
WOODWORTH.

## IDIOSYNCRASIES

"Milk for our babes,
*Strong meat for growing men.*"

"A knave very voluble." Appleget, '86.

"He wasn't so gol-darned fat, but oh, he *was* fat!" Hammond, '88.

"And both were young, and one was beautiful." The Morgans.

"The crowd hiss me, but I applaud myself at home." Kellogg, '86.

"We are never merry when we hear sweet music." The Orchestra.

"Comb down his hair! Look, look! it stands upright!" Odlin, '86.

"From our tables here, no painful surfeits, no fell diseases grow."
Shawshine Boarding-house.

"I know what study is. It is to toil hard through the sad hours of the midnight watch, at tasks which seem a systematic curse." Grimes, '87.

"Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity."
Church Attendance.

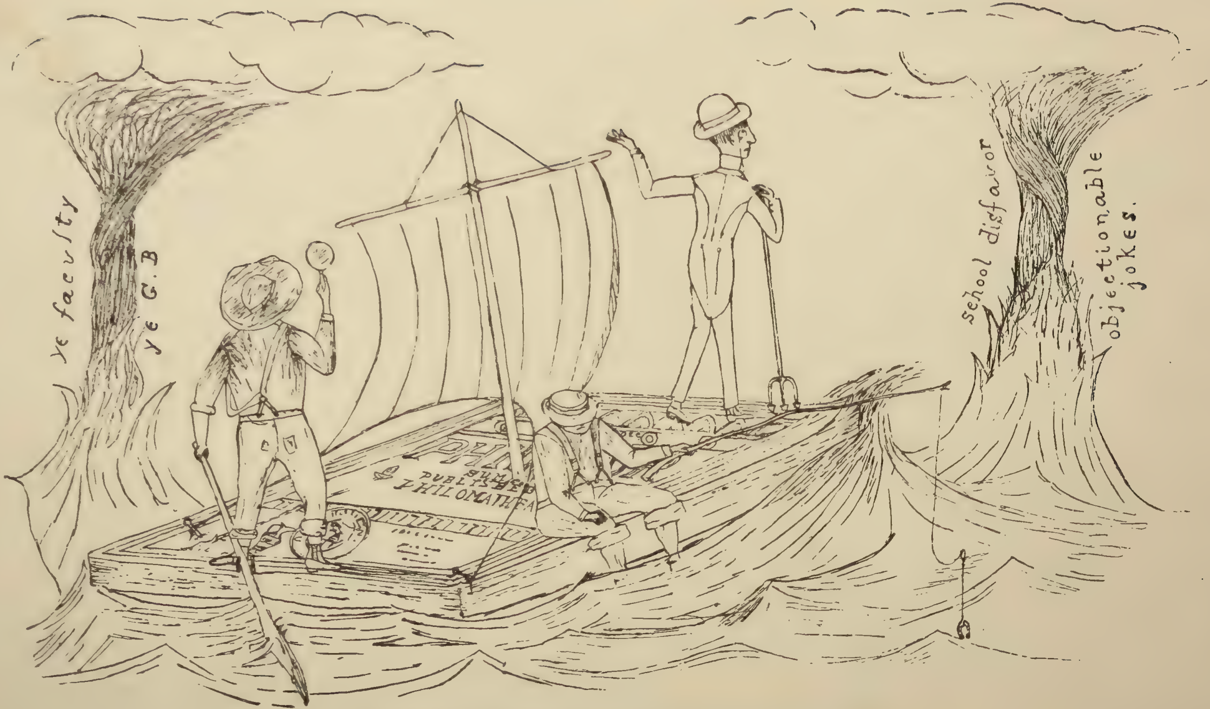
"I have seen men better balanced." Hotaling, '86.

"I know it is a sin
For me to stare and grin
At him here;
But the last year's Derby hat,
Those *light breeches*, and all that,
Are so queer!"
Herr von B——.

"A knot you are of blamed blood-suckers." Andover Tradesmen.

"There's no more mercy in him than there's milk in a male tiger."
D. Young C——.

"The ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover round his slumbers."
"That's You."


ye faculty
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PHILOMATHEA
school disfavor
objectionable jokes.

YE MODERN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

# THE PHILLIPS POT-POURRI.

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| Farmer, H. E. | *Andover.* |
| Gardiner, I. L'H. | *Milford, Penn.* |
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| Giles, W. N. | *New York, N.Y.* |
| Goadby, A. M. | *New York, N.Y.* |
| Grimes, J. W. | *Hillsborough Bridge, N.H.* |
| Grimes, W. P. | *Hillsborough Bridge, N.H.* |
| Hall, E. J. | *Bennington, Vt.* |
| Hamilton, E. L. | *Fond du Lac, Wis.* |
| Hamilton, H. W. | *Fond du Lac, Wis.* |
| Harding, G. C. | *Pittsfield.* |
| Hicks, F. W. | *Bennington Centre, Vt.* |
| Hollister, G. B. | *Rutherford, N.J.* |
| Hotaling, G. H. | *San Francisco, Cal.* |
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| Jernegan, P. F. | *Edgartown.* |
| Kellogg, H. S. | *New York, N.Y.* |
| King, W. H. | *Chester, Penn.* |
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| Loe, O. E. | *Grand Meadow, Minn.* |
| Lund, J. W. | *Concord.* |
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| Myer, W. | *Washington, D.C.* |
| Osborne, J. W. | *Calumet, Mich.* |
| Owen, T. N. | *Granville, N.Y.* |
| Penfield, L. C. | *Chicago, Ill.* |
| Peirce, L. | *Frankfort, Me.* |
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| VICE-PRESIDENT, | W. J. F. Dailey. |
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*Pas à Pas.*

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| VICE-PRESIDENT, | I. L'H. Gardiner. |
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*Honor non Honores.*

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| SECRETARY AND TREASURER, | A. S. Wicks. |

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"*Loyal en tout.*"

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*Virtule Vincennes.*

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| VICE-PRESIDENT, | H. E. Knowlton. |
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### SECOND.

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Its lamp of life entirely gone out!

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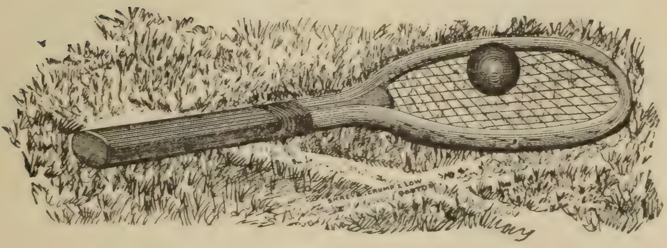

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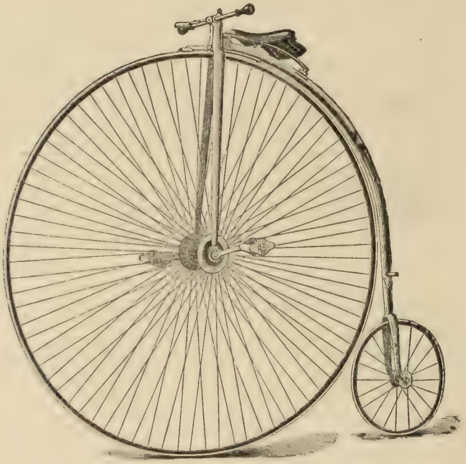

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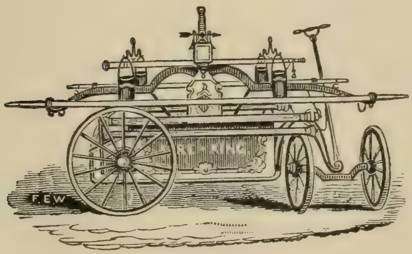

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C. Weyerhaeuser, *Pitcher.*
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J. H. McBrier, *Second Base.*
G. S. McNeill, *Third Base.*
H. F. Noyes, *Short-stop* (Captain).
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J. H. Scranton, *Third Base.*
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L. D. Dodge, *Left Field.*

*Substitutes.* — The rest of the class.

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J. H. Strong, *Pitcher.*
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J. H. Bonbright, *Second Base.*
H. F. Noyes, *Third Base.*
W. P. Graves, *Short-stop.*
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F. M. Gates, *Centre Field.*
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C. Weyerhaeuser, *Pitcher.*
J. H. McBrier, *First Base.*
E. C. Congar, *Second Base.*
C. G. Miller, jun., *Third Base.*
G. S. McNeill, *Short-stop.*
E. J. Hall, *Right Field.*
J. N. Ham, *Centre Field.*
S. C. Coombs, *Left Field.*

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H. E. Knowlton, *Pitcher.*
P. T. Haskell, *First Base.*
C. W. Frear, *Second Base.*
F. K. Bremner, *Third Base.*
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S. C. Thompson, *Second Base, Short-stop.*
J. H. Bonbright, *Short-stop, Second Base.*
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"Sir Rodney Armstrong," *Third Base* (highly salaried man).
"Shorty" Clark, *Short-Stop* (on whom there are no flies).
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C. A. Corliss, *First Base* (great on hot liners).
S. N. Pond, *Second Base* (Famous Fumbler).
W. F. Richards, *Third Base* ("Great and Only").
E. L. Hamilton, *Right Field* (Mighty Muffer).
H. W. Hamilton, *Centre Field* (General Manager).
H. H. Pease, *Left Field* (Treasurer).
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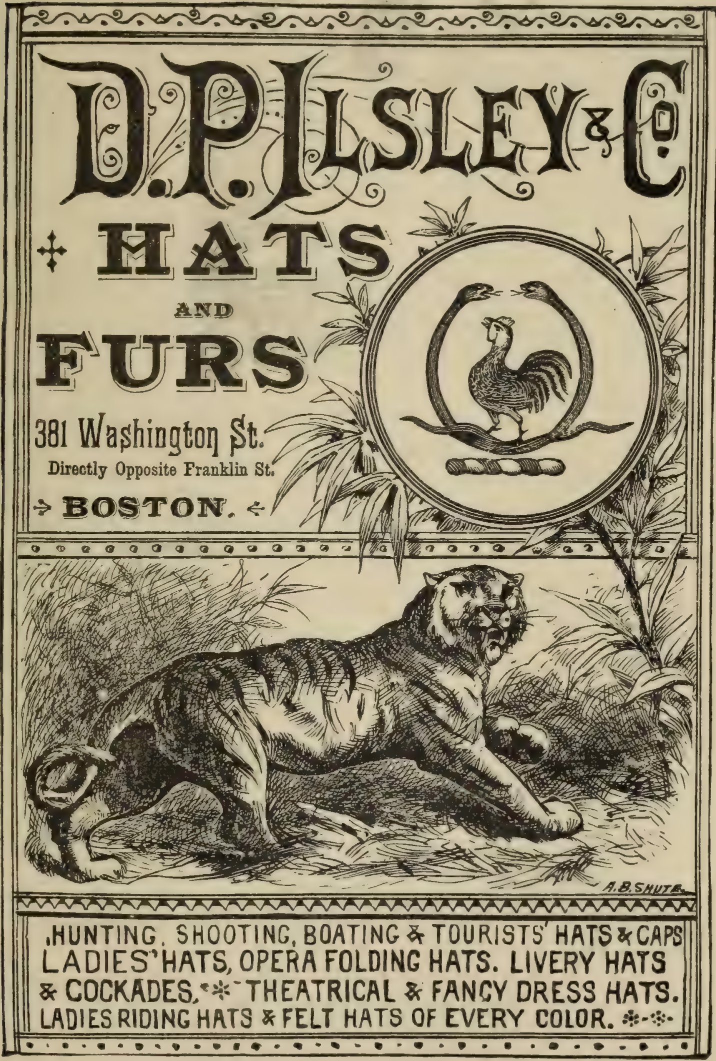
CHEER. — Hash! Beans! Prunes! Rah! Rah! Rah!



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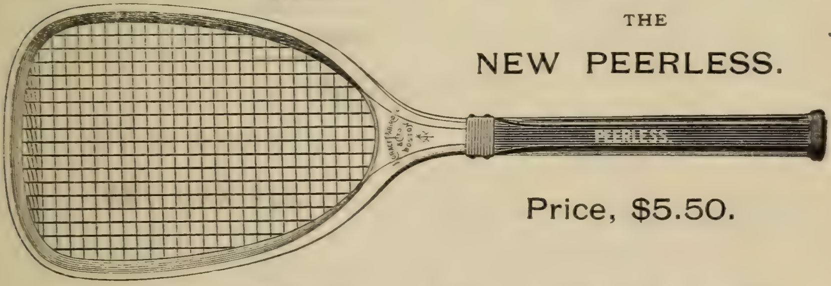

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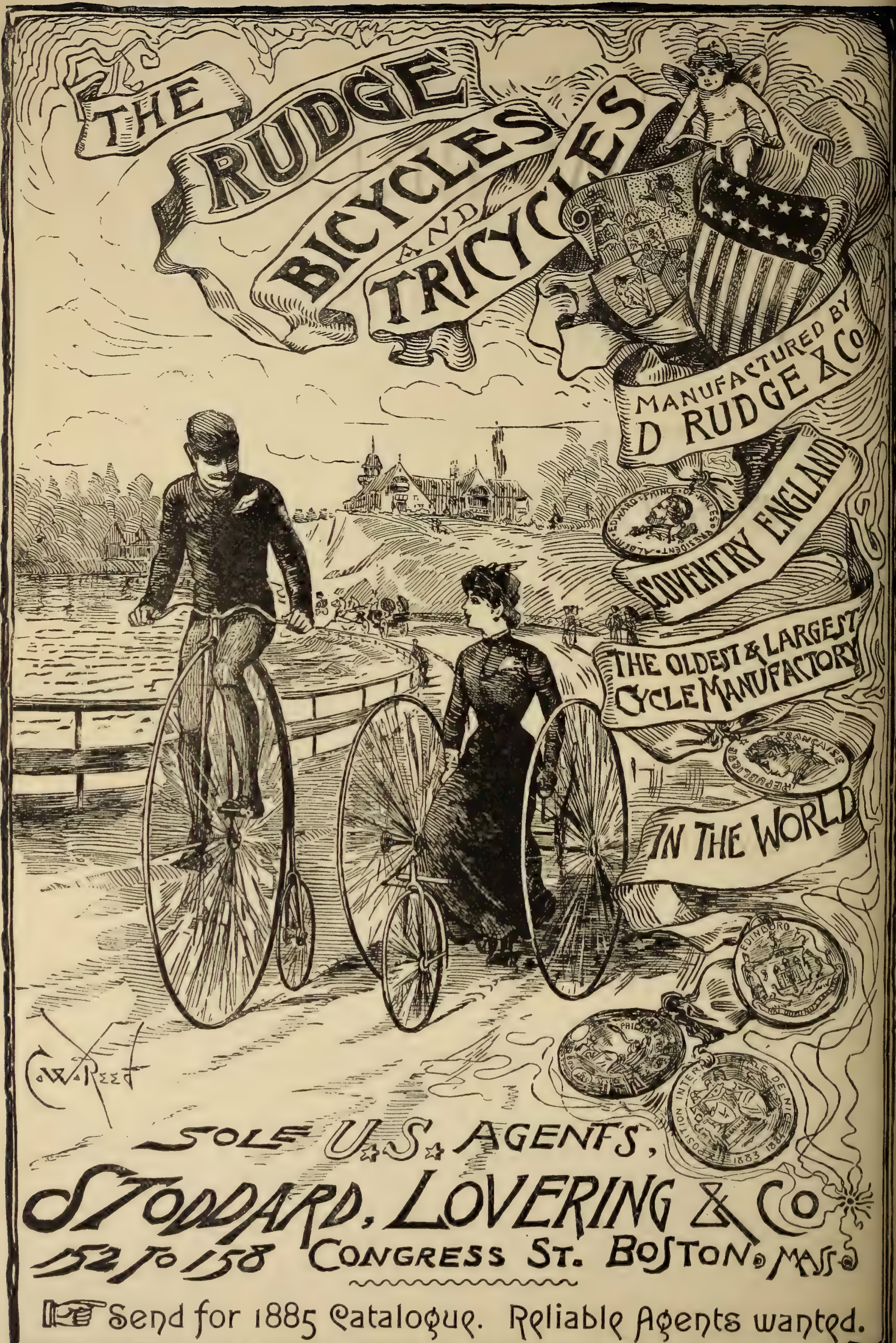
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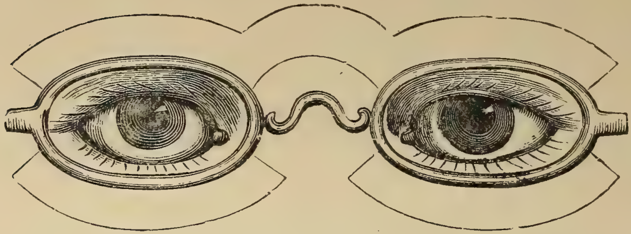

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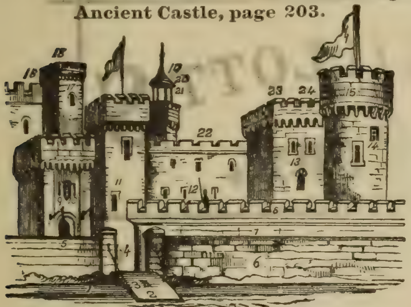
**Ancient Castle, page 203.**



**1,** moat; **2,** draw-bridge; **3,** wicket; **4,** sally-port; **5,** portcullis; **6,** outer walls; **7,** parapet; **8,** rampart; **9,** loopholes; **10,** escutcheon; **11,** bulwarks; **12,** sentinel; **13,** magazine; **14,** cell; **15,** donjon; **16,** barracks; **17,** barbacan; **18,** watchman; **19,** turret; **20,** chapel; **21,** belfry; **22,** state court; **23,** merlons; **24,** embrasures.

The illustrations under Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, (pages 1164 and 1219) Steam-engine and Timbers, alone define **343** words and terms far better than they could be defined in words.

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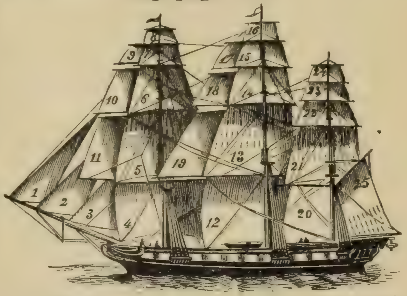
**Ship, page 1164.**



**1,** flying jib; **2,** jib; **3,** fore-top-mast-stay sail; **4,** fore-course; **5,** foretop sail; **6,** foretop-gallant sail; **7,** fore-royal; **8,** fore sky sail; **9,** fore-royal studding sail; **10,** foretop-gallant studding sail; **11,** foretop-mast studding sail; **12,** main-course; **13,** maintop sail; **14,** maintop-gallant sail; **15,** main-royal; **16,** main sky sail; **17,** main royal studding sail; **18,** main top-gallant studding sail; **19,** maintop-mast studding sail; **20,** mizzen-course; **21,** mizzen-top sail; **22,** mizzen-top-gallant sail; **23,** mizzen-royal; **24,** mizzen sky sail; **25,** mizzen-spanker.

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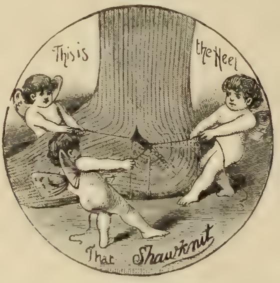
*These gussets are the subject of letters-patent, and are peculiar to the Shawknit Stocking.*

*Attention is invited to them by the device under.*



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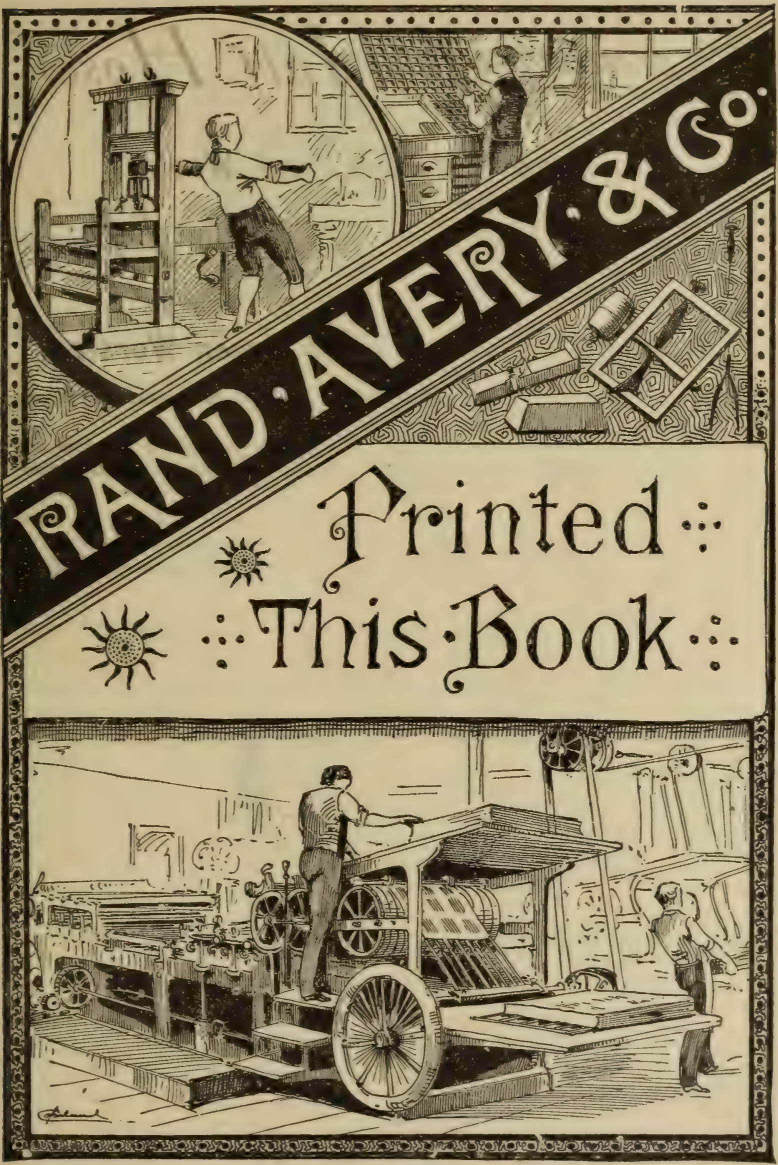
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